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GENERAL SHERMAN ON HIS OWN RECORD

SOME UNPUBLISHED COMMENTS

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IN 1865 Colonel Samuel M. Bowman, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Irwin, wrote *Sherman and his Campaigns*, a book of some five hundred pages, published in the same year by Charles B. Richardson, New York. It was one of the earliest contributions to the history of the War, and the first devoted to General Sherman, who wrote to the publisher, under date of July 31, 1865, —

‘Colonel Bowman . . . has had access to my Order and Letter Books, embracing copies of all letters written and orders made by me since the Winter 1861–62 with a view to publish a Memoir of my life and services, and no other person has had such an opportunity to read my secret thoughts and acts.’

The preparation of the volume, however, in the tumult and confusion of the closing days of the War, was necessarily somewhat hurried, and it was intended that the work should be revised and enlarged in a subsequent edition, pursuant to which purpose a copy, interleaved with blank pages, was sent to General Sherman in 1866, for his corrections and further suggestions.

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General Sherman returned the book with copious notes and data, including copies of a number of his letters; but before any further action was taken toward revision he began the preparation of his own *Memoirs*, though they were not published until nine years later. The volume remained in Colonel Bowman’s hands until his death in 1885, and thence passed into the library of the writer, a relative.

In 1852 Colonel Bowman, then a lawyer in St. Louis, had crossed the plains to San Francisco at the height of the California gold excitement. Here a year later came General Sherman, to take charge of the branch banking-house of Lucas, Turner and Company. The two men had known each other in St. Louis, and their acquaintance ripened into a close personal and business friendship, Bowman becoming counsel for the banking firm, and the two families occupying adjoining houses.

At the breaking out of the War, Bowman became Major of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, and participated in the military operations at Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Corinth, and the battle of Shiloh, serving during a part of

the time under the direct command of General Sherman. After the battle of Shiloh, he resigned his commission to accept the colonelcy of the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Army of the Potomac, and accordingly was not a participant in Sherman's subsequent operations; but the two continued to keep in touch, and in fact Sherman, when preparing for his Atlanta campaign in 1864, and having in mind the organization of a cavalry corps, requested Bowman's promotion to brigadier general, intending to give him a division of cavalry.

As a result of this intimacy, the notes and comments are at times exceedingly frank. A portion of them are here set forth in the order in which they appear in the book, with such brief explanation as may serve to acquaint the reader with the particular military operations to which they refer.

In sending the book, Colonel Bowman wrote on one of the pages: —

'It is my purpose, for the second edition, to insert a carefully prepared introductory chapter entitled "North and South," giving a graphic view of the political situation before the War and accounting for the War, and then to introduce General Sherman to the reader as an actor in our part of it. This will tend to give the book a general interest, and will be more in harmony with what I understand to be General Sherman's wishes.'

To which General Sherman replied in part in the following letter accompanying the return of the book: —

ST. LOUIS, MO., *April 27, 1866.*

DEAR BOWMAN, — I expect to start next Tuesday on an extensive tour, to be absent some six weeks, and for this reason I have concluded to return to you the printed volume with my corrections and suggestions. These you

will find are pretty full, and will give you at least the key to my opinions on most if not on all the points inquired about. Some are made in pencil, but plain enough for you to make out. Opposite page 488 I have summed up my general ideas of Biography, although being the subject of it am not the best judge of what the public most desires to know.

I advise chiefly that you enlarge a little more on the part antecedent to the War, to show that my opinions were pretty well matured on the chief questions before a blow was struck. I would pass over pretty rapidly the events of the War until you reach the period when I began to act as an independent commander or to influence those who did command; thence to the end and assignment to the present command, pretty free details. I would not use so much of my original matter till the close, in the shape of appendix, when you might arrange in the order of dates such of my letters or extracts as exhibit my opinions or style.

I do not wish to be painted as the apologist for the South, or for leniency of punishment, but that this being a Government of Constitution and Law, I presumed that both were adapted at any moment for the condition of peace. If Congress had failed to prepare for the end it was their laches, not mine.

I think the historical picture would have appeared better in the future had peace followed instantaneously on the close of hostilities, and the civil laws been allowed at once to take the place of the military. I do think then the Republican War party would have received a fair share of Southern votes, whereas, by the unnecessary agitation since the actual close of hostility, all at the South, Union as well as Secesh, are thrown into the scale of the opposition. Even such men as Rousseau, Cooper, and others who fought with us, as also

—, Hunt, and many others who can take the prerequisite oath, and were as much enemies to secessionists and disorganists as Sumner and Stevens pretended to be. But I have written enough.

The book will come to your address by Adams & Co.'s Express.

All about as usual here.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

And further, opposite Colonel Bowman's memo, he wrote: —

ST. LOUIS, April 8, '66.

I do not think it will be well to dwell long on the causes of the War in a mere Biography, but as my opinion may be desired in this connection, I will take advantage of the blank leaves at the very beginning of the book so as to leave those near its beginning to elaborate some events that in the original text have been passed over, it may be with commendable brevity.

W. T. S., Maj. Gen.

The 'events' thus characterized — written, as the general indicates, on the fly-leaves of the volume — covered Sherman's life subsequent to his return from California, including his appointment as Commandant of the Louisiana Military Academy, his resignation occasioned by his foresight of the gathering war clouds, and his interview with Lincoln on his return from the South in March, 1861, when, in answer to the President's question as to how they were getting along in Louisiana, he stated, —

'That they were getting ready for War; that he knew Bragg and Beauregard were enlisting men; that Governor Moore had sent the Baton Rouge muskets to safe points; and that everything that he saw, betokened War.'

To which Lincoln replied, 'Oh, I guess we will manage to keep house.'

His actions and statements during

this period illustrate the almost prophetic insight which he alone of the men of the North seems to have had as to the certainty and length of the impending struggle. But as they are elaborated in his own *Memoirs* they may be passed over here.

The summary on 'The Cause of the War,' is written in ink, with a formal title, and with more evident care and preparation than most of the other matter, and was evidently intended for insertion in the revised volume as written; it runs as follows: —

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR

There have been diverse interests agitating people since the world began, and so it was with our early Colonists and States. Common danger, first from the Indians and afterwards the British, was the first bond of union, and those who first devised the Articles of Confederation supposed mutual interests would make us a common people, but it only took six or eight years to demonstrate its fallacy.

Then was formed the present Constitution, doubtless the very strongest bond that could then have been attempted, or if fairly administered could now be asked for. Still there is no doubt that the powers of the States and of the General Government were not clearly enough defined to prevent mischief.

The States were left with all the power to control and manage the special interests of their people, and only enough power given to the General Government to carry on foreign intercourse, war, and general matters, and hardly enough to enable the General Government to exercise and fulfill the most important function of *Umpire* in case of differences soon to arise between States, and also within the limits of any State. This was the most difficult and delicate task confided to those who

formed the Constitution, and no one should dispute the wisdom of those men, who had of course to make mutual concessions of opinion. But there is no doubt that in the Constitution itself exist radical causes for the War. It is in the memory of all that the weight of opinion in our country was that in all doubtful cases of a conflict of interest between the National Government and the People of a State, or even of a locality, the Government always yielded.

General Washington in his first administration felt the difficulty, but acted on the doctrine that the National Government should use force promptly and put down any opposition offered to the national authority. His motives were always so high, and he was backed by so great a majority, that he could act with more confidence than afterwards existed when presidents had strong and powerful opposition parties.

General Washington's proclamations made Sept. 15, 1792, Aug. 7, 1794, and Sept. 25, 1794, are the best doctrines I know, and should have been followed in all subsequent occasions; but he better expresses the same ideas in his letters (private) to Chas. M. Thurston, from Philadelphia, Aug. 10, 1794; to Burges Ball, Sept. 25, 1794. And to Major-General Daniel Morgan from Carlisle, Oct. 8, 1794 [he writes]:—

'I am in perfect sentiment with you, that the business we are drawn out upon should be effectually executed, and that the daring and factious spirit which has arisen to overturn the laws and subvert the Constitution ought to be subdued. If this is not done there is an end of, and we may bid adieu to, all government in this country except mob and club government, from which nothing but anarchy and confusion can ensue. If the minority, and a small one too, is suffered to dictate to the majority after measures

have undergone the most solemn discussions by the representatives of the people, and their will through this medium is enacted into a Law, there can be no security for Life, Liberty and Property; nor, if the Laws are not to govern, can any man know how to conduct himself with safety. There never was a law yet made, I conceive, that hit the taste *exactly* of every man, or of every part of the community; of course if this is a reason for opposition no law can be executed at all without force, and every man or set of men will in that case cut and carve for themselves.'

Washington was therefore clearly for coercion. Yet gradually the practice of the Government, dependent on votes, became less and less disposed to cross the feelings and opinions of the people, until at last the Democratic party was reduced to the *reductio ad absurdum* of the mathematician, that our Government could not coerce a State; or, in other words, that it was no Government at all. In the general habit of our people of setting up their local opinion as superior to the Law of Congress, at Boston, at San Francisco, in New Orleans, — everywhere — and the settled habit of our General Government standing back without manifesting its power, and finally in one president's admitting that he had no power to coerce a State, we made Revolution *necessary*.

The General Government is of no use at all unless it can and does coerce a State to keep within its limits, and the very moment the General Government does not restrain a State, or the people of a State, when acting in open violation of the National Law, it fails in its functions so far that the people are almost justified in seeking new forms and new means of self-protection of their lives, liberty, and property.

I do not believe that slavery was

the chief or only cause of our late rebellion. It was a disturbing element, assumed by one political faction as a means of provocation, and by the other as a means to unite their people, as a means of defense and justifiable cause for a new government, which they could use for years for their political advantage. And in proof of this I allege that Mr. Lincoln, after election and installation, asserted repeatedly that slavery was safe in his hands, that he was sworn to enforce even the Fugitive Slave Law, and soon Congress declared it had no intention to interfere with slavery in the States. The people in the South had always seen the National Government yield to, and compromise with, local grievances; and the South did not believe that the President and Congress would enforce the Constitution and laws by the army and by physical force. Had the successive presidents from Washington down to Buchanan done as Washington did, promptly use force to maintain the Laws, the South would never have thought of secession and open resistance.

My opinion was and is that this habit of yielding to popular and local passion and resistance was the real cause and reason of the late War, and our California sample of the Vigilance Committee is as good a one as I can offer. Slavery is now extinct, but the cause remains, and we may learn yet that other pretexts may reproduce the same results.

Opposite the chapter recording the Bull Run disaster, Bowman queries: —

‘I desire to have this chapter corrected as to facts. It must be shortened also, because you were acting in a subordinate position and too much prominence is given to Bull Run. What do you think?’

To which Sherman aptly replies: —

‘The less said about Bull Run the better. The plans were good and the numbers sufficient, but the men were utterly ignorant of War or danger. It was not the officers who lost Bull Run, but the men. They simply had no coherence; no discipline. Each man acted for himself, and when they found bullets they concluded to quit; which they did in their own way (and it may be wisely), to begin to study in the dearest school of life — “Experience.”’

For a title for the next chapter, devoted to the struggle in Kentucky in the autumn of 1861, Bowman chose ‘The Secession Juggle in Kentucky.’

To this Sherman added a brief note:

‘A wrong title. I do not wish in connection with my name any reflection should be made on the true men of Kentucky, some as true and enthusiastic as we could ask for. General Jackson killed at ——— was an example. Kentucky as a State declaring for the Union, as she did at a critical time, was of vast use to us. That confusion should exist at the outset, and that conflict of opinion should exist at the end, were natural results and to be expected, but Kentucky is a most valuable integral part of our Country.’

In describing ‘The Siege and Fall of Vicksburg,’ Bowman says: —

‘I hope to get in this chapter valuable military suggestions. This was the stronghold of the confederacy. It yielded to the advance wave, that swept down the Father of Waters — a wave that swept over the South at last and destroyed the rebellion. Vicksburg therefore is very suggestive. Beauregard thought to lose Corinth was to jeopardize the rebel cause — but Vicksburg was the key point. What say you?’

Sherman replies: —

‘The valley of the Mississippi con-

tains by all odds the largest amount of fertile land of any river on the whole globe. Its importance cannot be overstated. It is America. Whatever power holds it can dictate to the continent. Though railroads and artificial channels of commerce have changed somewhat natural laws, yet the lower Mississippi from Cairo to the gulf is the best channel I know of for the uses of man. If the Rebels could have held it from Columbus down, we could not have subdued them. The loss of New Orleans and Columbus and Memphis diminished its value to the Rebels, but so long as we could not use it in its whole length we could not claim it.

'Inasmuch as Vicksburg was held with such tenacity and was so vital to us, I regarded its capture as a necessity at any cost. When at last it was accomplished, in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, it was absolutely conclusive as to the War being nothing but a question of time. Too great importance can never be given to the capture of Vicksburg and in the progress of time its capture will stand out as the great event of the War. From that moment the efforts of the Rebels were merely spasmodic, delaying, but never changing the certainty of the event.

'What I wrote to Grant in the letter on page 167, written in March, 1864, proved absolutely true. When we had the Mississippi "dead sure," we made "short work of Charleston, Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic."'

It will be recalled that our Civil War gave the first illustration of the use of railroads in extensive military operations. Bowman says, following his account of the Atlanta campaign, 'I desire a paragraph or two from you on the subject of the *rail* in War,' which Sherman thus summarizes: —

'Of course Railroads are of vast im-

portance. I could not have maintained my army in the Atlanta Campaign without them.

'Locomotives don't eat corn and hay like mules, but a single locomotive will haul 160,000 pounds. A man eats 3 pounds a day, and therefore one train will feed 50,000 men. Animals need about 15 pounds. I estimated 65 cars a day necessary to maintain an army of 100,000 men and 30,000 animals, but for accidents and accumulation I laid my figures at 120 cars a day. To do this work from Nashville I aimed to get 100 locomotives and 1000 cars, expecting to lose two trains a week by accident and the enemy. We attained nearly that standard before I got possession of Atlanta.

'Mule wagons could not have done that work because the teams and guard will eat up the contents of a wagon in about 25 days, or 12½ days out and in, so that in old times it was an axiom that armies could not operate more than 100 miles from their base. Rosecrans nearly starved an army at Chattanooga, with a haul of some 60 or 70 miles from Bridgeport and Stevenson by way of Waldrens Ridge.

'Railroads are, however, very delicate—easily damaged in their bridges, culverts, and rails—therefore require large guards and repair parties and material.

'I think we attained the maximum work out of a single line from Nashville to Atlanta.'

After the capture of Atlanta, General Hood wrote to Sherman suggesting an exchange of prisoners, to which the latter agreed but stipulated that, as the exchanged Confederates would immediately return to Hood's army, he would only accept Union prisoners from his own army, whose terms of service had not expired, and not those theretofore confined in Rebel prisons

belonging to other armies, and in consequence not available for duty with him. He also stated that he had captured a number of soldiers who had been 'detailed for duty' in the Atlanta shops, and that for these he would accept any prisoners.

To this Hood took exception, writing to him, 'The new principle which you seek to interpolate on the cartel of our respective governments, as well as upon the laws and customs of War, will not be sanctioned by me.'

On this point, and on the order providing for the removal of all civilians from Atlanta, a caustic correspondence ensued, most of which was reproduced either in this book or Sherman's own *Memoirs*, but the following letter was not used in either: —

ATLANTA, Sept. 12, 1864.

GEN. J. B. HOOD,

Comd. Army of the Tenn.,

Confederate Army.

I have yours of to-day. You asked to exchange prisoners and I consented as far as those which remained in my hands here and this side of Chattanooga. These I will exchange in the manner I have stated, and not otherwise.

As you could not know those of our men whose terms had expired I authorized Col. Warner to say that I would retain any number taken of this army between certain dates, say the two thousand last captured, or in any other single period, but as a matter of business I offered terms that could not be misunderstood.

You have not answered my proposition as to the men captured in Atlanta who are soldiers of the Confederate Army detailed on 'Extra Duty' in the shops.

I think I understand the laws of civilized nations and the customs of War, but if at a loss at any time I

know where to seek for information to refresh my memory.

If you will give our prisoners at Andersonville a little more elbow-room, and liberty to make out of the abundant timber shelter for themselves, and also a fair allowance of food to enable them to live in health, they will ask nothing more until such time as we will provide for them.

I am with respect,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

The month of March, 1865, witnessed the successful culmination of Sherman's greatest military achievement of the War, — the march of his army from Savannah to Goldsboro; and by contrast in the following month he encountered the most severe ordeal of his military career, — the Johnston Truce imbroglio.

On the 9th of April, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and four days later General Johnston, seeing that the end had come, and hard pushed by Sherman's armies, opened negotiations with him looking to a termination of hostilities. As a result of this the two generals met on the eighteenth and drew up an agreement for submission to their respective principals, the confirmation of which both thought was assured.

There is no question that in some of the terms granted in this agreement Sherman exceeded his authority. But, on the other hand, he believed he was acting in accordance with his understanding of Lincoln's views and intentions; and in any event the agreement, when disapproved, should never have passed beyond official circles.

But Lincoln had just been assassinated, and Secretary Stanton, losing his head completely, gave out the terms to the press accompanied with reasons for refusing confirmation thereof, and ad-

verse comment couched in such language as practically to stamp Sherman as a traitor. Not content with this, Stanton instructed Grant immediately to proceed to Sherman's headquarters and direct the operations against Johnston in person, while General Halleck issued orders direct to Meade, Sheridan, and Wright, Sherman's generals, to disregard the truce and pay no attention to Sherman's orders. The press and public, already inflamed by Lincoln's death, seized on this as a vent for their feelings, and Sherman was made the victim of severe and undeserved criticism that wounded him deeply.

Grant, however, carried out Stanton's orders only to the extent of going to Sherman, permitting him to continue in active command and to arrange in a second interview with Johnston the final terms of surrender.

Bowman goes into this whole matter in considerable detail, and only asks for additional information on two points as follows: —

'Describe the house where this interview was had and who were present, or, if not immediately in your conference, with you; also who were with Johnston? — BOWMAN.'

'The point fixed on was between Durham's Station and the Rebel cavalry picket toward Hillsboro. I went up to Durham in a car and rode out on the Hillsboro road with Kilpatrick, Barry, Audenried, Dayton, and others, with a cavalry escort, and met Johnston about five miles out. Wade Hampton was with him. We met, shook hands on horseback, and after some commonplace remarks I looked around to see if there was any handy place for us to be private. Johnston remarked he had passed a short way back a nice farm and we rode back to it, he and I riding side by side till we approached the farmhouse, which was a neat frame

building. We dismounted at the gate, walked into the yard, when an old man and woman met us, and I explained what we wanted, viz: the use of the house. They left it to us and went to a small out-house. Johnston and I went in; Wade Hampton, and two or three Confederate officers with him, with Barry, Kilpatrick, etc., stayed out in the yard, grouped about an old carpenter's bench.

'Our first interview lasted a couple of hours. It was during it I told Johnston of Lincoln's assassination, of which I had heard by telegraph just as I was starting from Raleigh. In passing Logan's camp, I told him, — but no one else till after my interview with Johnston. I was sure from his manner and language that he and the Confederate officers generally were as innocent of Mr. Lincoln's assassination as I was, and therefore resolved to act as though the event had not occurred; besides, I had seen so many officers of rank killed that Mr. Lincoln's assassination did not paralyze my mind as it seems to have done in Washington.

'Johnston did not ask that his men should retain all their arms, but I conceded them in a spirit of (it may be termed) "boasting or brag." I said, "You may have them all so far as I am concerned." And it was absurd to suppose that, with our army intact and theirs dispersed, we should fear danger. The confidence in our strength and power did impress Johnston and the whole Confederate army *far more* than the timid inferences of modern counsellors. A whole year of botch-work has followed by Congress, and this day the power of the United States is not respected and feared as much as on that day when I told Johnston to disperse his armies to their homes and get to work, and that I did not fear to trust them with the arms till they reached their States.

'I know well how to produce an effect on the minds of men, and I believe the effect was salutary, in addition to being what I knew in the end would obtain.'

'Describe this second meeting. I can imagine Johnston was *sad* and you were *mad*! — BOWMAN.'

'General Johnston was very sad; the perspiration on his face and his manner evinced great concern. I felt more concern for him than angry at the action of the Government. I did not get mad until afterwards, when I saw in the newspapers the publicity and tone of Stanton's dispatches to General Dix.

'When I got back to General Grant at Raleigh and handed him the paper signed by myself and Johnston, I asked him half jestingly to countersign it, to share with me, if necessary, any further disapproval of the War Department if it should be attempted.'

In the back of the book, Sherman comments on the biography in general and the Johnston incident in particular, taking occasion also to outline his estimation of his own fitness for high command, and giving some extremely frank reasons for his preferring a subordinate position during the opening of the War. As illustrating this latter point it may be recalled that, in his *Memoirs*, Sherman mentions an interview with Lincoln in August, 1861, in which he says, 'I explained to him my extreme desire to serve in a subordinate capacity, and in no event to be left in superior command.' The comments follow:

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 24, 1866.

Having been invited by Col. S. M. Bowman, one of the authors of the book, to revise it and to make any suggestions bearing on his intention to a republication, I have read over the text and made marginal corrections

and notes bearing on special points, and now will conclude by such general ideas as seem to be pertinent to the occasion.

The volume is too heavy and large; if it cannot be condensed to one light enough to be held in one hand, then two small volumes seem indispensable.

The text should all be by one mind and one hand, in the nature of a simple plain narrative, careful as to dates and facts, with only such original matter interwoven as facilitates description.

Letters and papers made by the subject of the biography to illustrate his style and general opinion might very properly form an appendix, in smaller type, which the general reader could refer to if inclined.

The biography should not attempt to be a history of events except in such parts as the subject controlled or chiefly influenced events; as for example, Bull Run might be ignored and Shiloh barely touched on, giving more attention to Vicksburg, Atlanta, and the Great March.

The reader should be supposed possessed of the general history of the time, and the biographies of other leading generals still living merely touched upon, leaving their own friends to record their deeds and merits. Therefore the sketches of Thomas, Howard, Slocum, and Logan might be lessened, and those of McPherson, Ransom, and Dan McCook enlarged.

The earlier life of the subject of the biography should be unfolded and developed, showing the growth and formation of ideas and character. Thus I would attach more value to the demonstration of the truth that, long before the War was forced on us, I had been true and faithful to all trusts; that I possessed the respect and affection of old West Point comrades and the old officers of the army; that I had the unqualified respect of Generals Mason and Persifer Smith with whom I served

in confidential capacity [as adjutant general in California]; that in the Vigilance Committee times of San Francisco, in opposition to self-interest, I took open and positive ground against Mob Law and violence in favor of the Law, however defective or badly administered; and that in banking I made the real and permanent interest of my partners superior to my own; that I insisted on their withdrawing from the business of banking though it left me without means or employment, and forced me to seek a livelihood among strangers; that I retained the confidence of all my associates in all matters of business, especially of Mr. Lucas and Maj. Turner, to whom I am mostly indebted for my present house,—almost the only substantial reward yet received for the past.

In the earlier part of the War I purposely kept myself in the background for several reasons. Because I saw the controlling powers underrated the measure of hostility, which I reasoned would lead to the sacrifice of the first leaders. Because I regarded the War as a Revolution, and rarely do the first beginners or leaders survive both ["either" written first and crossed out] in life or reputation. Washington is an exception. Because I coolly reasoned that others might conduct the experiments that must precede the development of the Real Game that was to determine the issue. Because I did not share the prejudices which for a time had to obscure the real issues. I knew that the extreme men North and South were equally blinded by the prejudices of their sections. The Pro-Slavery men of the South would have been Abolitionists North, and vice versa.

In the middle and latter part of this volume the author has possession of so much official matter that it resolves itself into a simple question of selection. In this I only suggest a less close

copy of my official reports, but a use of new and original language.

In treating of the Sherman and Johnston memorandum I am willing to rest with the assertion that it was wholly my work, to which of course Johnston assented. That I believed it contained what would ultimately result if the people of the South accepted and acted in prompt and willing acquiescence; and that it would produce instantaneously a condition of reason and lawful fidelity consistent with the Constitution of the United States and Laws then in existence.

The amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery was then a fixed fact, and although a whole year has since passed and more than 40 millions spent maintaining garrisons in the South, it is unanimously admitted that no good result has been reached not then in actual form. The only thing in April, 1865, left for us to combat was prejudice and habits of thought. This can never be controlled by force of arms, but must be left to time's influences. After a whole year President Johnson has drifted to my then conclusion, and Congress has done nothing more than to enact declaratory bills (The Civil Rights) which, to have integrity, must be supported by Courts of Law that in turn rest on juries full of the very prejudices aimed to be overcome.

Time and renewed industry, with the apprehended danger of reviving a dreaded War, will finally bring all parts of the South into general harmony of interest and consequent opinion with the rest of the country. Every effort should be made to get the people of the South once more to thinking of their selfish interests,—such as making money, improving their land, and rebuilding their towns and cities,—for men of property do not like War and only resort to it when they feel certain

of success, as they surely did when the last War began. But they do not think so now, nor will be likely to think so again after the past experience, and when the North section has 24 million of people to their 8 or 10 million.

My opinion was, if the terms with Johnston had been entertained, and approved entire or modified, the Republican party would have gotten a larger proportion of the Southern votes; whereas by keeping out the Southern representatives they make it sure when they are admitted, as they surely will be, all will vote against the Republicans.

My terms specifically required a conformity to all Laws of Congress, among which was the test oath. Again, I had the right to infer that at any and all times the Laws in existence were ready for a condition of peace, the only aim of the War itself. I want no apology for those terms, or any part thereof, and I was clearly right in not saying a word about slavery as it was disposed of by all the means that Courts recognize.

One point is not clear enough. I took strong exception to Halleck's telegram wherein he ordered my Juniors, — Meade, Sheridan, and Wright — to come to me and disregard my orders. I said he, Halleck, should have come himself, for he ranked me and his coming would have simplified the military question involved, although I did not then say, nor do I now say, that I would have permitted him to disregard my truce. Most undoubtedly I would not have allowed my Juniors in rank to disregard my orders or military compact.

Though of strong will and opinion, I hold I have always shown a most commendable spirit of subordination, because without it there can be no government on earth.

As to how far I should have sub-

mitted to Stanton's published insult, I am willing to rest on the simple truth. I fulfilled the orders of the President, of whom he was the official mouth-piece, but no further. You will find a parallel in Kinglake¹ when the Minister [wrote] to Lord Raglan. He obeyed the orders to proceed to the Crimea, but resented the insult; Kinglake enunciating as an old established maxim of the English Army, that an officer must defend his own personal honor, and not leave that to his superiors or his Government.

I can now recall no other point that I care about, but it does seem that this volume contains all and more than I care about weaving into my personal history. But I am not the judge in this and must of necessity leave it to others, only saying that I want nothing written that opens controversy, which I hate worse than the devil and all his machinations.

W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

This brief glimpse into the military and political controversies of the Sixties may be aptly concluded with the following suggestive quotations.

In the book occurs this paragraph:—

'After marching and fighting for twelve months, without rest, he halted his victorious army at the capital of North Carolina, in time to witness the funeral ceremonies of the Confederacy and the complete triumph of our cause. And for what? To be the subject of such utterly unfounded suspicions, as to be by some even suspected for a traitor! History furnishes no example of such cruel ingratitude and injustice.'

¹ This reference is apparently to the letter from the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War, June 29, 1854, to Lord Raglan, instructing him to besiege Sebastopol, and his reply thereto. Sherman paraphrases Kinglake rather freely, and the case is far from being on 'all fours' with his. See *The Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. i, chap. 33, Harper's fourth edition.—THE EDITOR.

Opposite it Sherman penciled: —
 'History does furnish examples. Columbus was one. Scott another. Columbus was carried back a prisoner; and Scott was subjected in Mexico to a trial by three officers junior to him, and one of them a doctor, Surgeon-Gen. Lawson.'

And below, under date of April 28, 1874, Bowman wrote: —

'But Sherman fared better than Columbus or Scott at last. He, in his own spirit, worried; but when his Country tried him before the Jury of the Country, he was accorded the highest honors.'

MALINKE'S ATONEMENT

BY MARY ANTIN

I

It was not the fault of Breine Henne, the egg-woman, if her only daughter, Malinke, had to assume the burdens of housekeeping before she cast her milk teeth. Breine Henne made a fraction of a living for herself and her two children by a small trade in poultry; whence her nickname. As her business obliged her to stand all day in the market-place, it naturally fell to Malinke to cook and sweep and wash. The law of circumstance was potent in Polotzk, next to the law of the Czar.

Late one afternoon Malinke was kneeling on a chair by the window, watching for her mother's return. It had rained all day, a cold autumn drizzle, and she knew trade was dull in such weather; her mother ought to be coming home. Presently she saw the familiar figure, and ran out into the entry to open the door.

Breine Henne came up the yard with a flat, heavy tread. The water churned in her broken shoes. Her limp skirt was a fringe of rags at the bottom, dripping with the mud of the market-

place. Her frayed jacket, whose original color the owner herself could scarcely recall, looked black on the shoulders from the rain it had soaked up, and the woolly shawl tied about her head was hoary with moisture. She walked with her red hands clasped on her stomach, a covered basket hanging on one arm.

Malinke hopped on the threshold, impatient for her mother's society. The child was much alone.

'Let me brush off the mud for you with the besom,' she offered, as her mother stamped her feet in the entry. 'I have scrubbed the floor and sanded it all afresh, and you must n't bring in any mud, mama.'

'Good health to you, my little housewife!' the mother said, giving the child a wet caress. 'And where did you get the sand? The box was empty yesterday.'

'Oh, I ran errands for old Rachel, and she gave me a basin of sand. Is n't it bright, mama? But you are so wet! Did you sell the hen? What have you in the basket?'

Malinke paused in her chatter to lift

the cover from the basket. She saw a ball of gray feathers, slightly speckled with white. A little sigh of disappointment escaped her, but she said nothing. Lifting the hen, she cut the rag that bound its feet and set it down on the floor. The bird shook out its feathers, stretched its wings, and pattered over to the corner behind the oven, to drink from the broken earthenware dish which Malinke hastened to fill with fresh water.

Breine Henne peeled off her wet garments and spread them around the hot oven, watching the child meanwhile with a smile half sad, half happy. How many times she had promised Malinke a treat — an apple or a pear — in case she disposed of the hen that did n't lay; and always she had disappointed her — until now. Her smile turned wholly happy as she thought of the treat in store for Malinke and Yösele.

'Feed her well, little daughter,' she said. 'Give her all the oats you have, and the others will get the scrapings Rachel gives you after supper.'

'All the oats? Why all the oats for her alone?' Malinke looked for an explanation.

'Yes, stuff her all she'll hold. She's to be killed in the morning.'

'You're joking, mama. You did n't sell her, so who's going to kill her?'

'The butcher, of course,' laughed Breine Henne, as she tied a cotton head-kerchief under her chin, preparatory to sitting down to roast her bare feet. 'Who else kills chickens? The butcher, of course.'

Malinke's eyes grew large with conjecture, but she could not frame a guess.

'The butcher shall kill the hen, Malinke,' Breine Henne repeated impressively, '*and you shall eat it!*'

The child changed color from surprise. Her mother was not jesting — she would not tease her so. There was to be a chicken cooked for her and

Yösele and Mother. She was speechless for a quarter of a minute, then she broke into a laugh of pure happiness, and clapped her hands as if she were a real little girl of nine, instead of a responsible housekeeper and an understudy to her mother in bearing the troubles of their difficult existence.

'Oh, mama, it will be so good! For Sabbath, you mean, don't you? Won't Yösele be surprised! Let me tell him, mama, do. I'll run to meet him when I hear the boys coming home from *heder* [Hebrew school]. Oh, how good it will taste!'

Intoxicated with unlooked-for happiness, she caught one foot in her hand and danced around on the other till she lost her balance. Her eye fell on the devoted hen, who, unconscious of her impending doom, was polishing her yellow bill on a leg of the wooden bench against the wall. Malinke caught her up in her arms.

'Oh, you dear old hen! You poor old hen! You would n't lay, you would n't get fat, nobody wanted you, and now *I'm* going to eat you!'

She thrust her fingers knowingly through the soft feathers to the warm skin. The exuberance faded from her face. She turned to her mother with a wry little smile.

'She's *not* very fat, is she, mama? Do you think there will be *any* yellow rings on the soup? I saw the chicken soup the women from the sick-visiting society brought old Rachel when she was sick, and it was all yellow on top — *fat!* — and smelt so good!'

'If we live, we'll see,' was Breine Henne's philosophic reply. 'There will be the bones to lick, anyway. And now reach down under the bed and pull me out the sack of potatoes, and I'll peel some while you make the samovar. Yösele comes home all dried up — nothing hot to eat all day, poor boy.'

One potato apiece was as much as Breine Henne could allow for supper, but her tongue being nimbler than her fingers, she had time, while preparing those few potatoes, to rehearse a good deal of domestic history.

'I don't know what people will say of such extravagance,' she remarked to the pot in her lap. 'Breine Henne the egg-woman, the destitute widow, to eat chicken, and not even a holiday for an excuse! It was Rebecca the apple-woman put it into my head, and I can't see but what she is right. "How much longer will you lug around that hen?" she laughed at me. "I have seen you six market days with the same lean hen," she said. "I know her by her single eye, and every housewife in Polotz knows her by this time. Naked bones, that's what she is. You'll never sell her. Take my advice, Breine Henne, go home and have her killed for Sabbath. You'll save all she'll ever bring you if you use her economically. You can stand another year in the rain and rot in your shoes, the hen will never be any plumper. Nobody wants to put a lean chip in the soup."'

Malinke had been watching the much-criticized fowl peck at its food, rejoicing, with anticipatory relish, at every kernel that swelled its crop. Her pleasure was marred by her mother's quotation of the apple-woman's disparaging opinion.

'Is she as bad as that, mama?' she asked. 'Won't there be any fat at all?'

'If there won't, there won't,' replied the mother unemotionally. 'I can't make the creature over now. Is it my fault that she always was lean, and would not lay? I stuffed her enough, I'm sure; more than the others. It was fated that we should eat her, else why was n't she plump, so that I could sell her? Already last Atonement Day I had it in mind to kill the hen as a sacrifice, but I reconsidered, and decided

it would be too great an extravagance. It is no trifle for a destitute widow to offer up a hen. So I offered a groschen, and you a groschen, and Yösele, being a scholar, and soon to be confirmed, offered a little dwarf rooster, the one the stray cat — a curse on her! — nearly chewed up when he was a chick. He was n't fit for anything else, the crippled rooster, and God would accept him, I knew. Everything is acceptable to the Almighty that is offered Him by the poor man's self-denial.'

Malinke showed interest in her mother's discourse.

'Then why did n't you sacrifice the hen?' she asked.

'I've told you why, you little fool. It would have been too much.'

'Too much for God?'

'Silence, you imp! Don't let loose your tongue. I thought I could not afford the hen then. Extravagance is a sin. The Almighty knows how I have to struggle to keep body and soul together. I am behind with the rent, behind with the tuition. Reb' Zalmen Boruch sent me word last week that if I don't pay him at least half of what I owe he can't let Yösele come any more. I don't blame the *rebbe* [Hebrew teacher]; he is a poor man himself. If I have to take Yösele out of school, the Most High will know it was not because I did not value sacred learning.'

Malinke saw that her mother was getting ready to cry, and tried to divert her thoughts.

'I can peel as close as that, mama,' she said, fingering the little heap of potato parings in her mother's lap. 'I make it so thin you can see the light through if you hold it up.'

She cocked her head as she applied the test to a curl of the peel.

Breine Henne brightened at once.

'Sound be your little head!' she blessed as she emptied her lap before rising. 'I know you are a good house-

wife. Now you watch me to-morrow when I cut up the hen, and you'll learn how to make the most of a fowl. There will be the soup for Sabbath, and the meat, and the bits will last a few days. And then the feathers — a handful; but I won't have as much as a little pillow to give you, Malinke, when you make a match, unless I fill it by handfuls.'

Malinke laughed. 'I don't want to make a match, and I don't want any feathers. I just want to eat chicken every Sabbath!'

When Yösele came home, the story of his good luck met him on the thresh-old, and nothing was talked of during the supper but the next day's feast.

'Oh, mama, will you give me the neck?' begged Malinke. 'I once ate a chicken's neck, at Aunt Leah's, and it had so many little bones, you could suck and suck and never know when you were done. Will you give me the neck?'

Jumping up from her stool in her excitement, the little girl bumped her mother's elbow, causing her to spill the boiling water she was at that moment drawing from the samovar.

'See what you are doing, you little fool!' scolded Breine Henne. 'Do you want to scald me? Don't jump in the air like that. I'll give you what I'll give you, and an end of it. In the meantime you have potatoes and herring; eat and be thankful. Ever see such a wild goat? Have the neck and the tail too, only quiet down.'

Yösele put in a brotherly joke.

'Why don't you bid for the whole chicken at once, and be done with it? I don't expect anything but a couple of drumsticks, the feet, and maybe the breast and the liver.'

But this rehearsal of the chicken's anatomy betrayed him into a slip from his dignity. 'The liver, mama,' he begged eagerly, 'will you give me the liver? I think you ought to give me

the liver, because there's only one, and I'm an only son, you know. Will you give me the liv —'

'But I'm an only daughter, you know!' cried Malinke, once more jumping up in her place. 'Mama, you give me the liver!'

Breine Henne emptied her saucer at a gulp, and set it down on the bare table. 'Children, children,' she cried, spreading out her hands in appeal, 'will you get quiet to-night? You, Yösele, ought to be ashamed to be so greedy — a great boy of twelve! And, anyway, a scholar ought to be sated with Torah [sacred learning], and ask for nothing more. You, Malinke, are out of your head to-night. An only daughter, indeed! What are daughters worth? They're only good to sit in the house, a burden on their parents' neck, until they're married off. A son, at least, prays for the souls of his parents when they're dead; it's a deed of piety to raise sons.'

'That's just what I think, mama,' Yösele caught at her words. 'And so you'll give me the liver?'

Breine Henne shook her head angrily by way of answer. She had begun the long grace after meals, and she would not speak till after the amen.

Yösele, reproved, began to pray in a loud voice, swaying back and forth, and from time to time closing his eyes tight, as if the better to concentrate on the holy words. Malinke also began to mumble the prayer, sitting on the edge of her stool and surreptitiously brushing the few crumbs from the table with one bare hand, catching them in the other.

Before Yösele was half through, Malinke ended with an explosive 'amen,' causing her brother to open his eyes at her in an incredulous stare, while his lips mechanically progressed with the prayer.

'Mama, she skips!' the male of the

house broke out, as soon as he could speak. 'She slurs the words, and she skips. I don't think she knows the prayer at all.'

'I don't — I do,' his sister defended herself. 'I know it all, but I can say it fast, can't I? When we have only half a herring and three potatoes, and say the whole prayer, what'll we say when we have a chicken? I'll pray slowly to-morrow, you'll see.'

Yösele stared, amazed at his sister's audacity. Breine Henne gave her a couple of cuffs with the flat of her hand, and would have given more if Malinke had not skipped out of arm's reach.

'Hold your tongue, you bastard!' she cried, using a not uncommon epithet of reproach. 'Ever hear such a mouth? Where does the imp get such words? What! will you measure the prayer according to your meal? You should thank God for every crumb that you put into your mouth. There are plenty in Polotzk who don't have any potatoes, nor any herring either. Already nine years old, and she has n't learned respect for the Almighty! One might think she was n't raised among Jews. Never let me hear you talk like that again, Malinke; do you hear?'

The culprit received this tirade at a safe distance, with an expression of forbearance rather than contrition. She traced patterns in the sand with one foot, where she stood, at the same time chewing on the end of a very thin pig-tail, until her mother stopped for breath.

'But, mama,' argued the bold child, unabashed, 'I don't grudge the prayer, — I'll say it twice, if you want me to, — but it seems foolish to thank God just the same for a little as for much. I think He won't believe that we mean it. You don't do that way to anybody else — to people. When Aunt Leah brought fruit and wine for Yösele, when he had the fever, you thanked

her and blessed her, and prayed for her in the synagogue; but when a neighbor lends you a spoonful of salt you don't say so much about it. Don't you think God knows the difference, too?'

Breine Henne had opened her mouth several times during Malinke's discourse, not to speak, but to catch her breath. Her pale eyes stared at the child as if they saw a strange monster. She made an ineffectual clutch at Malinke, and finally collapsed on her stool, crying from helplessness.

'Hear her — hear her!' she wailed, a corner of her kerchief at her eyes. 'What kind of a renegade have I brought into the world? Let somebody talk to her who knows how. I can't argue with her any more. I'm a poor, struggling widow — a friendless female — I'm obliged to spend my days in the street, in the market-place. How do I know what the girl does here all day — where she gets such talk? No child in Polotzk ever had such audacity. Such a mouth! And to think how I wept when her twin sister died! A fine life I would have of it if I had two like her! The Supreme One will punish us all for her sinful mouth.'

After one or two unsuccessful efforts to soothe her mother, Malinke went about her usual evening duties with a composure that bespoke a conscience at rest. Her critical young soul by no means yielded in the argument that so outraged her mother's piety; but she knew when it was useless to speak. Having washed the few dishes from the recent meal, she quickly made her toilet for the night, by slipping off her coarse flannel dress and removing the clumsy boots from her bare feet, and tumbled into the only bed in the room, burying herself up to the nose in the miscellaneous collection of rags that composed the bed covering.

Yösele, rather ostentatiously reading his bed-time prayers, watched her

prompt proceedings out of a corner of his eye, wondering, in a parenthesis of his evening devotions, why Malinke was such a queer little girl. He knew no one who asked such strange questions as Malinke, and no one who could satisfy her. His own teacher, a pious scholar, caught in the toils of one of her impudent inquisitions, was obliged to silence her by the only argument that ever made Malinke hang her head in submission.

'You are only a girl,' the rebbe had reminded her. 'Girls don't need to know things out of books.'

Malinke was asleep by the time Yösele had finished his devotions; she was snoring gently before he had composed himself to sleep on the narrow wooden bench by the oven. The latter process required some time and thought, as Yösele, in spite of years of experience, had not evolved a satisfactory way of arranging his bedding, which consisted of a tattered quilt, a couple of burlap sacks, and his own jacket.

'If I lie on the sacks and cover myself with the quilt, I am warm, but my sides get sore,' he complained to his mother. 'If I lie on the quilt and cover myself with the sacks, it's soft, but my feet freeze. If I put my jacket on my feet, I have nothing for a pillow.'

The vexing problem was solved this evening in one of the few ways possible, and presently Malinke's solo became a duet, Yösele snoring an octave or two deeper than his sister.

II

Breine Henne sat up some time longer over a bit of hopeless mending. 'Patch upon patch,' she muttered to herself, 'like a head of cabbage.'

She was about to blow out the lamp, preparatory to going to bed, when Malinke, with a long-drawn sigh, turned

over in her sleep. Breine Henne went over and looked at her. The child was a small hump under the bed-clothes. Her thin little face was turned to the wall, and her colorless pigtail, tied with a scarlet rag, straggled forlornly on the pillow.

'Seems like a baby, when she lies there like that,' mused Breine Henne, stooping over the bed, her hands busy with the knotted fastenings of her undergarments. 'No bigger than a baby, and speaks up like a man. And such queer ideas! God knows where she gets them.'

She blew out the lamp and lay down beside Malinke. 'May God refrain from punishing her for her talk!' she prayed as she fell asleep.

The next day was Friday — a short work-day, as the Sabbath began with the early sunset. It was the day appointed for the great feast, the children reminded each other on waking.

'Be sure you go to the butcher early, Malinke,' Breine Henne called over her shoulder, as she was leaving for the day. 'I'll be home at twelve to dress the chicken. That will give it plenty of time to cook.'

Malinke, always a diligent little housewife, needed no prompting on this day. Returning from the butcher's, she passed a morning of volcanic activity. She had scrubbed and scoured only the day before, but in honor of the coming feast she scrubbed anew, first carefully brushing the sand from the floor into a basin, to be used over again. She repolished the almost spotless samovar with sand and cranberry juice, — she had to beg the cranberries from a neighbor, — and her small collection of cutlery came in for its share of rubbing. The little window-panes were so pieced that it was risky to touch them, but this was a supreme occasion, worthy of supreme daring. And looking through her clear window-

panes, Malinke perceived that the street was very muddy. The street was no business of hers, because she was not a house-owner; but she cleaned the street for a generous distance to right and left of the house, exerting herself with besom and shovel till her little back ached. If she could have reached the sky to tear the clouds asunder, she would have set the sun to shine into her shining room. Nothing was too good for the occasion.

From time to time, as she busied herself in the room or outside, Malinke ran to peep at the slaughtered hen, which lay awaiting further operations. If something should happen to the chicken now — a cat or a dog! Malinke wished her fowl were safely in the pot, but she did not yet know how to dress a chicken. She had picked the feathers clean; that was as far as she could go. And what if her mother should be late, and the chicken not have time to cook! The anxious little housekeeper was making up her mind to ask a neighbor to prepare the fowl, when Breine Henne, breathless with haste, came into the room.

It was a tense little face, with two great eyes — two hungry eyes — that bent over the wretched carcass, as her mother slit and cut and tore, laying bare the creature's anatomy. The mother, herself not a little excited, kept up a running commentary on the subject of chickens, with special reference to the one in hand; but Malinke uttered no word. She was in an ecstasy of expectation beyond speech.

'Not so bad, after all,' Breine Henne commented, cheerfully making the most of the lean carcass. 'Upon my word, she's not as bad as I thought. I'm glad I did n't sell her. We'll have a nice soup, and chicken meat for two or three days. I've seen plumper chickens, but still this one —'

She broke off abruptly, a look of keen

trouble in her face. Her bloodstained fingers trembled as she tore at the intestines. They had felt a lump where there should be none.

'Lord of All!' she breathed, 'what is this?'

Malinke watched her with a face gone pale. Her hands clasped tightly over her thumping heart, she waited for her mother's explanation.

'Look, look!' Breine Henne cried, 'a wire — a bit of crooked wire, right in the intestine! Oi, woe is me! the chicken is *tref*!' ¹

Malinke felt a sickening sinking of the heart. For a quarter of a minute she remained standing as if petrified, then she threw herself on the bench and cried aloud.

Breine Henne took no notice of her at first. She sat staring at the dismembered chicken, wringing her hands and bemoaning herself. Presently she became aware of Malinke, now sobbing with her face in her arms.

'Don't cry — don't cry, Malinke,' she soothed. 'Maybe it is n't *tref*, after all. Take your shawl and run to the *rav*.² Perhaps he will decide that the chicken is *kosher*.'

The little girl jumped up, a flame of hope in her tear-stained face.

'Oh, do you think so, mama? Do you really think it may be kosher? Oi, dear little mama! Where's my shawl? How shall I carry it? What shall I tell the *rav*? I'll run — I'll run.'

Breine Henne wrapped the chicken in a cloth. 'Don't lose anything,' she cautioned, 'and don't be gone long. This is where I found the wire; see? Show him. Now run, and God grant that the *rav* finds it kosher.'

It was some distance to the *rav*'s, but Malinke ran all the way. Arrived

¹ *Tref*, unclean, in conformity with Jewish dietary laws, as distinguished from *kosher*, clean.

² *Rav*, the religious head of a Jewish community.

at her destination, she burst into the house and thrust her bundle under the nose of the astonished servant.

'A shala' [question], she panted. 'My mother sent me to ask a shala. Is Reb' Nossen at home?'

'Mercy on us!' protested the servant, an elderly person who was not used to being hurried, 'one would think the town were on fire, to see the child. And if it is a shala, what then? Must you rush in on people and take their breath away? It's nothing new, a shala. Reb' Nossen settles a dozen every day. Sit down there on the bench, and I'll go and see if he is not busy. There's a novelty for you — a shala!'

Malinke thought the woman was gone an age, but at last she saw her returning through the long living-room, where the table was already set for Sabbath.

'Come, he will see you at once. See that you do not touch the clean table cloth as you pass. You are — I guess you have n't got your Sabbath dress on yet.'

Malinke did not notice the look of disapproval which her conductor cast over her ragged person. She saw only an open door at the end of the room, and went in, always holding out her bundle before her.

Reb' Nossen was busy arranging a pyramid of books on a table. He greeted the child over his shoulder.

'Well, little girl, what is your question?'

Malinke, in all her eagerness, remembered that she was in a great presence. She had never been in the rav's house before. A sudden shyness replaced her usual assurance.

'Well,' repeated the rav, still without turning, 'you came to ask a shala. What is it?'

Malinke advanced a step. 'The chicken,' she whispered. 'My mother found a wire.'

'So? Let's see it. Put it down here, by the window. This is the wire, is it? And how was it found? Show me exactly where it lay. H'm — h'm.'

The rav poked the dismembered organs with a long forefinger, and carefully examined the spot where the bit of wire had been embedded. He peered long at the wire itself, with knitted brows and set mouth. Then, after wiping his fingers on a red bandana, he picked out a book from the pile he had been arranging, and began to turn its yellow leaves, humming a bit of Sabbath melody under his breath.

Malinke followed his movements with eyes of feverish expectancy. The rav's word was law in such a matter. Would he say tref or kosher?

Reb' Nossen turned the leaves and hummed to himself. His silvery earlocks mingled with his beard, which swept the table. A silk skull-cap sat high on his broad brow. Face and hands were shining with health and cleanliness. The rav had just returned from the *mikveh*.¹ The peace of approaching Sabbath was in his soul.

Malinke did not take her hungry eyes from Reb' Nossen's face. Apparently the question was not a simple one, to be resolved at a glance. The rav ceased his humming. He pushed away his book and took another. He returned to the chicken, lying in the light of the window. Once he asked Malinke to show him again how the wire was found, and she answered that, and other questions, in a voice trembling with apprehension.

If Reb' Nossen had noticed the child's distress, and asked her questions about herself and her mother, he might have come to a conclusion promptly. Besides the nature of the foreign body, the position in which it was found, and the condition of the carcass, the rav had a right to take into consideration

¹ The ritual bath.

the circumstances of the owner of the animal. For the sacred office of the rav endows him with considerable latitude in the interpretation of the Law. If the question is one on which authorities differ, or even if the rav to whom it is submitted disagrees with recorded opinions, the owner of the property in question is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, especially if he be a poor man. The Jewish Law was not framed to oppress God's chosen people. It was meant to keep them clean, by guarding them against every disease of mind and body. In the mouths of wise and liberal scholars, it can be interpreted in two words: Be pure.

Reb' Nossen peered very closely at his book, following the lines across the page with his finger. He was a trifle short-sighted. Perhaps that was why he did not notice that Malinke's shawl was in rags, that her shoes gaped, and that she looked at him with frightened, hungry eyes.

'Little girl,' he said, after an interval in which the child suffered agonies of doubt, 'little girl, tell your mother the chicken is unclean.'

Malinke felt again that horrid sinking of the heart. Mechanically she tied up her bundle, and went out. She did not hear the rav call 'Good Sabbath' after her.

Her feet carried her homewards. She did not think of the way. The bitterness of her disappointment made her blind and deaf. But suddenly, as she turned a corner, she was brought back to life by a strong smell of cooking coming from an open kitchen door. Involuntarily she drew a deep breath. Fish, chicken, and fresh bread. Malinke gave a gulp and stuffed the corner of her shawl into her mouth. She would not be seen crying on the street.

Her knees trembled as she walked on. She had eaten black bread and tea for breakfast, and bread with salt for

dinner. She was tired from exertion, and shaken by emotion. The miserable bundle in her hand became a grievous burden. And what were they going to have for supper?

Oh, if only Reb' Nossen had found the chicken clean! Why was it unclean? All sorts of things were found inside chickens, and yet they were pronounced clean. Yösele once told her about a chicken that his schoolmate's mother cooked for a holiday. An ear-ring had been found in the gizzard, and the rav had pronounced the meat kosher. Why was not her chicken kosher? How did the rav know?

Malinke's thoughts climbed from the plaintive to the curious, from the curious to the rebellious, from the rebellious to the defiant. What was written in the books the rav consulted? She was only a girl — she would never know. Reb' Nossen said tref. How did he know? Suppose he had said kosher, then her mother would cook the chicken, they would all enjoy it, and no harm come to anybody.

Malinke stopped short in her walk, struck by an idea, a great and fearful idea. Nobody knew of the rav's decision but herself. *Suppose she should tell her mother it was kosher?* Her face flamed; the blood thumped in her ears. Stooping down, she undid the bundle in her lap. The chicken looked exactly as it had done when first opened by her mother. Why, why was it unclean? The rav's word made it so. Oh, it was cruel! She was so hungry — half the time she was hungry. She never had good things to eat. Why should the rav rob her of the chicken? It was just like any other chicken. He should not rob her! He might have said kosher, and he did not. Suppose she told her mother it was kosher?

She began to run, frightened at her own thoughts. It was a heinous sin she contemplated. The rav was the voice

of God. He had declared the chicken unfit for a Jewish table, and she proposed to eat of it, and impose it upon her mother and brother.

'But what if the rav were mistaken?' the rebel in her cried. Malinke, who went much from house to house doing errands, and heard much talk, and asked questions freely, knew that it was not impossible for a rav to make a mistake. Only the year before, Polotzk was torn into two factions, the one adhering to Reb' Nossen, the other to Reb' Isaac, when the two dignitaries disagreed in the settlement of a shala. Malinke did not know just what the point in dispute was, — something about a burial, — nor whose opinion prevailed in the end. But one thing was clear from the dispute: a rav may make a mistake. And if Reb' Nossen were wrong in her case, was it just that she and Yösele and her mother should suffer for his error?

'No, no, no!' she cried in her heart. 'I won't tell — I won't. If it's unclean, God will punish me, and then I shall know.'

She kept on running, but she was no longer frightened. Arrived at her own doorstep, she paused once more. Clasp- ing her bundle tightly to her breast, she closed her eyes and prayed.

'Good God, if the chicken is tref, punish me, and nobody else. Amen.'

Breine Henne opened the door the moment she heard Malinke in the entry.

'Well, well?' she questioned eagerly. 'What does the rav say?'

Malinke answered firmly, 'Kosher.'

Her mother was too excited to notice how pale the child was.

III

It was a happy family that sat down to supper when Yösele returned from evening prayer in the synagogue.

Breine Henne had replaced the cot-

ton kerchief by her wig, which she wore only on holy days and ceremonious occasions. Yösele's patched trousers were mercifully invisible under the table, and from his thighs to his neck he was conscious of his Sabbath jacket. It had belonged to his father, may he rest in peace! but Yösele was a big boy for his age, and the jacket fitted not so badly, if he puffed himself out a little in front, and sat firmly on the tails of the coat behind, and turned up the cuffs of the sleeves.

Malinke was even more splendid than Yösele. She wore a blue woolen dress, trimmed with rows of gold braid on the skirt and a double row of gilt buttons on the waist. The dress was frayed and stained and choky, — Malinke was obliged to leave the waist and the neck-buttons unfastened, — but the gold trimmings redeemed every fault. She had earned the dress by hulling quarts and quarts of strawberries for a neighbor, whose little girl's cast-off clothes fitted her well enough.

Dear to Malinke's heart was the dress, and dearer still the boots on her feet. Yes, a pair of Sabbath boots had Malinke, and such boots! They were whole, they were new, they were shiny. They had patent-leather tips, and patent-leather tops closing with three buttons on each side, and all the buttons were on. All the poor little girls in the neighborhood envied her those boots. They squeaked delightfully. They were the pride and joy of her heart.

How came Malinke by such superior footgear? 'God is good,' she somewhat tactlessly remarked, when Aunt Leah presented her with the boots, which had belonged to Cousin Fredke, who died of cholera. Aunt Leah never gave away anything till it was shabby enough for a beggar, but because poor Fredke had been fond of Malinke — 'God is good,' said the beneficiary of Aunt Leah's sorrow.

Arrayed in all her finery, Malinke sat down to the unwonted feast with a face of glowing happiness. There was no shadow in her heart. The anguish of the afternoon was washed away in a flood of peace. Having struggled so bitterly and come to a great resolution, she was abiding by it with all the courage of her fiery young soul. By her prayer on the doorstep she had bravely assumed all the responsibility for her conduct. If she had sinned, the punishment was to fall on her alone: no innocent person should suffer. She did not doubt for a moment that God had heard and would heed her petition. And until God gave her a sign of His displeasure, she would not call herself a sinner, but would enjoy herself to the utmost.

All joys come to an end, but the joy of sucking chicken-bones bade fair to outlast all others. The Sabbath candles, stuck in a basin of sand, for want of candlesticks, had burned down to half their length before Breine Henne could induce the children to give up the clean-picked bones to which they clung.

'M—m,' protested Yösele, 'there's more on it'; and 'M—m,' pleaded Malinke, 'it still tastes of chicken.'

The mother got up and brought the soup to the table, and set it steaming under their noses. Then, and not till then, did they consent to part with the bones.

'Oh!' triumphed Malinke, gloating over her plate, 'there is a fat-spot in mine!'

'Take care,' warned Breine Henne, 'it's very hot. Blow on it, children.'

The soup was pronounced delicious with every mouthful. Malinke dipped up very scant spoonfuls, to make it last. Yösele, finishing before her, made a dive at her plate to help himself.

'She had more than I,' he grumbled, when his mother ordered him to let

his sister's plate alone. And Malinke, not feeling safe enough even under her mother's protection, began to gulp her soup hastily, lest her brother rob her of any.

She had almost finished, when she gave a short cough, accompanied by a convulsive jerk of the head. She grew red in the face; her eyes started out; her tongue protruded. She was choking.

Breine Henne and Yösele jumped up in a fright, and began to thump and shake her.

'A bone!' wailed Breine Henne. 'Oi, weh! She'll choke to death. Take a drink of water — there, try to drink. Woe is me, she's choking!'

Breine Henne set Malinke's plate on her head, while she and Yösele pounded her on the back and chest simultaneously. It was the best remedy they knew, and it failed to dislodge the bone. The mother next inserted her forefinger into the girl's throat as far as it would go, but without result. The child struggled convulsively. Thesweat was on her blackening face, the tears in her eyes.

Yösele began to bawl with fright. His mother was out of her wits.

'Oi, weh! Woe is me! I always knew no good would come of that hen. Malinke! Malinke! little daughter! Take a drink of water. God Almighty, have pity on us! Run, Yösele, call the neighbors. Oh, Malinke, Malinke!'

Yösele ran out, calling, 'Help! Help!'

Jacob the tailor, who occupied the rear of the house, answered the call, and his frightened family flocked after him to the scene of distress.

Jacob stopped in front of Malinke, helpless and aghast. Not so Peshe Frede, his wife. Without a word she grasped the strangling child by the ankles, and turning her upside down, swung her back and forth with all her might.

Presently Malinke gave a gasp, followed by a wailing 'Oh — h!' Peshe Frede put her back in her chair, and everybody crowded around.

Slowly the red left Malinke's face. It faded and faded, till she was ashy white. She looked around the circle of faces, with a growing horror in her eyes. She tried to speak, but failed.

'There, there,' her mother crooned, 'sit still. You'll be better in a minute.'

She began to fondle the child, wiping her moist face with a corner of her own apron. Malinke avoided her touch with a strange gesture, always staring with eyes of horror.

'God has punished me,' she breathed in a strangled whisper. 'I have sinned, and God has punished me.'

'What is she saying?' they all asked one another. 'Better put her to bed, Breine Henne. She will be all right when she has rested.'

But Malinke pushed her mother away. Springing up, she threw out her hands in a gesture of despair, crying aloud, 'God has punished me! God has punished me!'

The others drew away from her in amazement. 'What do you mean? What does she mean?' they questioned.

Again Breine Henne tried to soothe the child, and again Malinke avoided her.

'Don't touch me!' she cried. 'I am a great sinner. God has punished me.'

Then she told them. Standing in the middle of the room, with wild eyes, panting and sobbing, she told them the whole story of the rav's decision and her false report. She did not excuse herself, although she tried to explain to them the thoughts and feelings that led up to her wicked resolution; but she saw that they did not understand.

'Do with me what you will,' she cried. 'I have sinned. God has punished me.' With a sob that shook her

whole frame, she threw herself prone on the floor in abject surrender.

No language but the Yiddish can reproduce the exclamations of horror, anger, reproach, that broke from the lips of the bystanders. Breine Henne sank upon a chair and threw out her arms across the table, moaning as one mortally hurt. Yösele shrank into a corner, his jaw hanging, his eyes roving around the room as if seeking support. The assembled neighbors turned horrified faces on one another, gasping and ejaculating. Jacob's two little girls clung to each other, backing away toward the door, as if they feared contamination. And the culprit shook the floor with her sobs.

'Oi!' moaned the unhappy mother, when she could speak. 'Dark is my world; my eyes may not look upon the light of day. God in heaven, why didst Thou punish me with such a child? A monster — a renegade! Why dost Thou leave her in the world, such a wicked spirit? Woe is me, woe is me! dark is my world.'

Peshe Frede, herself weeping from pious sorrow, tried to soothe her neighbor.

'What good will it do to cry? Calm yourself, Breine Henne. The Almighty knows it is not your fault. The girl is possessed by an evil spirit. I always warned you that she would grow up a renegade. A trifle is it, to impose *trefah* upon a clean house? Such treachery! An honest Gentile would not do such a thing. Mark my word, this will not be the end of her wickedness. She would poison all Polotzk if her evil heart told her to. But what is the use of crying? Calm yourself, Breine Henne. What is done, is done.'

After a while, Breine Henne lifted her heavy head. Her eyes fell on the dishes standing on the table. She broke into fresh weeping.

'Tref — tref — everything tref! All

the dishes defiled. Woe is me, she has ruined me!

'Don't lose your head, Breine Henne,' Jacob spoke up. 'Defiled vessels can be purified. The crockery must be scalded, the knives must be stuck into the cracks of the floor for half an hour, the—the—the rest of the things must be taken to the rav to pass upon.'

The tailor was not much of a scholar, but so far as he had ventured to advise, he was correct. Every housewife knew as much. A gleam of comfort came to Breine Henne's heart as Jacob spoke, but the mention of the rav brought her shame back to her. She wept and prayed and wrung her hands. Peshe Frede at last gave up the attempt to comfort her, and retired, followed by her family.

'The whole town will ring with this,' the poor egg-woman wailed. 'Peshe Frede will have it all over town tomorrow. They will call us *trefah fressers* [eaters of unclean food]. Everybody will point a finger at us. Where shall I bury myself? Good God, just God, I beg Thee open a grave for me, and let me sink in and hide my disgrace.'

Far into the night Breine Henne wept, exhausting the vocabulary of lamentation. The candles burned out, the oil in the lamp was low, and still she rocked herself in her grief. Yösele had long since curled up on his bench, too stupefied by misery to bother with the bed-clothes. Finally she dragged herself over to the bed and fell asleep, exhausted. At Malinke she did not look.

Malinke had not moved since she had thrown herself on the floor. She heard the hubbub excited by her confession, as one hears the rustle of summer leaves on the brink of a cataract. The greater tumult was in her own heart. Her own conscience hurled the bitterest reproaches at her. She knew, better than all her censors, how often

she had questioned the written Word of God, defied the authority of her elders, and set up her own unhallowed standards. Nobody knew but she of the foreign petitions she injected into her daily prayers. For weeks past she had prayed, morning and night, that her hair might grow long, so that her playmates could not twit her about her pig-tail. Now, in her hour of repentance, she realized how irreverent were her prayers. She had mocked at Yösele's rebbe, a pious and learned man, because he could not answer her impertinent questions about the Creation. Finally, she had disregarded the express commands of the rav himself, and betrayed her own mother and brother, for the sake of a chicken-bone and a plate of watery soup. Her most pitiless judge could not have drawn up a more bitter indictment than Malinke's conscience presented to her.

Now that she had had a sign from God, her remorse was bottomless. With all her soul she repented. She knew she would never be wicked any more, but she longed for a means of immediate atonement for the past. She threw her soul at the feet of God in utter humility at last, and she prayed Him to trample upon her and leave the mark of His chastisement on her.

IV

Worn out by her agonized thoughts, Malinke finally fell asleep. When she awoke, stiff with cold and sore from lying on the bare boards, the windows were opaque with dawn. She sat up, amazed to find herself on the floor. She made out her mother's figure lying on the edge of the bed. There was a curious atmosphere of disorder about the room.

Breine Henne moved on the bed with a groan. In a flash Malinke remembered everything. Her torment-

ing thoughts of the evening rushed back into her brain. The sense of guilt once more overwhelmed her. It seemed to her that she was not herself, but somebody else,—a monstrous, unclean creature, from whom the real Malinke shrank in horror. She longed to cry out, to struggle, to shake off the hideous thing that grappled her, but she was afraid to wake the sleepers. She must get out of the house, or she would stifle.

Slowly creeping across the floor, inch by inch, she reached the door. Noiselessly she lifted the latch and stole out. The chill of the autumn morning struck to her very bones. She wished she had taken a shawl, but she dared not go back.

Like a ghost she wandered away through the empty streets. She had never been abroad at such an hour in the autumn; she thought it was her sins that had turned the world so gray and unfamiliar. The watchmen had gone home with the first glimmer of day. In all the sleeping city, she alone was awake. It was a symbol of her isolation from the world of righteous men.

Her dress reminded her that it was Sabbath. The people would sleep late, but presently they would awake. The men would go to the synagogue, and so would some of the women. The children would put on their best clothes, and call to one another from the doorways, and go visiting until dinner-time. Where should she go then, she that was neither man nor woman nor honest child?

Crying softly, she wandered blindly on. At the bottom of a steep street, the river gleamed pale in the ghostly light. Malinke descended to the edge, and being unable to go farther, looked about her for the first time.

On the bank above her a low gray building was just visible between the

palings of a sagging fence. Beyond the fence she could make out a gray ribbon trembling down a shallow gash in the bank. That was where the spring flowed out which was reputed among the Gentiles to cure blindness. The building behind the fence was the Old Synagogue. By these landmarks, Malinke identified the spot. It was where the Jewish women came on New Year's Day for the ceremony of shaking their sins into the river, that they might start the new year with clean hearts.

A sudden thought came to Malinke. A flash of hope lighted up the gloom of her troubled soul. Why could not she, like the pious women of Polotzk, shake her sins into the river and begin a holy life? Was repentance only for New Year? Did God grant pardons only on the Day of Atonement? She did not realize that she was once more committing the sin of religious innovation—once more reasoning outside the book. Swept away by a genuine longing to make her peace with God, she cast about for means to carry out the symbolic rites of the season of atonement, fervently praying that the Almighty should see and understand.

Contrition, prayer, fasting, and sacrifice. She could not think of any other processes that went to the solemn drama of annual repentance. Contrition? Her soul prostrated itself in deepest humility. And prayer? She prayed with all her being that God should have mercy on her and forgive her sins. Her every breath should be a prayer. Fasting also she could fulfill. She would fast as long as her body would hold out. A whole day—two days she would fast. Sacrifice was left. What could she sacrifice? What had she that would be acceptable to God?

Malinke's heart sank as she failed to find a solution to this problem. Was she to give up the hope of God's for-

givenness because she had nothing to sacrifice? No, no! she must think of something.

Her pockets were empty, because it was Sabbath. She looked down on herself, and so got her inspiration. She would sacrifice her Sabbath clothes — the dress with the gold trimmings, *and the boots!*

Joy unspeakable lighted Malinke's pinched face. With feverish fingers she unfastened and tore off her dress, half laughing, half crying with excitement. Then, sitting down on the wet bank, she unlaced her boots and started to roll them up in her dress.

What pretty boots they were! The patent-leather trimmings were as shiny as water. They were almost new: the varnish was not all worn off from the instep. She had worn them very little, of course: only on Sabbaths and holy days. It was the only pair of boots she could remember that had come to her new. She always had other people's cast-off boots. If they were too big, she stuffed them with rags; if too small, she slit them in the tight spots. Her Sabbath boots, now, fitted her as if made to her measure.

Malinke could not forbear trying them on once more, for the last time. It was light enough now for her to make out the stitching on the patent-leather tops. It was a pretty pattern, all scrolls. She wondered if Fredke had loved those boots as much as she did.

With a deep, deep sigh, Malinke pulled off the beautiful boots again, and resolutely rolled them up in the blue dress. The sacrifice was ready.

But now a new difficulty assailed her. In what manner was the sacrifice to be performed? On Atonement Day, when money was offered, it was put into the poor-box; if a fowl, it was cooked and eaten at the close of the fast. What was she to do with her clothes? And the formula — she could not remember the

formula by which the sacrifice was offered, because it was used only once a year. She also suspected that it would not fit the novel sacrifice she proposed to offer.

After some hard thinking she threw up her head with a gesture of finality, and turned an appealing face to heaven.

'Good God,' she prayed, her teeth chattering with cold, 'I have nothing to sacrifice except this. I don't know how to do it. I'll just tie a stone to it and throw it into the river. I beg Thee to pardon me if I do wrong, and accept my sacrifice like a real one. I would pray from the prayer-book, but it's at home, and there is nothing in it about atonement in the middle of the year. Forgive me for everything. Amen.'

V

Malinke never knew how she got home that day, nor how the time passed. Her faith in the validity of her atonement had lifted her into a state of exaltation past all physical sensation. She heard herself, in a voice not her own, communicate the great news to her mother: that she had atoned, by prayer and sacrifice, and all was well. Her mother seemed unaccountably affected by the news. Malinke dimly perceived that her mother's fresh tears were not the tears of joy; but she was too far removed from the world to be troubled, or even puzzled. She was fasting, in accordance with her resolution. She felt as buoyant as a chip floating on the bosom of the river.

It was well along in the afternoon when Malinke awoke from her trance. She was lying on the bed, staring wide-eyed at the wall, when she became aware of some unusual commotion in the room. Presently her mother's voice penetrated her dazed consciousness.

'Do you hear, Malinke? Get up and

go to the rav. He has sent for you. Do you hear?'

Breine Henne's voice, though on the verge of tears, expressed a sort of awe-struck elation. Genuinely grieved by the sinful conduct of her untractable child, the poor mother yet felt a tinge of bitter pride in the enormity of Malinke's crime, that attracted the notice of the rav himself.

'Get up, Malinke,' she urged in a deep voice. 'Reb' Nossen wants to speak to you. His messenger is waiting.'

The mention of the rav's name brought Malinke to her senses. She jumped up and looked about for the messenger. He was a sickly-faced youth, a poor student in the seminary, who lived on the charity of the community. As she looked into his dull, unspeculative eyes it came over Malinke that in the sight of the world she was still a sinner, a law-breaker at large, no matter how sure she was in her heart of God's forgiveness. She would have to answer to her neighbors for her backsliding. The rav's summons was only the beginning. With quick imagination she visualized the mocking children that would follow her in the street, the mothers who would scowl her out of all companionship with their good little daughters; and she heard the taunts and jibes of inventive enemies. The expiation of her sin would be the long punishment at the hands of her neighbors. It was well for Malinke that she had so promptly made her peace with God. She had courage now to face the disapproving world.

She suffered her mother to wrap a shawl about her head and shoulders, but of the messenger she took no notice. Did she not know the way? She kept several yards in front of her guide, and presented herself at Reb' Nossen's gate with brave promptness.

The elderly servant ushered her into the rav's presence without a word.

Even the customary 'Good Sabbath' stuck in her throat at sight of the juvenile sinner. The woman knew Malinke's story by this time, as did every person of sound hearing and fair understanding in Polotzk. For Peshe Frede, the tailor's wife, had been to the synagogue, and started the story on a town-wide career by a score of sure, unobstructed channels. Before the Gentile chore-women had unsealed the Jewish ovens, to draw out the Sabbath pots, there was not a bit of stale gossip current in Polotzk. Malinke and her misconduct furnished the fresh topic for every domestic circle.

Reb' Nossen had heard the story from his good wife, who had it from her good neighbor, who overheard the women exclaim over it in the rear rows of the women's gallery in the synagogue after service. The rav was one of the most liberal that Polotzk had ever had. Hearing the story of Malinke, he was a little shocked, and more than a little interested. He had taken but scant notice of Malinke the day before, when she came with the chicken. Now he wanted to see what manner of child was this who could plot and deceive, and invite the wrath of God, and make public confession of her sins, all in one short Sabbath eve.

Malinke's heart beat quite evenly as the great man bent his short-sighted gaze on her. Her own look was clear and direct. She wished for nothing so much as that the rav should see to the very bottom of her soul. The peace that filled her heart — the gift of a forgiving God — would be the answer to his bitterest reproaches. And as Reb' Nossen continued to study her face, without speaking, Malinke's mind was flooded with a sudden intuition of the nature of the judge before whom she stood. She had tested his wisdom — God Himself had confirmed his judgment: how could he fail in understand-

ing and mercy? She was eager to speak, to tell everything, but restrained her tongue out of respect.

At last the rav began to question her. Very earnestly he listened to her artless account of her family, and the history of the luckless fowl up to the time of Breine Henne's great resolution concerning it. He made her repeat certain details, and led her to quote freely from her mother's comments on their daily life. From time to time his fine head moved in a barely perceptible nod of comprehension, but he said nothing, except to direct the child's narrative, until she came to the account of her temptation and its tragic consequences.

Here, to Malinke's amazement, he took up the story himself.

'You were very hungry, little girl,' he said, in as simple words as she herself would have used. 'It seemed to you a cruel decision. You thought perhaps I had made a mistake, after all.'

Malinke gasped. Such perfect comprehension she had never expected from anybody below God.

'Is that so, little girl?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' she affirmed eagerly. 'I thought there might be a mistake. But I know now it was true — the chicken was unclean. That's why it choked me.' A touch of confusion made her speech waver. She did not know just how to express her newer faith in the rav's wisdom. 'But I know, Reb' Nossen, that it was true. You could n't make a mistake.'

Reb' Nossen put up his white hand to silence her.

'Hush, my child; do not speak so. There was a great mistake — a great mistake. No man has a right to give judgment who does not know his people. A wise teacher is like a physician, who has one medicine for the strong, and another for the weak. The Law must be read with one eye on the scroll,

and the other on the world, lest the Torah become a writ of bondage, and the pent people rebel. The rabbi alone cannot keep the Torah holy. The people must be with him, and he with them.'

Reb' Nossen spoke as if to himself. Malinke gazed at him in wonder, not half comprehending his meaning. After some moments of silence, the rav came out of his reverie. The child had been respectfully standing all this time, but now he bade her be seated. He set a chair for her himself, in the light of the window, near his own. He had been blind long enough with respect to this poor, uninstructed child. He, too, wanted to atone.

He brought Malinke back to her story.

'And so you ate of the forbidden meat, and thought you had a sign from God when you choked.' There was not a trace of reproof in his voice.

'Yes, and then I was so sorry, and in the morning I prayed, and I had nothing to sacrifice except my things.'

She was not surprised at his knowing more of her story than she had told him. The rav seemed to read her thoughts of yesterday.

'And those were your Sabbath clothes?'

For answer Malinke looked down on her very shabby dress. Anybody might know *that* was not her Sabbath dress.

'You had a pair of good boots, eh?'

'Oh, they were beautiful!' Malinke grew loquacious again. 'They were the best I ever had. They were almost new. Aunt Leah would n't have given them to me, but Fredke died, and the other girls could n't wear them, because Fredke was the smallest. They were trimmed with patent leather, and they fitted me —'

She broke off, unable to express the perfection of the relation between the now historic boots and her abused

little feet. Unconsciously she looked down upon the ruinous boots that replaced them.

The rav's eyes followed hers.

'Do you regret the pretty boots, Malinke?'

The child jumped up in her excitable manner, her eyes full of protest.

'Oh, no, *no!*' she cried earnestly. 'I'm glad they're at the bottom of the river. I shall never have such beautiful boots again as long as I live, but I'm *glad*, because it was my sacrifice, and God will forgive me. Reb' Nossen,' she repeated, vehemently, 'I'm *glad!*'

The rav put up his hand to hide his eyes from the little penitent. Short-sighted as he was, he had a sudden vision of spiritual vistas. After a moment, he raised his head and drew Malinke to him. Stroking her thin hair, he regarded her with grave, sad eyes. He reproached himself inwardly for his blindness on the occasion of their first interview. The signs of privation and suffering were plain in the little girl's pinched face, in the sharp angles of her figure, visible under her scanty apparel. And suddenly, across his vaguer speculations, shot a clear idea of the child's immediate want. If the chicken was rejected as unclean, what did those poor people have for dinner?

'Malinke,' questioned Reb' Nossen, looking hard at the child, 'what did you eat to-day?'

She returned his look with a smile of triumph.

'Nothing,' she replied, with the least touch of pride in her voice. 'I'm fasting, you know, for atonement.'

'Fasting!' exclaimed the rav, in a tone of reproach, and rising as he spoke. 'Why, you're too young to fast, my child, and too weak. Besides, it is wrong to fast on Sabbath. Your head is full of strange ideas. There are a great many things to explain to you — a great many. But there will be

time enough for that when you have had something to eat.'

Pushing her gently back into her chair, he went to the door and called aloud, 'Deborah! Tamareh!' Once aroused, the rav was practical enough.

'You shall eat,' he said again to Malinke, going back to her chair and looking down upon her. 'Why, you are as thin as a skeleton. What business has such a child with fasting? You shall eat, and then we can talk. There are a great many things we can learn together, my child, but the body comes before the mind.'

Malinke's eyes, that had met his so bravely at the beginning of the interview, when she expected accusation and reproof, now wavered and fell, as the old man's sympathy focused in his gaze. And then, to her own amazement, a great sob broke from her, followed by a flood of tears.

The rav strode over to the door once more, the tails of his long frock coat flying back from his white-stockinged legs. He called impatiently, 'Deborah! Tamareh!'

In answer to his summons came neither his wife nor the servant, but a strange, disheveled figure, with pale eyes in a tear-blotched face. It was Breine Henne, the egg-woman, impelled by a dozen contradictory impulses to be present at what she imagined to be her child's bitter trial. At sight of Reb' Nossen's stern face, and Malinke sobbing in her chair, all her motives resolved themselves into an overpowering instinct to defend her little girl, against the rav himself, against all the world, if need be.

'Reb' Nossen, Reb' Nossen,' she began to plead, 'listen to me, I beg you. Don't be too hard on the child. She is so young, and so ignorant. She has no father, and I am a poor, ignorant woman, and all day long she is among strangers, because there is nobody at

home to take care of her. It was a great temptation — she was so hungry, poor child. She had hardly tasted meat for weeks. We cook nothing but grits when times are so bad. She was out of her head with disappointment. May you never know what it is to be hungry for a decent meal. And it was all my fault, anyway. I should have killed the chicken last Atonement Day, and then this dreadful thing would n't have happened. And oh, Reb' Nossen! as I am a Jewish woman, I believe the child is out of her head this day. She stole out of the house at daybreak, will you believe me? on purpose to throw her best clothes into the river, because she imagined that would be a sacrifice in atonement for her sins! You know, Reb' Nossen, that no sane child would do such a thing. It was her only decent dress, and the boots were the best she ever had in her life. If you had seen her when she came back, blue with cold, and saying such wild things — Oh, Reb' Nossen, don't, don't be hard on my poor child!

The rav waited patiently for Breine Henne to stop.

'Calm yourself, my good woman,' he said, as soon as he could speak. 'Take a seat — here — and try to be calm. I did not mean to be harsh with the child. I do not blame her for anything. On the contrary — Ah, Tamareh! yes, I called. Bring this child something to eat. She has not eaten to-day, Tamareh. Bring it in here, and be quick.'

While the famished child was eating, the rav drew from the mother many details bearing on Malinke's character and education, which Breine Henne adorned with numerous comments and apologies. She was very much puzzled at the rav's benign attitude toward the child, — the very opposite of what Malinke had earned, — but she would have thought it disrespectful to ques-

tion him. No doubt he knew what he was about, and if she did not understand, — why, she was only a poor, ignorant female. So she babbled on in a happy excitement, her eyes resting now and then on Malinke, feasting there in the house of the rav, and at his own invitation.

There was little more than crumbs left on Malinke's tray when she leaned back, with a smile of utter contentment on her face, and remarked to the friendly air, 'I really can't eat any more.'

The rav turned and looked at the tray.

'That's good — that's good,' he said. 'Now come over here. I've been talking with your mother, and I find your education has been a little defective. I have caused you — I might have saved you much trouble. I should like to make amends.' He embraced them both in his look. 'I shall be very glad to provide for your tuition in the future, if you will let me choose the teacher — and if you care for lessons, Malinke.'

The child drew in her breath.

Breine Henne broke out in a flood of thanks and blessings, which the good man did not hear. He was waiting for Malinke to speak. At last she opened her lips.

'Shall I begin to-morrow?' she asked.

The rav smiled, pleased with her directness.

'To-morrow,' he said. 'It is well to hasten to a good thing. And shall I name your teacher?'

Malinke ventured on a petition.

'I hope it will be a rebbe, not a *rebbetzin* [female teacher],' she said. 'The rebbetzins don't know so much.'

Breine Henne broke out in reproof.

'Hush, you bold child! There you go again, talking as a child should n't. That's her great fault, believe me, Reb' Nossen — that tongue of hers. You

ought to be more respectful, and grateful, and, whatever you do, keep your tongue quiet.'

The rav uttered no direct reproof.

'If the rebbe knows more than the rebbetzin, it is because he has spent more time in study, my dear. Perhaps a rebbe would be best for you. Well, now, I cannot afford to pay much; I am not known for my riches. I must choose some one who will not ask too much tuition. What would you say to taking a few lessons with me? I have never taught girls, but I can try.'

It was Breine Henne who gasped now, and Malinke who babbled excitedly.

'Oh, will you teach me everything?' she cried, 'the same as a boy — the same as Yösele? I'd like to read *everything*. Yösele says a girl can't understand, but I don't think that's true, do you? Do you mean you'll teach me the *Humesh*, and *Gemara*, and everything?'

The rav smiled again.

'Not all at once, my child, not all at once. We must make a beginning first. You come to-morrow before sunset prayer, and then we'll see. The Torah is inexhaustible. There are a great many things to learn — about conduct, and sacrifice, and many other things. I pray that I have the wisdom to teach you.'

For the second time that day, Ma-

linke walked home without touching the earth. But if she did not know the way she took, a third of Polotzk did. That much of the population followed her to her door, as a volunteer escort of honor.

For in the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, the movements of the rav's messenger had been observed, and a knot of the most irrepressible gossips in Polotzk lay in wait for Malinke and her mother at Reb' Nossen's gate. Breine Henne, bursting with pride, was glad to fall upon the bosom of the first gossip with an apron who presented herself; and so the story of the great interview was out.

Before the first corner was turned, the original knot of gossips had become the indistinguishable nucleus of a rapidly growing procession, at the head of which a fairly straight version of Malinke's story was told, and at the tail of which it was rumored that Reb' Nossen was going to adopt Breine Henne's girl, and make a great scholar of her.

But Malinke heard nothing of what the people said. In the midst of the throng she was communing with herself about the mystery of divine justice. She who had sinned the most was the most blessed of all little girls in Polotzk. The Lord had accepted her atonement. In compensation for her blindness, that had led her into error, God had sent her a teacher.

THE HANDICAPPED

BY ONE OF THEM

It would not perhaps be thought, ordinarily, that the man whom physical disabilities have made so helpless that he is unable to move around among his fellows, can bear his lot more happily, even though he suffer pain, and face life with a more cheerful and contented spirit, than can the man whose deformities are merely enough to mark him out from the rest of his fellows without preventing him from entering with them into most of their common affairs and experiences. But the fact is that the former's very helplessness makes him content to rest and not to strive. I know a young man so helplessly deformed that he has to be carried about, who is happy in reading a little, playing chess, taking a course or two in college, and all with the sunniest good-will in the world, and a happiness that seems strange and unaccountable to my restlessness. He does not cry for the moon.

When one, however, is in full possession of his faculties, and can move about freely, bearing simply a crooked back and an unsightly face, he is perforce drawn into all the currents of life. Particularly if he has his own way in the world to make, his road is apt to be hard and rugged, and he will penetrate to an unusual depth in his interpretation both of the world's attitude toward such misfortunes, and of the attitude toward the world which such misfortunes tend to cultivate in men like him. For he has all the battles of a stronger man to fight, and he is at a double disadvantage in fighting them.

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He has constantly with him the sense of being obliged to make extra efforts to overcome the bad impression of his physical defects, and he is haunted with a constant feeling of weakness and low vitality which makes effort more difficult and renders him easily faint-hearted and discouraged by failure. He is never confident of himself, because he has grown up in an atmosphere where nobody has been very confident of him; and yet his environment and circumstances call out all sorts of ambitions and energies in him which, from the nature of his case, are bound to be immediately thwarted. This attitude is likely to keep him at a generally low level of accomplishment unless he have an unusually strong will, and a strong will is perhaps the last thing to develop under such circumstances.

That vague sense of physical uncomfortableness which is with him nearly every minute of his waking day serves, too, to make steady application for hours to any particular kind of work much more irksome than it is even to the lazy man. No one but the deformed man can realize just what the mere fact of sitting a foot lower than the normal means in discomfort and annoyance. For one cannot carry one's special chair everywhere, to theatre and library and train and school-room. This sounds trivial, I know, but I mention it because it furnishes a real, even though usually dim, 'background of consciousness' which one has to reckon with during all one's solid work or en-

joyment. The things that the world deems hardest for the deformed man to bear are perhaps really the easiest of all. I can truthfully say, for instance, that I have never suffered so much as a pang from the interested comments on my personal appearance made by urchins in the street, nor from the curious looks of people in the street and public places. To ignore this vulgar curiosity is the simplest and easiest thing in the world. It does not worry me in the least to appear on a platform if I have anything to say and there is anybody to listen. What one does get sensitive to is rather the inevitable way that people, acquaintances and strangers alike, have of discounting in advance what one does or says.

The deformed man is always conscious that the world does not expect very much from him. And it takes him a long time to see in this a challenge instead of a firm pressing down to a low level of accomplishment. As a result, he does not expect very much of himself; he is timid in approaching people, and distrustful of his ability to persuade and convince. He becomes extraordinarily sensitive to other people's first impressions of him. Those who are to be his friends he knows instantly, and further acquaintance adds little to the intimacy and warm friendship that he at once feels for them. On the other hand, those who do not respond to him immediately cannot by any effort either on his part or theirs overcome that first alienation.

This sensitiveness has both its good and bad sides. It makes friendship the most precious thing in the world to him, and he finds that he arrives at a much richer and wider intimacy with his friends than do ordinary men with their light, surface friendships, based on good fellowship or the convenience of the moment. But on the other hand this sensitiveness absolutely unfits him

for business and the practice of a profession, where one must be 'all things to all men,' and the professional manner is indispensable to success. For here, where he has to meet a constant stream of men of all sorts and conditions, his sensitiveness to these first impressions will make his case hopeless. Except with those few who by some secret sympathy will seem to respond, his deformity will stand like a huge barrier between his personality and other men's. The magical good fortune of attractive personal appearance makes its way almost without effort in the world, breaking down all sorts of walls of disapproval and lack of interest. Even the homely person can attract by personal charm. But deformity cannot even be charming.

The doors of the deformed man are always locked, and the key is on the outside. He may have treasures of charm inside, but they will never be revealed unless the person outside co-operates with him in unlocking the door. A friend becomes, to a much greater degree than with the ordinary man, the indispensable means of discovering one's own personality. One only exists, so to speak, with friends. It is easy to see how hopelessly such a sensitiveness incapacitates a man for business, professional or social life, where the hasty and superficial impression is everything, and disaster is the fate of the man who has not all the treasures of his personality in the front window, where they can be readily inspected and appraised.

It thus takes the deformed man a long time to get adjusted to his world. Childhood is perhaps the hardest time of all. As a child he is a strange creature in a strange land. It was my own fate to be just strong enough to play about with the other boys, and attempt all their games and 'stunts,' without being strong enough actually to succeed

in any of them. It never used to occur to me that my failures and lack of skill were due to circumstances beyond my control, but I would always impute them, in consequence of my rigid Calvinistic bringing-up, I suppose, to some moral weakness of my own. I suffered tortures in trying to learn to skate, to climb trees, to play ball, to conform in general to the ways of the world. I never resigned myself to the inevitable, but over-exerted myself constantly in a grim determination to succeed. I was good at my lessons, and through timidity rather than priggishness, I hope, a very well-behaved boy at school; I was devoted, too, to music, and learned to play the piano pretty well. But I despised my reputation for excellence in these things, and instead of adapting myself philosophically to the situation, I strove (and have been striving ever since) to do the things I could not.

As I look back now it seems perfectly natural that I should have followed the standards of the crowd, and loathed my high marks in lessons and deportment, and the concerts to which I was sent by my aunt, and the exhibitions of my musical skill that I had to give before admiring ladies. Whether or not such an experience is typical of handicapped children, there is tragedy there for those situated as I was. For had I been a little weaker physically, I should have been thrown back on reading omnivorously and cultivating my music, with some possible results; while if I had been a little stronger, I could have participated in the play on an equal footing with the rest. As it was, I simply tantalized myself, and grew up with a deepening sense of failure, and a lack of pride in what I really excelled at.

When the world became one of dances and parties and social evenings and boy-and-girl attachments, — the world of youth, — I was to find myself

still less adapted to it. And this was the harder to bear because I was naturally sociable, and all these things appealed tremendously to me. This world of admiration and gayety and smiles and favors and quick interest and companionship, however, is only for the well-begotten and the debonair. It was not through any cruelty or dislike, I think, that I was refused admittance; indeed they were always very kind about inviting me. But it was more as if a ragged urchin had been asked to come and look through the window at the light and warmth of a glittering party; I was truly in the world, but not of the world. Indeed there were times when one would almost prefer conscious cruelty to this silent, unconscious, gentle oblivion. And this is the tragedy, I suppose, not only of the deformed, but of all the ill-favored and unattractive to a greater or less degree. The world of youth is a world of so many conventions, and the abnormal in any direction is so glaringly and hideously abnormal.

Although it took me a long time to understand this, and I continued to attribute my failure mostly to my own character, trying hard to compensate for my physical deficiencies by skill and cleverness, I suffered comparatively few pangs, and got much better adjusted to this world than to the other. For I was older, and I had acquired a lively interest in all the social politics; I would get so interested in watching how people behaved, and in sizing them up, that only at rare intervals would I remember that I was really having no hand in the game. This interest just in the ways people are human, has become more and more a positive advantage in my life, and has kept sweet many a situation that might easily have cost me a pang. Not that a person with my disabilities should be a sort of detective, evil-mindedly using

his social opportunities for spying out and analyzing his friends' foibles, but that, if he does acquire an interest in people quite apart from their relation to him, he may go into society with an easy conscience and a certainty that he will be entertained and possibly entertaining, even though he cuts a poor enough social figure. He must simply not expect too much.

Perhaps the bitterest struggles of the handicapped man come when he tackles the business world. If he has to go out for himself to look for work, without fortune, training, or influence, as I personally did, his way will indeed be rugged. His disability will work against him for any position where he must be much in the eyes of men, and his general insignificance has a subtle influence in convincing those to whom he applies that he is unfitted for any kind of work. As I have suggested, his keen sensitiveness to other people's impressions of him makes him more than unusually timid and unable to counteract that fatal first impression by any display of personal force and will. He cannot get his personality over across that barrier. The cards seem stacked against him from the start. With training and influence something might be done, but alone and unaided his case is almost hopeless. At least, this was my own experience. We were poor relations, and our prosperous relatives thought they had done quite enough for us without sending me through college, and I did not seem strong enough to work my way through (although I have since done it). I started out auspiciously enough, becoming a sort of apprentice to a musician who had invented a machine for turning out music-rolls. Here, with steady work, good pay, and the comfortable consciousness that I was 'helping support the family,' I got the first pleasurable sensation of self-respect, I think, that

I ever had. But with the failure of this business I was precipitated against the real world.

It would be futile to recount the story of my struggles: how I besieged for nearly two years firm after firm, in search of a permanent position, trying everything in New York in which I thought I had the slightest chance of success, meanwhile making a precarious living by a few music lessons. The attitude toward me ranged from, 'You can't expect us to create a place for you,' to, 'How could it enter your head that we should find any use for a man like you?' My situation was doubtless unusual. Few men handicapped as I was would be likely to go so long without arousing some interest and support in relative or friend. But my experience serves to illustrate the peculiar difficulties that a handicapped man meets if he has his own way to make in the world. He is discounted at the start: it is not business to make allowances for anybody; and while people were not cruel or unkind, it was the hopeless finality of the thing that filled one's heart with despair.

The environment of a big city is perhaps the worst possible that a man in such a situation could have. For the thousands of seeming opportunities lead one restlessly on and on, and keep one's mind perpetually unsettled and depressed. There is a poignant mental torture that comes with such an experience, — the urgent need, the repeated failure, or rather the repeated failure even to obtain a chance to fail, the realization that those at home can ill afford to have you idle, the growing dread of encountering people, — all this is something that those who have never been through it can never realize. Personally I know of no particular way of escape. One can expect to do little by one's own unaided efforts. I solved my difficulties only by evading them, by

throwing overboard some of my responsibility, and taking the desperate step of entering college on a scholarship. Desultory work is not nearly so humiliating when one is using one's time to some advantage, and college furnishes an ideal environment where the things at which a man handicapped like myself can succeed really count. One's self-respect can begin to grow like a weed.

For at the bottom of all the difficulties of a man like me is really the fact that his self-respect is so slow in growing up. Accustomed from childhood to being discounted, his self-respect is not naturally very strong, and it would require pretty constant success in a congenial line of work really to confirm it. If he could only more easily separate the factors that are due to his physical disability from those that are due to his weak will and character, he might more quickly attain self-respect, for he would realize what he is responsible for, and what he is not. But at the beginning he rarely makes allowances for himself; he is his own severest judge. He longs for a 'strong will,' and yet the experience of having his efforts promptly nipped off at the beginning is the last thing on earth to produce that will.

Life, particularly if he is brought into harsh and direct touch with the real world, is a much more complex thing to him than to the ordinary man. Many of his inherited platitudes vanish at the first touch. Life appears to him as a grim struggle, where ability does not necessarily mean opportunity and success, nor piety sympathy, and where helplessness cannot count on assistance and kindly interest. Human affairs seem to be running on a wholly irrational plan, and success to be founded on chance as much as on anything. But if he can stand the first shock of disillusionment, he may find himself enormously interested in discovering how

they actually do run, and he will want to burrow into the motives of men, and find the reasons for the crass inequalities and injustices of the world he sees around him. He has practically to construct anew a world of his own, and explain a great many things to himself that the ordinary person never dreams of finding unintelligible at all. He will be filled with a profound sympathy for all who are despised and ignored in the world. When he has been through the neglect and struggles of a handicapped and ill-favored man himself, he will begin to understand the feelings of all the horde of the unpresentable and the unemployable, the incompetent and the ugly, the queer and crotchety people who make up so large a proportion of human folk.

We are perhaps too prone to get our ideas and standards of worth from the successful, without reflecting that the interpretations of life which patriotic legend, copy-book philosophy, and the sayings of the wealthy give us, are pitifully inadequate for those who fall behind in the race. Surely there are enough people to whom the task of making a decent living and maintaining themselves and their families in their social class, or of winning and keeping the respect of their fellows, is a hard and bitter task, to make a philosophy gained through personal disability and failure as just and true a method of appraising the life around us as the cheap optimism of the ordinary professional man. And certainly a kindlier, for it has no shade of contempt or disparagement about it.

It irritates me as if I had been spoken of contemptuously myself, to hear people called 'common' or 'ordinary,' or to see that deadly and delicate feeling for social gradations crop out, which so many of our upper middle-class women seem to have. It makes me wince to hear a man spoken of as a failure, or

to have it said of one that he 'does n't amount to much.' Instantly I want to know why he has not succeeded, and what have been the forces that have been working against him. He is the truly interesting person, and yet how little our eager-pressing, on-rushing world cares about such aspects of life, and how hideously though unconsciously cruel and heartless it usually is.

Often I had tried in argument to show my friends how much of circumstance and chance go to the making of success; and when I reached the age of sober reading, a long series of the works of radical social philosophers, beginning with Henry George, provided me with the materials for a philosophy which explained why men were miserable and overworked, and why there was on the whole so little joy and gladness among us,—and which fixed the blame. Here was suggested a goal, and a definite glorious future, toward which all good men might work. My own working-hours became filled with visions of how men could be brought to see all that this meant, and how I in particular might work some great and wonderful thing for human betterment. In more recent years, the study of history and social psychology and ethics has made those crude outlines sounder and more normal, and brought them into a saner relation to other aspects of life and thought, but I have not lost the first glow of enthusiasm, nor my belief in social progress as the first right and permanent interest for every thinking and true-hearted man or woman.

I am ashamed that my experience has given me so little chance to count in any way toward either the spreading of such a philosophy or toward direct influence and action. Nor do I yet see clearly how I shall be able to count effectually toward this ideal. Of one thing I am sure, however: that life will have little meaning for me except as I

am able to contribute toward some such ideal of social betterment, if not in deed, then in word. For this is the faith that I believe we need to-day, all of us,—a truly religious belief in human progress, a thorough social consciousness, an eager delight in every sign and promise of social improvement, and best of all, a new spirit of courage that will dare. I want to give to the young men whom I see,—who, with fine intellect and high principles, lack just that light of the future on their faces that would give them a purpose and meaning in life,—to them I want to give some touch of this philosophy—that will energize their lives, and save them from the disheartening effects of that poisonous counsel of timidity and distrust of human ideals which pours out in steady stream from reactionary press and pulpit.

It is hard to tell just how much of this philosophy has been due to my handicaps. If it is solely to my physical misfortunes that I owe its existence, the price has not been a heavy one to pay. For it has given me something that I should not know how to be without. For, however gained, this radical philosophy has not only made the world intelligible and dynamic to me, but has furnished me with the strongest spiritual support. I know that many people, handicapped by physical weakness and failure, find consolation and satisfaction in a very different sort of faith,—in an evangelical religion, and a feeling of close dependence on God and close communion with him. But my experience has made my ideal of character militant rather than long-suffering.

I very early experienced a revulsion against the rigid Presbyterianism in which I had been brought up,—a purely intellectual revulsion, I believe, because my mind was occupied for a long time afterwards with theological questions, and the only feeling that entered

into it was a sort of disgust at the arrogance of damning so great a proportion of the human race. I read T. W. Higginson's *The Sympathy of Religions*, with the greatest satisfaction, and attended the Unitarian Church whenever I could slip away. This faith, while it still appeals to me, seems at times a little too static and refined to satisfy me with completeness. For some time there was a considerable bitterness in my heart at the narrowness of the people who could still find comfort in the old faith. Reading Buckle and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave me a new contempt for 'conventionality,' and my social philosophy still further tortured me by throwing the burden for the misery of the world on these same good neighbors. And all this, although I think I did not make a nuisance of myself, made me feel a spiritual and intellectual isolation in addition to my more or less effective physical isolation.

Happily these days are over. The world has righted itself, and I have been able to appreciate and realize how people count in a social and group capacity as well as in an individual and personal one, and to separate the two in my thinking. Really to believe in human nature while striving to know the thousand forces that warp it from its ideal development, — to call for and expect much from men and women, and not to be disappointed and embittered if they fall short, — to try to do good with people rather than to them, — this is my religion on its human side. And if God exists, I think that He must be in the warm sun, in the kindly actions of the people we know and read of, in the beautiful things of art and nature, and in the closeness of friendships. He may also be in heaven, in life, in suffering, but it is only in these simple moments of happiness that I feel Him and know that He is there.

Death I do not understand at all. I

have seen it in its cruelest, most irrational forms, where there has seemed no excuse, no palliation. I have only known that if we were more careful, and more relentless in fighting evil, if we knew more of medical science, such things would not be. I know that a sound body, intelligent care and training, prolong life, and that the death of a very old person is neither sad nor shocking, but sweet and fitting. I see in death a perpetual warning of how much there is to be known and done in the way of human progress and betterment. And equally, it seems to me, is this true of disease. So all the crises and deeper implications of life seem inevitably to lead back to that question of social improvement, and militant learning and doing.

This, then, is the goal of my religion, — the bringing of fuller, richer life to more people on this earth. All institutions and all works that do not have this for their object are useless and pernicious. And this is not to be a mere philosophic precept which may well be buried under a host of more immediate matter, but a living faith, to permeate one's thought, and transfuse one's life. Prevention must be the method against evil. To remove temptation from men, and to apply the stimulus which shall call forth their highest endeavors, — these seem to me the only right principles of ethical endeavor. Not to keep waging the age-long battle with sin and poverty, but to make the air around men so pure that foul lungs cannot breathe it, — this should be our noblest religious aim.

Education — knowledge and training — I have felt so keenly my lack of these things that I count them as the greatest of means toward making life noble and happy. The lack of stimulus has tended with me to dissipate the power which might otherwise have been concentrated in some one product-

ive direction. Or perhaps it was the many weak stimuli that constantly incited me and thus kept me from following one particular bent. I look back on what seems a long waste of intellectual power, time frittered away in groping and moping, which might easily have been spent constructively. A defect in one of the physical senses often means a keener sensitiveness in the others, but it seems that unless the sphere of action that the handicapped man has is very much narrowed, his intellectual ability will not grow in compensation for his physical defects. He will always feel that, had he been strong or even successful, he would have been further advanced intellectually, and would have attained greater command over his powers. For his mind tends to be cultivated extensively, rather than intensively. He has so many problems to meet, so many things to explain to himself, that he acquires a wide rather than a profound knowledge. Perhaps eventually, by eliminating most of these interests as practicable fields, he may tie himself down to one line of work; but at first he is pretty apt to find his mind rebellious. If he is eager and active, he will get a smattering of too many things, and his imperfect, badly trained organism will make intense application very difficult.

Now that I have talked a little of my philosophy of life, particularly about what I want to put into it, there is something to be said also of its enjoyment, and what I may hope to get out of it. I have said that my ideal of character was militant rather than long-suffering. It is true that my world has been one of failure and deficit, — I have accomplished practically nothing alone, and can count only two or three instances where I have received kindly counsel and suggestion; moreover it still seems a miracle to me that money can be spent for anything beyond the necessi-

ties without being first carefully weighed and pondered over, — but it has not been a world of suffering and sacrifice, my health has been almost criminally perfect in the light of my actual achievement, and life has appeared to me, at least since my more pressing responsibilities were removed, as a challenge and an arena, rather than a vale of tears. I do not like the idea of helplessly suffering one's misfortunes, of passively bearing one's lot. The Stoics depress me. I do not want to look on my life as an eternal making the best of a bad bargain. Granting all the circumstances, admitting all my disabilities, I want too to 'warm both hands before the fire of life.' What satisfactions I have, and they are many and precious, I do not want to look on as compensations, but as positive goods.

The difference between what the strongest of the strong and the most winning of the attractive can get out of life, and what I can, is after all so slight. Our experiences and enjoyments, both his and mine, are so infinitesimal compared with the great mass of possibilities; and there must be a division of labor. If he takes the world of physical satisfactions and of material success, I at least can occupy the far richer kingdom of mental effort and artistic appreciation. And on the side of what we are to put into life, although I admit that achievement on my part will be harder relatively to encompass than on his, at least I may have the field of artistic creation and intellectual achievement for my own. Indeed, as one gets older, the fact of one's disabilities fades dimmer and dimmer away from consciousness. One's enemy is now one's own weak will, and the struggle is to attain the artistic ideal one has set.

But one must have grown up, to get this attitude. And that is the best thing the handicapped man can do. Growing up will have given him one of

the greatest, and certainly the most durable satisfaction of his life. It will mean at least that he is out of the woods. Childhood has nothing to offer him; youth little more. They are things to be gotten through with as soon as possible. For he will not understand, and he will not be understood. He finds himself simply a bundle of chaotic impulses and emotions and ambitions, very few of which, from the nature of the case, can possibly be realized or satisfied. He is bound to be at cross-grains with the world, and he has to look sharp that he does not grow up with a bad temper and a hateful disposition, and become cynical and bitter against those who turn him away. But grown up, his horizon will broaden; he will get a better perspective, and will not take the world so seriously as he used to, nor will failure frighten him so much. He can look back and see how inevitable it all was, and understand how precarious and problematic even the best regulated of human affairs may be. And if he feels that there were times when he should have been able to count upon the help and kindly counsel of relatives and acquaintances who remained dumb and uninterested, he will not put their behavior down as proof of the depravity of human nature, but as due to an unfortunate blindness which it will be his work to avoid in himself by looking out for others when he has the power.

When he has grown up, he will find that people of his own age and experience are willing to make those large allowances for what is out of the ordinary, which were impossible to his younger friends, and that grown-up people touch each other on planes other than the purely superficial. With a broadening of his own interests, he will find himself overlapping other people's personalities at new points, and will discover with rare delight that he is beginning to be under-

stood and appreciated, — at least to a greater degree than when he had to keep his real interests hid as something unusual. For he will begin to see in his friends, his music and books, and his interest in people and social betterment, his true life; many of his restless ambitions will fade gradually away, and he will come to recognize all the more clearly some true ambition of his life that is within the range of his capabilities. He will have built up his world, and have sifted out the things that are not going to concern him, and participation in which will only serve to vex and harass him. He may well come to count his deformity even as a blessing, for it has made impossible to him at last many things in the pursuit of which he would only fritter away his time and dissipate his interest. He must not think of 'resigning himself to his fate'; above all he must insist on his own personality. For once really grown up, he will find that he has acquired self-respect and personality. Grown-up-ness, I think, is not a mere question of age, but of being able to look back and understand and find satisfaction in one's experience, no matter how bitter it may have been.

So to all who are situated as I am, I would say, — Grow up as fast as you can. Cultivate the widest interests you can, and cherish all your friends. Cultivate some artistic talent, for you will find it the most durable of satisfactions, and perhaps one of the surest means of livelihood as well. Achievement is, of course, on the knees of the gods; but you will at least have the thrill of trial, and, after all, not to try is to fail. Taking your disabilities for granted, and assuming constantly that they are being taken for granted, make your social intercourse as broad and as constant as possible. Do not take the world too seriously, nor let too many social conventions oppress you. Keep sweet your

sense of humor, and above all do not let any morbid feelings of inferiority creep into your soul. You will find yourself sensitive enough to the sympathy of others, and if you do not find people who like you and are willing to meet you more than half-way, it will be because you have let your disability narrow your vision and shrink up your soul. It will be really your own fault, and not that of your circumstances. In a word, keep looking outward; look out eagerly for those things that interest you, for people who will interest you and be friends with you, for new interests and for opportunities to express yourself. You will find that your disability will come to have little meaning for you, that it will begin to fade quite completely out of your sight; you will wake up some fine morning and find yourself, after all the struggles that seemed so bitter to you, really and truly adjusted to the world.

I am perhaps not yet sufficiently out of the wilderness to utter all these brave words. For, I must confess, I find myself hopelessly dependent on my friends and my environment. My friends have come to mean more to me than almost anything else in the world. If it is far harder work for a man in my situation to make friendships quickly, at least friendships once made have a depth and intimacy quite beyond ordinary attachments. For a man such as I am has little prestige; people do not want to impress him. They are genuine and sincere, talk to him freely about themselves, and are generally far less reticent about revealing their real personality and history and aspirations. And particularly is this so in friend-

ships with young women. I have found their friendships the most delightful and satisfying of all. For all that social convention that insists that every friendship between a young man and woman must be on a romantic basis is necessarily absent in our case. There is no fringe around us to make our acquaintance anything but a charming companionship. With all my friends, the same thing is true. The first barrier of strangeness broken down, our interest is really in each other, and not in what each is going to think of the other, how he is to be impressed, or whether we are going to fall in love with each other. When one of my friends moves away, I feel as if a great hole had been left in my life. There is a whole side of my personality that I cannot express without him. I shudder to think of any change that will deprive me of their constant companionship. Without friends I feel as if even my music and books and interests would turn stale on my hands. I confess that I am not grown up enough to get along without them.

But if I am not yet out of the wilderness, at least I think I see the way to happiness. With health and a modicum of achievement, I shall not see my lot as unenviable. And if misfortune comes, it will only be something flowing from the common lot of men, not from my own particular disability. Most of the difficulties that flow from that I flatter myself I have met by this time of my twenty-fifth year, have looked full in the face, have grappled with, and find in nowise so formidable as the world usually deems them; no bar to my real ambitions and ideals.

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE

BY A PRISONER

DESPITE the fact that the indeterminate sentence is designed to benefit the criminal as well as the body politic, nearly every prisoner is opposed to its adoption. In the majority of cases this opposition is based on the belief that the chances for a 'square deal' would be very much reduced under the proposed plan. When asked what he thinks of the indeterminate sentence, the prisoner's reply is almost invariably a negative but none the less trenchant arraignment of the system which at present permits and countenances the employment of incompetent and irresponsible men as guards in penal institutions. Generally speaking, the only qualifications now required of an applicant for prison-guard duty are that he be an elector, and that he be of good physique.

For this reason — because there is always an element of uncertainty as to the nature of the men who are to control his life and destiny — the law-breaker prefers the five minutes' gamble with fate before a magistrate, to an indefinite, soul-racking jugglery at the hands of Jim-Crow political beneficiaries; nor can he be blamed for thinking that the guards of the future will not be any better qualified than are those of the present. Quite naturally he judges from what he sees and knows, failing utterly to apprehend that the adoption of the indeterminate sentence will necessitate a more capable and intelligent body of official prison subordinates, if the benefits which must accrue from a fair and impartial appli-

cation of the principles underlying it are to be realized.

The criminal class — the professional malefactors — oppose the indeterminate sentence for an entirely different reason. Collectively, they realize that its general adoption would ultimately result in their extinction; individually, they balk at the idea of being compelled to make a sustained and apparently sincere effort for self-betterment — the only 'open sesame' under the proposed reform.

These objections from prisoners, especially from professional criminals, constitute the strongest arguments in favor of the indeterminate sentence.

Under present conditions the prisoner's character and temperament is judged, where it is judged at all, by purely inverse methods. He is hemmed in by certain restrictions which he must not infract. He need not heed them in spirit. In short, he drifts along the lines of least resistance, the same as does the brute creation, and his fitness for parole, where the parole system is in practice, is, with one or two notable exceptions, based on his drifting ability. If, instead of merely being required to refrain from certain overt acts, the prisoner's release should depend upon his acquirement of certain knowledge and standards, coincident with a strict observance of the prison rules, we should soon reduce the number of indolent 'yeggs' and high-collared 'check-kitters,' not to mention even less desirable parasites.

Under the indeterminate plan an

offender would be sent to prison not for a term of years, but, if the case did not warrant probation, until cured, just as a person suffering from physical disease or infection is sent to a hospital or asylum, to remain for such period as may be necessary for his restoration to health.

In nearly every state where the indeterminate sentence has been adopted, its object and the good results which should come from it have been fatally circumvented by fixing a maximum limit beyond which the offender cannot be detained, no matter if he evidence criminal tendencies of the most pronounced character. This maximum is absurd. We do not predetermine the length of time a patient shall remain in a hospital or insane asylum, neither do we plough the ground and plant seed with the expectation of reaping an arbitrary harvest before the plant has matured. Why, then, should such predetermination obtain in the treatment of persons suffering from moral turpitude?

Many persons, and especially police officials, oppose the indeterminate sentence on the ground that it permits the criminal to get out of confinement 'too soon' — one year being the minimum prescribed in many of the states where the indeterminate sentence is in effect. They ridicule the idea of reform, and regard prisons solely as places designed for the punishment of those who commit crime. This view is held also by a surprising number of ratepayers.

Probably the time is not yet ripe for the elimination of the idea of punishment in dealing with those who violate the law, but a compromise may be effected pending evolution. This may be accomplished by fixing a minimum penalty based and graded on the specific nature, degree, or magnitude of the offense, by which the delinquent in each case may be kept in training a

definite period before becoming eligible for tentative freedom, or trial, on parole.

To illustrate: the person committing larceny to an amount not exceeding one hundred dollars, and without the element of cunning or premeditation, might be sent to the State Detention and Reformative Institute, with the stipulation that he may, if he comply with the rules and regulations and evince the proper degree of improvement, be paroled at the end of one year. The person committing larceny by trick and device and premeditation might be committed with the stipulation that he be detained two years before becoming eligible for parole. The person committing robbery with violence might be committed with a stipulated minimum of four, or five, or more years, as the nature of the case might warrant; and so on up to offenses which are at present punishable by imprisonment for life, where a minimum service of eight, or ten, or fifteen years might be prescribed. This minimum determination might be left, with certain limitations, to the jury which hears the evidence and determines the guilt of the accused. The writer, however, believes that the officials in charge of institutions for the detention of criminal delinquents should not be hampered or restricted in any manner in determining when the subject is fit for trial on parole; which connotes that such officials shall be men of the highest character and qualifications.

If a prisoner sentenced as outlined above should remain refractory, or persist in criminal practices, he would remain in confinement for life if he did not change. It would be 'up to him.'

A number of extraneous arguments may be advanced why the indeterminate sentence should be adopted. Chief among these, perhaps, is the fact that the imposition of definite sentences by

magistrates of different temperaments and prejudices works many glaring injustices. Case-hardened criminals, familiar with court procedure and well versed in the weaknesses of human nature, wheedle judges into imposing 'light' sentences, while others, comparatively unsophisticated, perhaps accidental rather than deliberate offenders, get 'heavy' ones.

Two judges sitting in adjacent counties will sentence two men to prison on the same day and for the same character of offense and under circumstances practically parallel, one for two years, the other for ten. It is also well established that rural judges impose much severer sentences than do city magistrates. The explanation of this lies in the fact that the sparsely settled and remote communities, having few criminal cases, sacrifice each convicted person on the altar of that old and thoroughly exploded fallacy, 'an example.' As a result, hard-working laborers, capable miners, and good farmers are sent to prison for longer terms than are brutal 'yegg-men,' desperate 'prowlers,' and 'good' pickpockets.

The farmer or miner thus consigned to prison for an unconscionable term finds the place overrun with professional thieves, — many of whom are in for their third or fourth 'jolt,' — who are serving one quarter, or perhaps one half of the period he has been sentenced to serve. The farmer cannot help making comparisons, and before he finishes the long grind he determines to 'get even' with that society which has treated him so unjustly. Not only this, but being a farmer he does not become 'prison wise,' readily becomes

the cat's-paw for schemers against the prison rules, and undeservedly gets the reputation of being a 'hard man.' It is the professional thief who is a good prison drifter; he rarely gets into trouble — under the present slipshod methods. Naturally the farmer throws up the sponge, so to speak, and before the date of his release he is in reality a very dangerous and desperate man. He is purely and simply the victim of society's stupidity and indifference.

Men of the farmer class who return to the community whence they were committed, determined to redeem themselves, usually find all hands raised against them, and learn the bitterest truth of all — that the penalty for their offense was not paid when the prison gate clanged them into 'freedom.' It is your rural community that is steeped in self-righteousness.

A great many men in prison possess creative ability. Some one argues that this makes them all the more to be feared. Quite true, so long as they are not encouraged to turn this ability into legitimate channels, so long as it is considered insubordination for a prisoner to manifest initiative. Creative ability is at a premium in the world at large; in prison it is generally interpreted as indicating 'criminosity.'

Under the indeterminate sentence this, and all other injustices, would be eliminated, and each prisoner would be encouraged to direct his energy along the best lines for himself and for society. But to be effective, to be practical, the indeterminate sentence must be just what the term implies. The indeterminate sentence with a predetermined maximum is an emasculation.

HILL-FANTASY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

*Sitteth by the red cairn a brown One, a hoofed One,
High upon the mountain, where the grasses fail.
Where the ash-trees flourish far their blazing bunches to the sun,
A brown One, a hoofed One, pipes against the gale.*

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering;
No one but the pine trees and the white birch knew.
Over rocks I scrambled, looked up, and saw that strange Thing,
Peakèd ears and sharp horns, pricked against the blue.

Oh, and how he piped there! piped upon the high reeds,
Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool.
Oh, and how he spread himself! like a child whom no one heeds,
Tumbled chuckling in the brook, all sleek and kind and cool!

He had berries 'twixt his horns, crimson-red as cochineal, —
Bobbing, wagging wantonly they tickled him, and oh,
How his deft lips puckered round the reed, and seemed to chase and steal
Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music low!

I said, 'Good-day, Thou!' He said, 'Good-day, Thou!'
Wiped his reed against the spotted doe-skin on his back.
He said, 'Come up here, and I will teach thee piping now,
While the earth is singing so, for tunes we shall not lack.'

Up scrambled I, then, furry fingers helping me.
Up scrambled I. So we sat beside the cairn.
Broad into my face laughed that hornèd thing so naughtily:
Oh it was a rascal of a wood-land Satyr's bairn!

'So blow, and so, Thou! Move thy fingers faster, look!
Move them like the little leaves and whirling midges. So!
Soon 't will twist like tendrils and out-twinkle like the lost brook.
Move thy fingers merrily, and blow! blow! blow!'

Brown One! hoofèd One! beat the time to keep me straight.
 Kick it on the red stone, whistle in my ear.
 Brush thy crimson berries in my face, then hold thy breath, for — wait!
 Joy comes bubbling to my lips. I pipe! oh hear!

Blue sky, art glad of us? Green wood, art glad of us?
 Old hard-heart mountain, dost thou hear me, how I blow?
 Far away the sea-isles swim in sun-haze luminous.
 Each one has a color like the seven-splendored bow.

Wind, wind, wind, dost thou mind me how I pipe, now?
 Chipmunk chatt'ring in the beech, rabbit in the brake?
 Furry arm around my neck: 'Oh, thou art a brave one, Thou!'
 Satyr, little satyr-friend, my heart with joy doth ache!

Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music tremulous,
 Water over steaming rocks, water in the shade,
 Storm-tune and sun-tune, how they flock up unto us,
 Sitting by the red cairn, gay and unafraid!

Brown One, hoofèd One, give me nimble hoofs, Thou!
 Give me furry fingers and a secret furry tail!
 Pleasant are thy smooth horns; if their like were on my brow,
 Might I not abide here, till the strong sun fail? —

Oh, the sorry brown eyes, oh, the soft kind hand-touch,
 Sudden brush of velvet ears across my wind-cool cheek!
 'Playmate, Pipemate, thou askest one good boon too much.
 I could never find thee horns, though day-long I should seek.

'Yet, keep the pipe, Thou; I will cut another one.
 Keep the pipe and play on it for all the world to hear.
 Ah, but it was good once to sit together in the sun!
 Though I have but half a soul, it finds thee very dear!

'Wise Thing, Mortal Thing, yet my half-soul fears thee!
 Take the pipe and go thy ways, — quick, now; for the sun
 Reels across the hot west and stumbles dazzled to the sea.
 Take the pipe, and oh — one kiss! — then run! run! run!' —

Silence on the mountain. Lonely stands the high cairn.
 All the leaves a-shivering, all the stones dead-gray.
 Oh, thou cold small pipe, which way is fled that Satyr's bairn?
 I am lost and all alone, and down drops the day.

*I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering.
 There I got this Pipe o' dreams. Strange, when I blow,
 Something deep as human love starts a-crying, troubling.
 Is it only sky-music, earth-music low?*

THE CREATIVE LISTENER

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

How is an artist going to make a masterpiece unless the public makes half of it.

— SENHOUSE, in *Halfway House*.

I

SVENGALI never really hypnotized Trilby, and where the book says so it is merely indulging in poetic hyperbole. The fact is, Svengali was such a master of the art of listening that, whenever he was in the audience, Trilby could n't help singing better than she knew how. Too bad that the dramatic requirements forced the author to make him such a crawly old villain! Otherwise he might have stood as the classic type of that most inspiring and necessary and admirable person, the creative listener.

Although very few realize it, there is nothing uncanny nor very difficult about the practice of creative listening. A few weeks of work that is more than half play will fit almost anybody to be as organic a part of the concert performance as is the business-like little man behind the drums, or the shaggy being

who breathes vernal zephyrs into the French horn.

Wagner called true listeners natural-born poets. Now, while it is true that creative listeners, like poets, are born and not made, yet far more of the former are born. In fact, nearly everybody enters life with possibilities along this line. And how is any deaf, inglorious dummy in the audience to know whether or not he was intended to be the Milton of listening until he has given his intellect a chance at the possibly latent gift? Just as plough-boy poets must, some time or other, quaff at the fount of metrics and form, so the best of natural listeners have to learn the science of their art before they can be called finished artists.

These facts are, as yet, known only to the initiated few. And this is where the fun of writing about creative listening comes in. Because, while music is by all odds the pet art of humanity, humanity has at present such a wistful, hopeless attitude toward it.

The ordinary person regrets few things more in life than his inability to play or sing. Or, if he does play or sing, he regrets all the more wistfully his inability to play or sing *well*. He calls music 'the universal language' and, unless he can talk it loud and clear, he looks as pathetically shamed as the after-dinner orator who, after mute agonies, sinks back into the poignant silence without having been able to utter a syllable.

Look closely enough during any concert and you will see, hovering above the audience, the sad smoke of heart-burning. The folk in the plush seats are sick for self-expression. They yearn to bear a hand in this divine game. They too would be 'all glorious in song,' — pitiful, barren souls that they suppose themselves to be, grieving like Lamb, the lonely bachelor, for their 'dream-children.'

To all such mourners it is my delightful privilege to explain that their dream-children need not be compacted of dreams alone; to hold out the promise of an art whereby they may become as creative as that great hearer whom Wagner once thanked for the inestimable gift of *Tristan*, implying that she listened to his playing as mightily as 'Brünnhilde listened to Wotan.'

II

It takes two to make music: one to perform, one to appreciate. And he is wise indeed who can discern which of these is the more important.

Now, in olden times it would not have occurred to any one to decide the relative importance of performer and listener, because when the arts were young they were such intensely democratic affairs. No distinction was drawn between artist and audience, for all men were alternately artist and audience.

Even to-day in some of the more prim-

itive parts of the world no social function is complete until the psaltery has passed from hand to hand, or the harp with the solemn sound, or whatever the local instrument happens to be, and each member of the circle has extemporized a song to his own accompaniment. Such functions are reminders of the good old days when all men were free and equal in the realm of music, — when, even though the other fellow happened to be performing, you kept on listening to the music with the player's active sense of creation, but unembarrassed by his handicaps.

Then after a while an aristocratic thing called technic came, and seemed to fix an unbridgable gulf between player and listener. Hence the wistfulness of modern concert audiences who gaze across this gulf to the realms of gold on the other side with as poignant a longing in their eyes as if they had once been driven out of them by a flaming sword.

At this sad stage of the proceedings enters science to declare this gulf a figment of the modern imagination, — to show that the audience is a more integral part of the performance than it has ever suspected. The recent tendency of scientific thought is to explain man's craving for artistic expression along social rather than individualistic lines; to discuss the apparently passive function of the appreciator in active, creative terms.

A bird's-eye view of this speculation is so essential to a proper understanding of the art of creative listening that there is here proposed to my more vigorous readers a brief but stony and rather steep scramble among the foothills of æsthetics. Non-climbers please skip.

A number of prominent European thinkers have come to believe that when we enjoy a statue, for instance, we unconsciously imitate its pose and

suggested movements. Not only with our eyes but also, in a rudimentary way, with our whole bodies do we follow its outlines. We feel our way into the statue physically as well as mentally, so as to incorporate it into our actual experience. And thus with the products of the other arts as well. With unsuspected thoroughness we feel our way into their appreciation. Our very bodies resound to the rhythms of Rembrandt and Shakespeare, of von Steinbach and Beethoven.

Every one has experienced his body's tendency to feel its way into music by nodding or tapping time to it. And I believe that most of us may detect in our throats or lips, even when we think of a tune, certain slight, involuntary contractions or puckerings which are the rudimentary attempts of our subconscious selves to sing or whistle in imitation. And not alone do our bodies thus try to reproduce reality; they even imitate our ideals. Witness the unconscious contortions of the billiard-player as his cue-ball misses the other by a hair.

This imitation theory of art-enjoyment has been of service to the Finlander, Yrjö Hirn, in his brilliant, pioneer work of demonstrating how social a thing the creative impulse is. He believes that art came into existence chiefly because it is natural for every 'feeling-state' to 'manifest itself externally.' This process tends, in the first place, to heighten the artist's pleasure and relieve his pain. And, because 'art is essentially social,' it tends, in the second place, to 'awaken similar feelings in other human beings who perceive the manifestation; and their sympathetic feeling reacts upon the author of the original manifestation . . . heightening in him the feeling-state which gave rise to it.'

Years ago Emerson's prophetic vision caught a glimpse of this truth and
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embodied it in the splendid passage where he spoke of 'that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.'

Hirn explains how the sympathetic response of the appreciator is greatly intensified by the sort of unconscious imitation which we have been considering; and how it recoils back from the appreciator to the creator and back again to the appreciator, and so on, back and forth, gaining in stimulating power at each recoil. The whole process is like a hot 'volley' in tennis, with the opponents closing in on each other and the ball shuttling across the net faster with every stroke as the point gains in excitement and pleasure. 'Social resonance' might be a good way of describing the thing. And it resounds more effectively in music than in any other art.

There is a vast difference between the creative appreciator who feels his way into statue or cathedral, painting or printed poem, and the creative listener to a musical—or dramatic—performance. However fully the former may project himself into the statue and resound its rhythm, his feeling cannot alter the finished marble in the least; although of course the expectation of his sympathy may have stimulated the sculptor in his modeling, or the memory thereof may lift him to higher flights in future work. Still, the appreciator is powerless to affect the stone as it stands on the pedestal, simply because a statue cannot be re-created, like a symphony.

Music, on the other hand, is a sort of chronic Nicodemus. It must be born again whenever it would enter into the kingdom of the human soul.

It is exactly this necessity that makes

the listener so important a factor in music; for every listener in some way affects the quality of its reproduction. And if he is a mighty man of creative valor, he can even reduce the player at times to a mere vehicle for what science would call the 'exteriorization' of his own emotion, as Svengali reduced Trilby.

The performer is the violin string, and the listener the resonant body of the instrument. Without that wooden sounding-box the strand of sheep's-gut would strike ludicrously thin upon the ear. Without the string the music would be mute.

Thus, though the player first makes audible the poetry of the universal language, his recitation will not be effective without the coöperation of the creative listener. The two are absolute correlatives. The beautiful thing is that the more such a listener receives, the more he gives. Mundane music would soon come to be a fitting overture to the music of the spheres if our audiences were composed wholly of listeners, like a man I read of in *The Hibbert Journal*: 'a most pitiable cripple, shipwrecked in all save the noble intelligence,' who 'hobbled away from the hearing of a Beethoven symphony exclaiming, "I have heard that music for the fiftieth time; you see what I am; yet with this in my soul I go down Regent Street a god!"'

After all, what is this strange give-and-take in the world of art but a fair symbol of the larger give-and-take of life? 'Our souls,' said Balzac, in *Eugénie Grandet*, 'live by giving and receiving; we have need of another soul. Whatever it gives us we make our own, and give back again in overflowing measure. This is as vitally necessary for our inner life as breathing for our corporeal existence.'

Perhaps it is not yet clear why any mere listener to music should be digni-

fied by the royal title of 'creative.' Now, just as the supremely creative thing about the great composer is his ability to store up emotion on music-paper, and the creative thing about the great player is his ability to liberate this emotion by mingling with it his own, — so the creative thing about the great listener is his ability to saturate this complex of emotion with his own and return it to the player in the form of heightened inspiration. At each step of this process the music is born again.

Who will deny that Svengali is at least as creative as the lady to whom he listens?

'The potential poet or painter,' says our Finlander, 'whose embryo work is bound to remain forever a fact only of his own experience . . . is not aware that he is composing a poem or a picture for himself as spectator or audience. Instinctively, however, he pursues . . . an end which is essentially similar to that of the actually creating artist. In both these cases . . . the creative activity aims at making an emotional mood independent of the accidental and individual conditions under which it originally appeared.'

All this, applied to a 'cello recital, for instance, would mean that the creative listener is unconsciously endeavoring with might and main to help the 'cellist overcome his spiritual handicap in being more or less preoccupied with his fingers, wrist, and treacherous accompanist, with the beams in the ceiling that spoil the acoustics, or the perfidious usher who opens the door and lets an icy draft blow in upon his sensitive-plant of an instrument. But for the help of the creative listener the 'cellist could never transcend these conditions; and then where would the music be?

This in effect is what Mr. Hirn means by all his learned jargon. And I hope that our æsthetic scramble, now hap-

pily ended, will make it clear why a concert-hall full of creative listeners is such a wonderful place. Instead of an inert herd of humanity passively acquiescing in a single paltry act of attempted creation on the stage, you find a place fairly alive with acts of creation. You hardly recognize that piece for the battered old Chopin nocturne you have known so long: for the good angel of every true listener present is taking it and actually remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire. Hush! Can you not feel the atmosphere of those gracious presences? Can you not well-nigh catch the eager rustle of myriad mysterious wings?

A still more wonderful experience it is to be so palpably the sole creative listener in the audience that all four members of the string quartette look to you alone to uphold the public's end of the spiritual tennis game. And what a lark to be so *en rapport* with them as to share even their musical jokes and humorous by-play, undreamed-of by the rest; to have them take you into their tonal confidence as to what they really think of the music they are playing; and with them gravely explode with hidden hilarity when the pompous virtuoso comes in and, by way of doing the piano part of his own quintette, makes the unhappy instrument commit hari-kari!

The splendid thing about being a creative listener is that you alone can provide the necessary correlative for every great effect in the art. A musical Ulysses, you are a part of all that you have heard.

'But,' some one objects, 'why lay such stress on the audience? Surely the player carries about his own best listeners with him in his two ears.'

A plausible fallacy. Few, in fact, are in a worse position to hear music than the one who makes it. He is under the malign spell of proximity, like some scene-painter who is unable to get far-

ther away than the wings for a view of his masterpiece. For the instrumentalist is too near his instrument to catch more than hints of the tone-color that enchants his audience.

And his handicap is more than acoustic. Considerations of technic or *ensemble*, a frayed string, a squeaking pedal, or some bored philistine fidgeting in the front row, are usually there to bind him to earth with leaden chains. However passionately he may long to

fling the dust aside

And naked on the air of heaven ride —

he is allowed but few breaths of the upper ether.

How different the practical atmosphere of the concert stage is from that down below in the quiet audience, where music isolates pure spirits and convinces them of their high destiny, fulfilling the poet's prayer: —

Ye gods, annihilate both time and space.

The player, like a harassed hostess, 'is careful and troubled about many things'; the creative listener has chosen the better part. And if music is to prove itself indeed the most spiritual of the arts, it must do so by aid of the audience.

One naturally supposes that the symphony orchestra needs less help from the public than does the quartette, say, or the soloist, — that five-score musicians working together can generate any amount of the necessary atmosphere.

Far from it! Notoriously dependent on financial support, the orchestra is yet more dependent on that spiritual fee which no box-office ever demanded and no creative listener ever left unpaid.

Acoustically the orchestral player is at more of a disadvantage than any other musician. It depends somewhat on where he sits whether the tone-poem entitled, let us say, 'The Afternoon

Sunbath of a Mountain Faun,' resolves itself for him into one prolonged growl of double-bass thunder that seems to loosen his very vertebrae, or a series of lightning flashes from the piccolo, like so many vigorous jabs of a hypodermic needle.

Though I first played in *The Messiah* at an age when music had begun to be almost more to me than food and raiment, the major impression I carried away of the performance was that of an adult trombone announcing directly into my right ear, 'He is the-e King of Glo-ree!' while, into my left, a large brass trumpet annotated this proposition with exhaustive—and exhausting—foot-notes.

In a situation like this the player is in the trough of a high sea, and hears only the breaking of the crest on either hand. He cannot see the wood for the trees. Or rather, he is somewhat in the position of our wretched scene-painter, supposing he were driven out of the wings and forced to contemplate his canvas from the lumber-room in the rear of the stage.

Nowhere, then, is the creative listener more needed than at the symphony. For, in large measure, both player and conductor must feel the spiritual force of the music by indirection, — through its effect on their audience.

In playing the 'cello the most delightful adventures have befallen me in connection with creative listeners. Two of my closest friends originally began the friendship by gleaming out from amid a crooked and perverse audience and helping me so potently as to turn what threatened to be a nightmare into a 'pipe-dream.' By the end of each of those performances we had advanced too far in intimacy ever to turn back.

And far better players than I can tell you the same sort of thing *ad infinitum*. One of the Kneisel Quartette

once assured me that he never began playing in public without looking about for the most creative listeners there. He said that he could always recognize them at sight by a little sixth sense of his own. And then he played all the evening to no one else.

Nay, gentle amateur of listening, it is more than possible that Elman or Carreño, Gerardy or Wüllner, Zeisler or Spiering or Schumann-Heinek, may at this very moment be cherishing the picture of your glowing features and mysteriously revealed personality in one of those inner photograph-albums which are solely reserved for their dearest, most creative stranger-friends.

And, though you might never dream it from their stolid shoulders, the greatest orchestral conductors count on you as implicitly as any mere soloist. They have appreciative eyes for you in the backs of their heads. Hear the beloved father of American music on this point:

'Very few people,' said Theodore Thomas, 'have any idea how intelligent and discriminating listeners react upon the performers. A stupid audience kills the orchestra dead in five minutes, as water kills fire; whereas an intelligent and responsive audience will stimulate the musicians at once to their best efforts.'

My theory is that an exclusive, contemptuous, undemocratic spirit is a sorry defect in any musician. Of two otherwise equal conductors or players, the more democratic will be the better one every time. Any one who calls his public 'the rabble,' and proudly insulates himself, will always labor under a serious disadvantage. One feels the chill in such a man's work. It is eccentric, abnormal, devoid of that human, emotional quality which is the soul of art.

After hearing a certain famous and frigid European conduct in New York not very long ago, I was not surprised

when he remarked to me afterwards with a contemptuous grimace, 'The masses — they are stupid! What do they care or understand? When I play or conduct I try to forget all about the audience absolutely.'

No wonder he found them stupid! This exclusive attitude is the surest means of putting listeners on the offensive, and quenching every creative spark that they may have brought as their offering.

It is a significant fact that Thomas, with far more provocation, never called his audiences stupid. This is why he left them far less so. For he valued and intensively cultivated every vestige of the creative instinct in his public.

Strange as it may sound, I believe that one proof of the rapid development of the art of listening among us may be seen in the popularity of the mechanical piano. For manipulating the stops of this musical makeshift is perhaps as satisfactory an outlet, and even training, for the listener's creative faculty as he could find in radiating inspiration to the more stolid, uncreative kind of singer or player.

On the other hand, the existence of the art we are discussing is the surest guarantee that music will never be entirely mechanized. Even the most perfect possible reproduction of the efforts of the great interpreters will never supplant the actual throat and hand product, because the true listener will always insist on polling his own vote in the democracy of Tone. He will never consent to take his fingers from the reins of government. And thus he will never allow the human performance to be replaced by the mechanical; because the wildest imagination cannot conceive of a machine that will reproduce the spirit of some past performance of Paderewski and still be sensitive to the telepathic influence of its present audience. It is not enough for the creative

listener to hear how distant places and persons influenced the Polish wizard. He resents anything that shuts him out from making himself an organic part of that music, and from actually influencing the spiritual quality of every note as Paderewski makes it. The mechanical substitute petrifies the *Moonlight Sonata* into a statue-like thing, so irrevocably finished that we may appreciate it until we break our hearts, yet never alter it by a grain.

No! One of the most precious parts of music is its capacity for infinite reincarnation, and the blessed opportunity that this offers the listener for self-expression. And this part will never be relinquished.

III

There is nothing that our music needs more than creative listening, unless it be apostles of creative listening.

The best musical missionary I ever knew was Walthers. And as the story of his labors is so illuminating, perhaps I would better tell how he began the movement for the conversion of Chicago, which has flourished so vigorously ever since.

In the old days of the Thomas Orchestra, every Friday afternoon would find Walthers in the parquet of the Auditorium. At first, he was of all men most miserable, for his creative listening was always being broken up by the musical impiety about him. For a time he was fiercely intolerant of this sort of thing, which he called destructive listening. His glare was superb and his hiss was of such a dismaying sibilance as to silence even the most abandoned whisperers, for a few measures. Now he and they would sit rigid in armistice; now Walthers would again be cutting single-mouthed a wide swath of silence about him.

But common sense foretold that things could not continue thus. And

he began to make a study of the situation. Experience had furnished him abundant data to work with. As an accomplished amateur violinist he had learned, painfully, what the destructive listener means to the player. He knew that he who is not for the fiddler is against him, — is so much dead weight upon his bow-arm. He knew that the fiddler must either drag him up or be dragged down; and he used to say that the latter alternative was wont to distress him even more than he had been distressed in youth when compelled to stammer 'Excelsior' to derisive mates and a coolly critical school-ma'am. That was pure fun compared with trying Orphean miracles on human stocks and stones. He knew that one nodding head or fishy eye in the audience can sometimes reduce the player to depths wherefrom a whole row of eager, telepathic, creative listeners can scarcely rescue him.

Walthers grew convinced that the destructive listener has quite as pernicious an effect upon his fellow hearers as upon the music-makers; that he permeates the musical atmosphere somewhat as a drop of ink permeates a goblet of wine. Finding that his warlike methods only made matters worse about him in the Auditorium, he resolved to try the arts of peace, and deliberately scraped acquaintance with the most destructive listeners in his vicinity. Before long he made the important discovery that most of these were simply undeveloped listeners and, under the proper course of treatment, were capable of growing wonderfully creative. Thereupon, Walthers decided to convert the Auditorium.

He began with the sort of woman who attends concerts simply because that is the fashionable thing to do, and who exhibits to the world her exquisite culture by means of a voluptuously metronomic hat-plume, which comes to

grief, however, at every change in the time.

Walthers found that this lady's one genuine artistic interest was sculpture. He promptly loaned her a book that thrilled her with the disclosure that the music she had supposed to be an amorphous hodge-podge of notes was actually moulded into as fascinating forms as ever was clay or bronze.

A young violin student sat near by who never heard anything at a concert but fiddle technic. He used to finger out sympathetically on his right coat-sleeve every simple passage and writhe in envy during every difficult one. Beauties of tone or *nuance* or construction did not exist for him. Every emotional appeal flew over his head. Music held nothing for him but finger-twiddling.

Walthers began by showing him broad, human horizons. He introduced the lad to Schubert, the poverty-stricken teacher, pouring out his deathless melodies on the back of a supper-card in a wretched tavern. He made him know what a droll, sunshiny old chap Papa Haydn was; let him see something of the hopeless passion that lay behind the writing of *Tristan*; and drew him word-pictures of poor, cold, deaf Beethoven, working in the room where his miserable brother would not even allow him a fire, — or on the stage, being turned around to *see* the people applauding his last great symphony.

The musical lotus-eaters next claimed Walthers's attention. These are the sort that never really *live* at a concert, but only exist there, as Arnold Bennett puts it, 'in a state of beatific coma, like a baby gazing at a bright object.' Or, if they are more active than this, they merely know, with Elia, what it is to 'lie stretched upon a rack of roses . . . to pile sugar upon honey, and honey upon sugar, to an interminable . . . sweetness.' Year in and year out they

will take their symphony as regularly as their bath without coming the least bit nearer to knowing Johann Strauss from his namesake Richard, or a trombone from a shin-bone.

Walthers found some of these people actually afraid of knowing anything about music for fear the knowledge would make pedants of them. And then he would spout at them passages from Souriau's *L'Imagination de l'Artiste* or quote Krehbiel where he says, 'Real appreciation . . . is conditioned upon intelligent hearing. The higher the intelligence, the keener will be the enjoyment, if the former be directed to the spiritual side as well as the material.' But more often he would scold the lotus-eater. 'Oh, you don't understand music, eh?' he would growl, 'you just enjoy it? Now, would you have the face to say that about any other element of human culture that you'd paid half as much attention to? Do you realize that a few days' pleasant browsing in any library would make you decently intelligent about music?' Then he would adopt a milder tone and tell them about philanthropists like Dickinson and Krehbiel, Mason and Henderson, who have compressed musical culture into tabloid form. For he knew that one taste of a tabloid is often enough to begin the reformation of the most abandoned.

Walthers's success with people of the types I have mentioned was extraordinary. He used to say that almost any destructive listener may be reformed if you can get him to do four things: namely, to hear none but worth-while music; to take tabloids (which would give him the essentials of form, musical æsthetics, instrumentation, history, and biography); to interest himself in the human side of the players; and to cultivate his musical memory.

With some kinds of destructive listeners, however, Walthers never had the

least success: with those who, in the Meredithian phrase, 'fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism'; with musical prigs, and pedants; and with the rank sentimentalists who insist on translating the infinite art of the composer into the finite art of the poetaster, tagging every musical number with a programme and explaining it either as 'a song of undying love,' or as 'the struggle of a mighty spirit.' 'Confirmed programmatists like these,' he used to declare, 'are worse bores and nuisances than confirmed epigrammatists, — and that is saying a good deal.' Then there were the intellectual debauchees who take music instead of whiskey to stimulate cerebration.

Finally came people like the two matinée girls who sat just behind Walthers. Month after month they continued to whisper and giggle and crunch explosive taffy, in the same soft passages, in the same zestful way. Hissing only lent flavor to their outrageous repast. They appeared to gloat over the ability to give the listener more of pain than a hundred musicians could give him of pleasure. They took a morbid delight in impaling those curious worms of music-lovers on their vocal hat-pins to see them wriggle.

This sort of environment it was that finally drove Walthers into his memorable experiment.

IV

The laws of crowd-psychology lose none of their force when applied to the art of listening. Just as they can turn into so many murderers men who, taken one by one, would not stroke an insect the wrong way, so they can take a couple of destructive listeners and put their heads together and make the combination more deadly than any dozen isolated philistines.

One day while he was hopelessly con-

templating the phenomenon of the hat-pin girls, it occurred to Walthers that crowd-psychology, like a poor mule, would work both ways; that in listening, as in so many of the other best experiences of life, it is not good for man to be alone; that creative listeners, as well as destructive, must be effective inversely as the square of their distance apart, so that if you add them together you do not add, but multiply, their separate efficiencies.

At once he subscribed for half a dozen seats in the balcony and began to build about himself a bulwark of his most brilliant converts.

This proved such a delight that for the following season he chartered half of Section K and transformed it into a veritable Arcady for music-lovers. The sole requirement for admission was a passion for the true art of listening. This was the motto: —

No gold can buy you entrance there
But beggared Love may go all bare.

By an instinct akin to that of the homing bee, Walthers singled out creative listeners from every part of the great audience. It mattered not if they were perfect strangers, he went straight for them. And the fact that they almost invariably met him half way and hailed the idea of the 'Ear Club' with joy, is simply one more proof how the appreciation of music, besides breaking down the spiritual barriers between stage and audience, breaks them down as well between all true appreciators.

For, whether its members are formally known to each other or not, there are few fraternities more intimate than fraternities of creative listeners. Therefore the Ear Club was almost as close as nineteenth-century conditions allowed to that state of things the prophets predict when, ages hence, brain technic will be so far advanced that the spoken word and the furtive thought

and lying and conspiracy will be obsolete, because the secrets of all hearts will be revealed.

When the supply of Auditorium material ran short, Walthers cheerfully resorted to the highways and hedges that his fraternity might be full. And, as he never would risk hurting the feelings of proud poverty, many a watch-pawning enthusiast, starved for music, found in his mail a season ticket for Section K, the address type-written; and never afterward consciously beheld his benefactor nor realized who that lean, austere man in the third row was who seemed so popular; nor that he himself was a member of that epoch-making organization, the Ear Club.

Earnest neophytes were sometimes admitted on probation, but the line was absolutely drawn against any one who even faintly suggested kinship with the three most destructive classes of listener: grammarians, gluttons, and ghosts. These were defined respectively as: 'all head and no heart,' 'all heart and no head,' and 'no head and no heart.'

This does not mean, of course, that all the members of the Ear Club were perfected in their art. In those old days the perfect listener — that exquisite balance of emotion and intellect which too many of us think of only in terms of the first person — was as hard to run to earth as a Platonic idea. Certainly there were no such persons in Section K, for even the leading spirits there were far from being such accomplished listeners as the delighted players of the Thomas Orchestra so often find to-day glowing in the heart of their audience like an Australian opal burning deep within its dull, brown matrix.

It was wonderful to see the Club's influence spread. In a few brief months Sections J and L began to be honey-combed with creativeness, and small hives even began to appear in the des-

ert of the parquet. It was no time at all before Flogan, K's eager young usher, had counterbalanced his great heart for music by gathering from our lips and our libraries an astounding mass of erudition. Word was passed around the building that Flogan found it even more blessed to give than to receive. The public soon learned when in doubt to consult our encyclopædic *protégé*, and during the intermission he would face a fusillade of questions.

'Valkyries? Them 's Amazons-like. They fly on hossback and screech some-thin' turrible.'

('Telephone 's down two flights and to your right, sir.')

'Batch? Inventor o' this here modern music.'

('First to the left, ma'am.')

'Bass clarinet? That's the thing like one o' them Dutchman's pipes. Party with the brick-colored beard, looks like he was suckin' instead o' blowin'.'

('Sorry, but the programmes is all gone.')

'Master Hugues? One moment please.'

And Flogan would rush down to consult Walthers on the hero of Saxe-Gotha.

The Ear Club had been organized some weeks before the blessed Friday when Walthers first brought me to Section K. To my last hour I shall never forget the thrill of that moment when the master's baton descended out of the tense, eloquent silence, invoking the power and the glory of the fifth revelation according to Beethoven. And then, as I felt something within me not only resounding the new creation of that music by reed and string and brazen throat, but vibrating as well to kindred resonances from the hearts about me, I suddenly was made conscious of art as a social power, binding one by myriad strands to all those other humans in space or time who

have tasted, or are to taste, the ecstasy of creative listening.

Not long before that experience I had read with loud hilarity Tolstoi's book on art. But that afternoon in Section K I realized that his pernicious theory had been irradiated by more than one golden gleam of truth. And on going home I re-read and assimilated into my creed these wonderful words:—

'In this freeing of our personality from its separation and isolation, in this uniting of it with others, lies the chief characteristic and the great attractive force of art. . . . Sometimes people who are together are, if not hostile to one another, at least estranged in mood and feeling, till . . . music unites them all as by an electric flash, and, in place of their former isolation or even enmity, they are all conscious of union and mutual love. Each is glad that another feels what he feels; glad of the communion established, not only between him and all present, but also with all now living who will yet share the same impression; and more than that, he feels the mysterious gladness of a communion which, reaching beyond the grave, unites us with all men of the past who have been moved by the same feelings, and with all men of the future who will yet be touched by them.'

Then, in reaction from this mood, I began to fear that the music I had just heard, fraught as it was with the splendor of its human revelation, had set me on the supreme heights of experience, and that any future concert must bring descent and disappointment.

The only thing doomed to disappointment proved to be the fear itself. Each new venture within the circle of Section K brought a deepened sensibility to art and to humanity,—and not the humanity of my fellow listeners alone, but of our friends in the orchestra as well.

Friends they literally were, thanks to Walthers who had led a pioneer expedition behind the stage during one historic intermission, to explore the sources of the symphonic waters. It had not been long before the Ear Club and the Orchestra were heartily attached to one another, and the musicians came definitely to depend for their inspiration on the wireless streams of sympathy that kept flowing over the footlights from Walthers and his listeners.

And after the Ear Club had organized an amateur orchestra it was the pleasure of our new friends to help us in our modest concerts, and to bear offerings of precious instruments such as oboes and bassoons and bass clarionets, like so many rare flowers and fruits for the bare spots on our musical banquet board.

True to its proud position as the American source of collective, creative listening, Chicago has not been content with pioneer honors. It has developed the art so consistently as to be the first, so far as I am aware, to attain an acknowledged state of sympathy between player and hearer. Not long ago the University Club invited the Thomas Orchestra to a banquet in

their honor. The musicians, in turn, gave the Club a private concert in Orchestra Hall. And these events passed off with so much mutual satisfaction as to mark a period in the evolution of the art of listening.

A rather early period, however, as we must admit. For the hearing ear is still the weakest of American organs. Although we have imported an unequalled body of musicians, and have been hoodwinked into allowing a few native ones to struggle to eminence under various foreign disguises; although we boast a couple of the world's foremost quartettes and orchestras, and one of the leading operas; although the greatest conductor of his time sacrificed his life to the task of making creative listeners of us, — Germany is nevertheless still justified in growling '*Schweine!*' at the flippant, noisy and remorseless bulk of our audiences. For the German can listen every bit as well as he can play (an even surer test of musical culture), and it is for this reason that his land remains the fatherland of Tone.

What our musical development most needs is a few more Waltherses, and a few million magic ear-trumpets.

SUZANNE

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

UNCLE JONAS had missed the fish. For the first time within the memory of many neighbors in Deep-Water Creek, Uncle Jonas's schooner had 'come back from t' Larbador, clean.'

Under ordinary circumstances even the catastrophe of one family's being unable to purchase supplies for the winter would not have been a matter of deep concern to the inhabitants of the Creek. For they were accustomed to having 'to make things do', and no one ever heard a real Livyere from the Atlantic seaboard 'squealing' because it had 'pleased t' Lord they should n't be able to reach to fats after Easter.'

But this case was somewhat different: Uncle Jonas's hospitality was an institution. It was as much a matter of course as the ice in the harbor. Every benighted traveler; every desolate family following the komatic track, because they had no longer any food in the larder at home; even every starving dog-team whose lord and master could no longer find them a morsel to put in their stomachs, knew which way to turn when they caught sight of the blue smoke of the cottages above the cliffs that made the harbor of Deep-Water Creek. Uncle Jonas's had ever been a veritable city of refuge for many miles of coast both north and south. No one, good, bad or indifferent, had ever been known to knock at Uncle Jonas's door without getting, whatever the time of day, the cheery invitation 'to sit right in and have a cup o' hot tea.'

But though this unaffected love out

of a pure heart had ever proved to the man's own soul the truest of God's blessings, it had not been purchased without cost. For Uncle Jonas enjoyed yet another blessing straight from God's hands, and that was a quiverful of children — possessions of which a millionaire might have well been proud. His four stalwart boys were already able to help with the trap-net, and though the youngest could scarcely yet row 'cross-handed,' that is, handle two oars at once, all four were rated in the crew of the Saucy Lass when Uncle Jonas cleared in the spring of the year for the annual voyage 'Northward Ho.' His five lasses also, having come early in the sequence, had been invaluable, first in helping in the home and in the garden and with the rapidly following babies — while the eldest had twice sailed as cook in the schooner before the boys had been of an age to leave home. She was eighteen now, and although as bonnie a lass as the country-side could produce, with her clear rosy cheeks and the curly shock of black hair she had inherited from her mother, she was still living at home. There are no industries in the Creek at which young women can earn money to help out on expenses. When the men bring home a 'full fare,' however, they are able to earn quite a bit at washing, cleaning, and spreading the fish, and so helping to get it earlier to the market and secure a better price. This year even that occupation was denied them.

It is not unnatural that the families

in these out-of-the-world places should cling together with even more than the tenacity we are accustomed to in the more crowded centres. For everything outside is like one vast unknown land, and ghosts of the dangers that lurk there unseen haunt the fancies of our home-loving fisher-folk. Indeed, who shall blame them for the sensitiveness of their imagination, seeing that the contempt of familiarity has so often proved the path to ruin among our own.

However, with Uncle Jonas's failure to secure a 'fare of fish,' a crisis of unusual portent faced the Creek. If he had no fish under salt, there were certainly others in the same situation, and there could be little doubt that there would be more mouths than the supplies attainable before navigation closed could be expected to fill. No wonder that a certain amount of gloom lurked in this usually happy little cove.

Reluctantly, as Virginus of old, Uncle Jonas realized that only one course was open to him. His eldest girl, Suzanne, would have to go out to service. It was neither a pleasant nor an easy task finally to bring the matter to an issue, and it was only after many tearful farewells that at last, with her home-made seaman's chest filled with all the little tokens of love her family and friends could 'reach to,' Suzanne finally embarked on the last schooner from the harbor that was going south. Thus she fared forth into the wide and unknown world beyond the dearly loved though rugged cluster of rocks that closes the harbor in, and that is not inappropriately known as Break-Heart Point.

The letters that reach Deep-Water Creek in winter are few and far between. True, twice during the long months of frozen water, toiling dog-teams bring what we please to call the winter mails. But they are unsafe and

uncertain at best. Many prefer to consider no news good news rather than risk anxious weeks because they have trusted to what has so often caused entirely unnecessary worry.

One letter, however, did come through. It brought the joyful news that Suzanne had found a home with a fine Christian planter, whose wife promised well to be a second mother to her, the maid that helps being as much one of the family as those she ministers to, in our unsophisticated country.

No letter was ever received from Suzanne again — only a brief line from the planter to tell Uncle Jonas the sad news that his own young wife had died during her first confinement just before Christmas, — consequently Suzanne had been thus out and about a good deal during the spring. Eventually she had sailed north for the summer, having shipped as cook on a Labrador schooner entirely against his will. She insisted that she had filled a similar position twice before.

I was cruising late that year in our mission hospital-boat with the most northern fleet of vessels. We had been threading our way through a veritable archipelago of uncharted islands, seeking a place to bring up for the night where we might be in the neighborhood of other vessels and so get the chance to do some medical or surgical work for the fishermen. Suddenly the watch reported a small schooner with flag at half-mast, and a six-oared seine skiff, with a spudger (or sign) up, crossing the ship's run to intercept us.

It was only necessary to slow down and throw their bowman a line, soon to have the seine master on board. 'Skipper's compliments, Doctor,' he said as he gripped my hand. 'We've a girl very bad on board. We wants you to come alongside if so be you can manage it.'

We needed no second invitation: the

opportunity to serve is the daily quest of our vessel. So while our new friends returned to relieve their skipper's mind and prepare for our arrival, we moored for the night, and got ready such accessories as we deemed, from the information derived from our visitors, that the case called for.

The circumstances and details that among so many others impressed this case vividly on my memory do not bear retelling here. Ushered into the schooner's small and dark after-cabin, which had been abandoned by the kindly men for her entire use, by the light of a tiny kerosene lamp, I found a young girl lying in the dark bunk built into the side of the ship. Her bloodless face, hollow eyes, parched lips, and fevered cheeks surrounded by a tangled mass of endless jet-black wavy hair, loomed up as soon as my eyes got accustomed to the semi-darkness. She was peering directly into my face with the hungry look of a wild animal at bay.

Her only companion, a child of fifteen, was crouching at the foot of the bunk, and adding to the pathos of the moment by her pitiful wailing, that seemed to beat time to the sounds of the lapping waves against the planking of the vessel's quarter.

It was the old story — a trusting girl, a false lover, a betrayal, and a wild unreasoning flight to anywhere, anywhere that seemed to offer, however vaguely, still a temporary postponement of the inevitable harvest of shame and sorrow and suffering. Hither, hundreds of miles from home, this mere child had fled, hoping that possibly death, with its false offer of mercy through oblivion, might spare her seeing the grief of those who loved her. For well she knew the inevitable consequences when the sorrowful tale should reach the peaceful hamlet by the sea, from which she had but so recently set out.

This was no time for philosophy, however. Every minute was precious. For it was a case in which one had to work single-handed.

The baby had been born four days and was dead. Every member of the crew was a stranger to the girl, and anyhow, even with all the sympathy and kindness so universal in our men of the sea, they had been far too fearful that they might do injury, to touch even a rag of the poor coverings that fairly littered the bed. For they had contributed generously of whatever they had, that might possibly be useful.

An hour later my patient, wrapped up like a mummy in clean linen and blankets, was tenderly carried on deck, and ferried over in the ship's jolly boat to the mission steamer. The boat that served us at that time, was, indeed, so small that she allowed no special provision for patients. Aside from my own cabin and the saloon, there were no spare accommodations below decks. On the settle of the saloon, which was the more airy and convenient for moving about in, we built up a bunk, which should prevent at least the risk of a serious fall in a seaway. As soon as the first rays of dawn permitted we weighed anchor and ran for a Moravian mission station, where we hoped we could induce a married woman with some knowledge that might be useful to us in our dilemma, to come south as far as our most northern little hospital.

It was not until next day, however, that we anchored once more in the quiet waters of Okkak Bay under the great cliffs that flank the harbor. At this little station, for over one hundred years the self-sacrificing missionaries of the Moravian church have been doing their best to uplift the Eskimos of the bleak north coast. One might have supposed that a mother with children

of her own would hesitate even in such a dilemma to venture forth in so small a vessel as ours. For the troubles of the sea are by no means confined to the sensitive organizations of those who live in civilization. But this mother looked upon the opportunity as only one more gift of Him whose service had called her from the homeland nearly twenty years before. So without hesitation, as if it were an ordinary daily duty, she set about preparing for the trip. Her husband agreed to accompany us, that he might see her home when her services should be no more needed.

The evening was by no means idle. To afford even a chance of saving my patient an operation became necessary, and the help from the station and the quiet of the harbor made it possible and wisest not to risk the delay that would be inevitable before we could reach hospital if the weather should be boisterous.

Things went well. Before night the patient's pulse had fallen, and the watchers in turn reported a much better rest. When morning came the girl herself felt that she could face another stage of the journey. To run out to sea and make the necessary crossing and run in on a parallel of latitude to the hospital, would be our quickest way. But such a course with the wind on the land made the heaving and rolling dangerous. By keeping the inside runs, we got smooth water, but could not move during the darkness. A brilliant aurora favored us the next night and we pushed on until about midnight, when its sudden disappearance left us in such absolute darkness that we again were compelled to anchor at once.

The girl's improving pulse and temperature and the steady diminution of physical symptoms that had caused us much grave anxiety during these first two days gave me a light heart. Every

time I visited the patient I expected to recognize the corresponding assurance in her face that she was really on the road to recovery, but every time I looked in vain. It became such a puzzle to me at last that to cheer her I assured her that she would soon be up and about, so that when the mail steamer should come to hospital we should be able to send her back to her own home once more, as well as ever. I had watched her carefully to see whether the thought of an early return to her loved ones would not act as a stimulus, an encouragement to bring into play the force of her will, which to my mind is a most important factor on the road to recovery. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to tell me I had failed. She just lay there looking at me, with that far-away look in her large black eyes, as of some terrified fawn that is too frightened to fly, though fearful of impending danger.

I thought perhaps the loving encouragement of the woman who had ventured on the trip solely that for the Christ's sake she might be of service to a sister in distress, might help me in the dilemma. I explained to her exactly the need, and begged her to do her best to effect that which I seemed utterly unable to attain. Tenderly and prayerfully she tried, but only once more to meet with failure.

In the dusk, just before we weighed anchor, a trap-boat crew going to their nets caught sight of our riding light, and came aboard with a man who had a badly poisoned hand. They had not expected us to be going south so soon, and were delighted beyond measure to be able to obtain relief and dressings. When they learned that we were running south with a sick girl for hospital they at once inquired who it could be, and, much to my delight, claimed acquaintance and expressed a willingness to wait. I went down to prepare her for

their visit, in the hope that they might be able to cheer her. I had hoped that so irresistible a reminder of the love of home might help her to cry, and so relieve the tension of soul that was killing her. But once again it was simply to count failure. I could find no way to get her consent to see them, and I had sorrowfully to convey that information to the kindly fellows on deck.

It was no longer possible to avoid recognizing the inevitable. I tried a final appeal to her to live for her parents' sake; her only reply at once was, 'I want to die, Doctor, I can never go home again.'

The end came sooner than I had anticipated. She began to fail so rapidly and so obviously that I decided to abandon the attempt to reach the hospital, and finally anchored in the still waters of a lovely inlet to await the last chapter of the tragedy.

We had not long to wait. It was a scene I shall never forget. Overhead the sun had all day long been pouring down out of a perfect sky. It spoke eloquently of life and the presumption of its permanence. Beneath, in their exquisite blue, the deep waters of the fjord were so still that the last thing in one's mind was any realization that storm and danger lurked in them and on them.

The bold relief of the massive granite cliffs, flanked here and there with jet-black columns of out-cropping trap dykes, gave an entire sense of security and of endurance. A majestic iceberg, carried in by the tides, lay only a few hundred yards away. The deep greens and blues in the great crevasses that relieved its dazzling whiteness made one forget for the moment that even so immense a mass of matter was, like ourselves and all the rest, merely a thing of a day. Beyond that was silence — not even a single fishing craft lay within several miles of us. Nothing

disturbed the sense of rest and security. The sun sank behind the hills. The tide was returning to the great ocean whence it had come. It seemed to me after all not an unfitting setting for the passing of a soul out on that tide, which is ever carrying on its bosom all humanity into the great unknown beyond, and which was bearing out with it the visitor from the Arctic which it had brought us in the morning, as we rendered the last service within our power to the poor girl whom we had so hoped to save.

Wrapped in a simple flag, covered with a monument of unhewn boulders, we left her on the lonely headland looking out over the great Atlantic, to wait till the day when the graves shall give up their dead. A simple wooden cross indicated the reason for this interruption in the journey. That emblem of our highest life was placed there to signify that that which is wrong in this life shall eventually be put right in that which lies beyond.

The cross piece bore the legend:—

SUZANNE

Jesus said, neither do I condemn thee!

In a letter to her parents we did our best to comfort them, as we did not think the tragic sequence of events which led to the poor girl's death ought to be laid to her charge.

Two years passed away. Meantime many troubles were poured into my ears, and the memory of the pitiful little story of Suzanne had almost faded from my mind.

Once again we were on the Labrador coast. Guided by the twinkling deck-lights of fishing schooners 'putting away' the day's catch after dark, we had anchored among them for the night, in the roadstead near some high cliffs behind whose shelter they were working. We had announced our ar-

rival with two blasts of our fog whistle — a signal known now to most of the fishermen. The usual crowd of visitors that resort to our little vessel for news, or medicine, or other reasons, had come and gone. All was silent on deck, and we were just 'stowing away' for the night, when the sound of yet another boat alongside brought me up again.

As I came out of the companion, a single white-haired fisherman was climbing over the side with his painter in his hand. He was evidently well on in years, though the feeble ray of our riding light scarcely did more than reveal the darkness.

'Anything I can do for you, friend?' I inquired, as he finished tying his boat fast and turned around as if uncertain what to do next.

'No, not much. Thank ye all the same,' he replied. And then hesitatingly, 'I jest wants to see t' doctor.'

'I'm the doctor, friend. What do you need from me?'

'Be you t' doctor what tended a girl 'bout two years ago on t' schooner Shining Light, down north? The baby were born dead on board.'

'If you mean a girl called Suzanne, yes: I tended her, and buried her.'

Without another word the old man reverently took off his well-worn sou'-wester hat, and stood bareheaded before me. I remember in the weird setting of the night that his long white hair and gentle manner suggested the visit of some departed saint. I waited

for him to speak, not knowing exactly what he wanted, though it was plain he had something of moment on his mind.

'Do you 'se think there be any hope us'll see her again, Doctor?' he ventured at length. 'I'd dearly love to tell the old woman what you think.'

'No, friend, I don't think it, I know it. I'm certain of it, as certain as that I see you now before me. But better than that, she knew too before she left us.'

'What makes you say that, Doctor? I'd give all I have, glad enough, to be able to think that.'

'Well, friend, her face told me so. She was afraid to go back to Deep-Water Creek, but you too would have known that she had no fear of entering the harbor to which you and I are also bound. The peace of God which the Master promised to give us was hers.'

The old man said no more. But I saw, even by the feeble glow of our swinging lamp, a bright sparkle on both of his rugged cheeks. He took my hand in both of his. The silent pressure, the wordless good-bye, will remain with me till my last call also comes.

As the sound of his retreating oars gradually disappeared into the night, I found myself still standing in the hatchway, thinking that surely for the humblest service done in His name, the Master gives, here and now, the reward which is above all else worth while.

BUSKINS OR SLIPPERS?

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

IT is Horace Walpole who writes somewhere, 'I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers.' He might very well have added that he was accustomed to compel the great folks of his day to walk *sans* buskins. For however stiffly shod they stalked about ordinarily, upon entering the domain of his letters they must put their shoes from off their feet. By no stretch of metaphor can those letters be said to be holy ground, yet the writer of them, like the custodian of an Eastern mosque, suavely insists upon the donning of slippers. There are instances where he refuses even the dignity of slippers.

Walpole did not object to joining sometimes in the free-and-easy promenade he describes; yet in general his foot-gear was of the trim, high-heeled fashion, suited to the dancing of court gavottes. It must be admitted that he did not go out of his way to discover the *déshabille* of his acquaintances. To loiter in dark corners and to frequent back stairs in order to stumble upon subjects for discourse, was not his custom. He did but observe what came within his ken (he had a seeing eye) and write down his impressions. However, to be 'written down' in Walpolesque fashion was often an easy descent into depths from which it was hard to get out. The mere plucking off of buskins seemed to cause an extraordinary shrinkage in stature. How men and women had managed to walk at all on such stilted affairs remained a wonder.

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With all his maliciousness, Walpole did not like to see his victims dismantled, disrobed. He left them a good deal. That was more than Swift was in the habit of doing; in his rage he would snatch ermine and velvet from rulers and judges, rejoicing to see unclad humanity shiver; unless he deprived them of humanity altogether, and made them *marcher à quatre pattes*.

This making free with coronets and fingering of robes of state is a practice that has persisted down to our own day, though the disposition which prompts it may have altered somewhat with the years. Apparently it is not now a spirit of mockery, still less is it a high scorn, that urges. It is, for the most part, curiosity. We are anxious to know whether the coronet is copper, whether the velvet is cotton, if the fur is moth-eaten. That is to say, if the crown is copper, and the velvet is cotton, we want to know it. There is no end to this curiosity of ours. It is leading us up and down and round about the wide world, noting, listing, cataloguing. The highways, from end to end, are known and read of all men; the byways now must deliver up their secrets. Not a hamlet, safely hidden away hitherto from all inquisitive travelers save the swallows, but is indexed in some county guide-book. Not a far hillock that crouches unseen. Little streams, so remote that only the kingfisher's wing has brushed them, woodland ways dear only to the rabbits, are drawn in all their windings on prosaic maps. Glens and grassy dingles,

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where the fairies once danced unmolested — the trail of the surveyor's tape-line is over them all. Mountains at which we used to gaze from afar with a wholesome awe have become familiar ground to unconcerned climbers. No longer is the ocean horizon haunted by shadowy islands, retreating homes of the fancy. Like that *Apropositus*, sought of ancient mariners, they are lost to sight; they have burst like the South Sea Bubble. The seas are charted.

As a record of all this research, a multitude of books in long-drawn-out series appears periodically, devoted to the description of nooks in every corner of the earth. Photographs and picture post-cards, more than any man can number, spread abroad the semblance of far-away spots, magnified thenceforth in the sight of all nations. Not content with all this, we have turned our serious attention to the beasts of the fields and the fowls of air. Comes another multitude of books. From the ant to the elephant, we know them all — know them 'as they really are.' The beguiling little fictions in which animated nature used to be served up to us are proved delusions. No more does the lion stand up before us in the fine, kingly pose of old picture-books. The heron is not now permitted to take the one-legged, thoughtful position beloved of amateur artists. So with all the rest: they have been come upon unawares, caught in undress, so to speak, and are revealed to us in new, and usually ridiculous, attitudes. We do, indeed, know them well — too well!

But knowing the earth in its fullness is not enough. There remain our fellow creatures to be found out. And we are finding out a great deal. Thorough investigation in this quarter brings another procession of books, in which are disclosed the lives of the distinguished, and undistinguished, dead. Not only are we offered an intimate and exhaust-

ive knowledge of their lives, from the cradle to the grave, but of their 'times' as well; a capital device, by the way, for padding a lean volume into corpulence; for something is sure to be going on somewhere throughout the two hemispheres. It is astonishing what one poor human document can be edited, re-edited, revised, and foot-noted into. Many of the more favored subjects could stand in the shade of the heaped-up volumes that commemorate them. And some of the subjects *do* stand in the shadow of the volumes they have evoked.

There must be indignant dwellers in the Elysian Fields when they gather around new-comers who bring the latest news from this planet. Old prophets and old poets must be bewildered at the strange meanings twisted out of their texts. Old masters — be they painters, warriors, or saints — must be aghast at the activity, little short of fiendish, ascribed to their earthly career. The younger dead surely are confounded at the Books of Revelation which have been opened, in the name of memoirs, to extend their fame. I fancy that Jane Carlyle may have spoken somewhat emphatically on this subject as she gathers the celestial asphodels in wide meadows. How the voice of her husband may have thundered along those flowery plains, shaking the blossoms to their very rootlets, one dares not think. Have the Brownings murmured a wish that the smoke of their burning letters might have risen betimes as incense on their altars? Does Shelley regret that from those who would 'see him plain' he had not been removed further into his own 'Unapparent'? I am not sure but there are martyrs who would cheerfully walk again into the fire, if assured that the faggots had been kindled with the books which blazon their names.

The good, the great, the wise, all

appear to us to be of a 'questionable shape.' Like the watchers on the platform at Elsinore, — though without their perturbation, — we are trying to make many an uneasy ghost explain himself. Victims have been wounded by arrows of their own feathering. If there is not a proverb there ought to be one, to the effect that familiar letters in the hands of a foolish friend are as a poniard in the hand of an enemy. If letters have sometimes gained immortality for some men or women, they have been the undoing of others. In those moments of slippered ease we catch the writer unawares, and those moments outweigh hours of buskined dignity. The intense interest that the public feels nowadays in the sons of fame is apparently confined to these moments of slippered ease. There is a widespread disposition on the part of readers to push unannounced into the privacy of the elect, a determination not to be kept waiting in the ante-room until the great man is 'on view.' Like tourists who come to inspect a Ducal abode, they are not content with seeing the state apartments, but insist on being shown the rooms that are lived in. They would fain have the keys to the closets (hoping perhaps for a skeleton or two), and seek an opportunity for cutting away a button from a gold-laced coat, as a souvenir. Strange things in the way of souvenirs are cherished by travelers. No less strange are the souvenirs of illustrious personages which afford satisfaction to curious readers — tawdry, rueful bits, of no more worth than a tarnished button, or a splinter from a wrecked flying machine.

The idea seems to be, in this desire for familiar acquaintance, if idea there be beyond curiosity, that in this way only can one escape being imposed upon. If a hero is not a hero to his lackey, it is deemed important to know the rea-

son why; a proper regard for truth — the whole truth — forbids the leaving of anything to conjecture. The discovery that those hitherto looked at from a distance are subject, after all, to common failings and foibles is encouraging — so it is claimed. Possibly. There *is* something agreeable in the ability to feel *camaraderie* for a genius by simply sharing with him certain foibles of which one might otherwise be ashamed. If the eccentricities of genius lean toward the grotesque, or the mean, so much the more entertaining. To readers like these the fact that the author of the *Ode on Immortality* went 'booing' his lines among the hills is of greater moment than any intimations the lines themselves convey. The story that Landor once threw his cook out of the window is relished, if there is no relish for *Pericles and Aspasia*. The Shakespeare of *King Lear* is obscured by the Shakespeare who left in his will his 'second-best bed' to his wife. *There* is something to ponder on!

This frame of mind accounts for the cordial welcome extended to the volumes — becoming frequent — of racy gossip and belittling anecdote. Anniversaries are sure to call out an innumerable number of these illuminating studies. One who has a reverence for a name great in history or literature must needs feel apprehension as the centenary draws near. As Renan once said, *Les centenaires ne sont la faute de personne; on ne peut pas empêcher les siècles d'avoir cent ans*. So each year we celebrate somebody. And our celebration consists in recalling and recounting in detail all the facts which have no particular bearing upon his proudest achievements. If his ancestors were nothing to speak of, they are exactly what we feel called upon to speak of — from the house-tops. An early, unhappy love-affair, if it can be

traced, will fill a chapter. Several love-affairs will ensure an extra volume, if not a work by itself. The inquiry, in its far-reachingness, is of the nature of a civil-service examination. And now that the philosophers are giving us, one and all, a subliminal self, why must not the biographers be expected to chronicle also the vagaries of that undivided half part of an individual? How can they afford to neglect an opportunity like that?

The 'candid, unvarnished tales,' as the reviewers call them, — truthfully enough, — which result from these exhaustive inquiries are crowding the 'best-sellers' on the shelf. Biography has become as entertaining as a novel.

Feminine wit has not been behind-hand in furnishing these side-lights on history which snap, and sparkle, and surprise like electric wires. Such light may lend piquancy to a scene; still, for a work-a-day illumination, one would rather depend on something a little slower — a steady glow, not a flash-light. To some of us it does not seem quite fair play to perpetuate a fleeting expression on the face of an unconscious 'sitter.'

At all events we are glad that among those dwellers in ampler ether there are some who have never been held up by literary highwaymen — who can declare, as Dr. Johnson once declared to his friend, with no little asperity, 'You have not traveled over *my* mind, sir, I promise you.'

In this small circle of happy spirits who abide free from any anxiety as to earthly recording, is that statesman in buskins, Lord Chatham. The truth seems to be that he was such a consummate actor through all the troubled years of his later life, even down to that last dramatic scene in the House, that he walked, as it were, *incognito*. The recent biographer of his early years admits that the task of inter-

preting his life as a whole is well-nigh impossible. No one knew the 'real' Chatham — Pitt *en pantoufles*. However much we may regret a fact that perhaps deprives us of another piece of brilliant writing, there is, withal, a savor of satisfaction that a great man, in contentious times, was able so to baffle the watchers at his elbow.

The Father of his Country, by no means a *poseur* like Chatham, remains with him in an assured rest. He has been conjured to render his reasons. That one oath he did fling out, that one lie he did not tell, have been wonderfully manipulated in an attempt to make us feel the acquaintance desirable among kin. It is useless. Washington is still something 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,' like — I was about to say — one of those ancient menhirs by the sea in Brittany; but I remember that now they say those monstrous stones, once in a century, on Christmas eve at midnight, rush in a wild scramble down to the water for a drink. Such is the impertinence of this generation! It has been prying into the habits of solemn Druid relics which have heretofore maintained, by common consent, an unalterable, Washingtonian calm.

Shakespeare and his fellows are of this serene company. In what dark depths of ignorance concerning them have we been left to stumble! How tantalizing have been those Elizabethan hints as to 'things done at the Mermaid'! All those great actors on the world's stage sitting together, buskins tossed aside, and no nimble Boswell there to peck up 'copy' as pigeons pease! If they thought of us at all, they deluded themselves with the belief that if we were to have *Philaster*, and the *Alchemist*, and *Hamlet*, and the rest of the mighty lines, it would suffice us. They little guessed that our spirits would be vexed because we have not

the table-talk of the author of *Hamlet*; that the possession of the *Alchemist* ill repays us for our uncertainty as to what the quarrel between Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden was all about. Information of that kind appears to be necessary before a correct appraisal of a man's work can be made.

We are more cautious in the giving of halos and laurel crowns than were they of olden time. Their liberality in this direction was — one must say — reckless. It is not so easy to be a saint or a hero as that! Our duty is, plainly enough, to guard against the further misuse of these badges of superiority; and duty, in this case, is happily not so far removed from inclination as oftentimes. No matter with what assurance the partial friends of an aspirant for honors may set forth his claims, a rigorous search will usually produce disqualifying facts.

Here is one, say, who took it upon himself to run down dragons, and succeeded in slaying two or three. Why! well done! But the truth is, slaying of dragons is not so highly considered as of old. The beasts are looked upon as rather picturesque features in the landscape. Moreover, this candidate for sainthood was unprepossessing in his appearance — and was never quite at ease in society. Here is another who did lead a forlorn hope with something not unlike heroism; still, it is no secret that he was given to borrowing money of his friends, and was slow in repaying. A third may have writ lines which have the ring of poetry; yes, one must call them real poetry; but his early days were passed amid repellent surroundings — and there is a year out of his life which has never been accounted for.

The tendency to disqualify is in the very air of the times. One who has ears to hear can overhear, along with

the crisp crackling of the paper in some latter-day books, the stir of withering bay-leaves.

In the matter of making up our minds about contemporaries, we are largely aided by the modern fashion of 'interviewing.' A man is quite sure to be at a disadvantage during that inquisition. The greater the man, the greater, probably, will be his discomposure; and so much the more will the lucid expounding of the reporter be in demand. For if, as they say, genius is a profound mystery to itself, its disquieted possessor is nevertheless no mystery to the usual interviewer. Deep-sea fishing, or bent-pin experiments in the village duck-pond — all's one to him. Equanimity and persistence! is his motto. 'His,' I say. For 'her' interviewing, if one may judge by printed results, is apt to be attended by a little more fluttering of the eyelids. She generally succeeds, somehow, in making the conference read like the confidential outpourings of a burdened heart into sympathetic ears.

Boswell was, of course, the father of interviewers. When he planted himself squarely before his eminent friend and inquired, 'If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?' there you have the system inaugurated. In the fullness of time we have arrived at the reporter behind the note-book, and the lier-in-wait behind the kodak. There is this much to be said of the parent, which cannot always be said of his descendants — that he was steadfastly resolved to make his subject pose well. If the foretops of Dr. Johnson's wigs were all burned away in reading, the biographer feels bound to mention the fact; but he speaks disparagingly only of the candle. He would not have hesitated, I feel sure, to inquire of Socrates concerning his domestic infelicities, or of Henry VIII concerning his religious

belief; but in his report of the matters Socrates would preserve his dignity, the king his piety.

Latter-day interviewing is not always so comfortable for the party of the second part. To our thinking the kodak-snapper is sometimes not unpleased to surprise an awkward gesture, an unimproving grimace. The 'personal note,' the 'human interest,' are catchwords of the day, and in response to them we are scanning our brother man rather ungently. If the unabashed curiosity of the public suffer no abatement, a time may come when there will be installed in the homes of the interesting, some phonographic gear that records accurately what goes on within the four walls; a kind of domesticated Sherlock Holmes. Future generations are not to be so defrauded in the matter of 'true histories' of their great men as we have been in the case of Shakespeare. We are miserably uncertain whether in giving shelf-room to Bacon we are not entertaining Shakespeare unawares. They will be gloriously sure not only upon what meat their Cæsars feed, that makes them grow so great, but, as well, of the size of the slippers which fit their Justice Shallows and Master Slenders.

Of men whom we wish to honor we set up statues in public places. It is true enough that many of these statues leave something to be desired, yet there was, in every case, an honest intention to make them dignified, effective, honorable. We never commission a sculptor to represent the man in dressing-gown and slippers, as he may have sat by the home fire. Why, then, are we so anxious to see him, in the mind's eye, dishevelled?

Among the statues of Cæsar at Rome there is one which represents the man standing with the left arm extended in front of him. A photograph of the statue will render that hand larger than the other — out of all proportion to the body. Yet looking at it you are not straightway convinced that the hand of Cæsar was strangely deformed. You suspect that the camera was untrustworthy at that point, distorting the marble hand because it approached too near. So it might be wise to distrust the biographer who, in his narration, dwells insistently upon the trifling incidents of a day, the small talk of the hour, the petty weakness of the moment. He stands too near his subject, and gives us a distorted view of the one he professes to picture. Some one said once of Fontenelle that he dwarfed the heavens when he explained them, so little could he apprehend the majesty of the universe. He is not the one to whom we would direct an earnest seeker after truth. Nor ought we to rely on the story of a writer who cannot — or will not — perceive the full stature of a man. Be it his misfortune, or be it his fault, it is our good fortune that we can turn to other observers who were better fitted for the task of interpretation. We have noble biographies written with sympathy and a becoming reticence. There is no more inspiring reading. We have letters edited with unflinching good taste; and there is a perennial charm about the volumes. The men and women so commemorated are not led out to a sorry dance in morning undress and sandals. They are left, as Hamlet said to the player, nearer to Heaven by the altitude of a buskin.

AN APOSTLE TO THE SIOUX

BISHOP HARE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

SANCTITY and chivalry were so inherent in the nature of William Hobart Hare, that 'saint' and 'knight' stand in the first rank of the generic terms by which he may be characterized. More specifically, he was also an 'apostle' and a 'pioneer.' If John Eliot had lived in the nineteenth century, it is easy to imagine that his apostleship to the Indians would have expressed itself in many of the words and deeds of Bishop Hare. As a pioneer, moreover, he exerted an influence not exclusively limited to the work of a Christian missionary. He bore an important part in preparing a wild region for civilization; and when civilization began to come, it came the more quickly and surely for what he had done, and continued to do, towards making the Indians better neighbors to the whites and to each other, and towards working a corresponding benefit to the whites themselves. This vital and many-sided service he rendered through overcoming difficulties which a man of his sensitive fibre, both physical and spiritual, might have dodged without cowardice. He faced them all, with a high fortitude and helpful humor, and with a deep devotion to the Christian religion as a system, and to its founder as a living, personal director of daily life.

When such things can truly be said of a man, it is impossible to say also that he is of those regarding whom

. . . no one asks
Who or what they have been.

The world has a right to ask and to know something about them. Some glimpses at Bishop Hare's early experiences in what is now South Dakota may suggest why the titles of saint and knight and apostle and pioneer may be linked with one modern name.

William Hobart Hare was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 17, 1838. Most of his boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, where he received his education and took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. After about ten years of parish work in and near Philadelphia, he became Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, with headquarters in New York. In January, 1873, he was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Niobrara, a new jurisdiction made up largely of the present State of South Dakota. Thirty-five years old, seven years a widower, he went forth to his labors.

The conditions of life about to confront the young bishop presented the sharpest contrast with those under which his life so far had been spent. He had lived only in the two leading cities of the country and their immediate surroundings. His personal background had been enriched by a multitude of kinsmen and friends holding definite places in a long established social order. All the comfortable amen-

ities of life in the Middle States in the decade beginning with the Civil War had been his by every right of inheritance and possession. Over against all this was to be set a frontier existence of the roughest sort. The colonization of Dakota Territory had begun but little before 1860. The first territorial legislature met in 1862, but even in 1873 the population of whites was scanty and scattered. Railroad building had begun only in 1872, and in 1873 had been carried up the Missouri River only so far as Yankton. The buffalo were virtually gone, — Bishop Hare confessed after four or five years in the country that he never saw one, — but every other token of primitive conditions remained. The Indian population greatly outnumbered the white, and most of the Indians were unreclaimed from barbarism. The work of the pioneers of civilization was waiting, almost in its entirety, to be done.

In the field of Indian missions, the Roman Catholics had already done something; the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, especially through the labors of Riggs and Williamson and the attendant translation of the Bible and hymns into the Dakota tongue, had more specifically cleared the way. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by the thriving work of the Santee Mission, and in several remote posts. Under the policy of the Grant administration, the Indian agents were appointed on the recommendation of the religious bodies working at the several agencies. The field was rough, but it was full of opportunity and promise.

On the way to his field, Bishop Hare visited the Oneida Mission in Wisconsin, and confirmed the grandchildren of Indians whom his own grandfather, Bishop Hobart, had confirmed in New York, fifty years before. He also visited the Indian Territory. In some *Reminiscences*, written fifteen years later,

he pictured his taking up of the work before him: —

‘While I was *en route*, the whole country was plunged into a frenzy of excitement and of denunciation of the whole Indian race, by the Modoc massacre, and the mouths of many sober men were filled with calls for revenge, such as at other times they were wont to denounce as the characteristic of the vindictive Sioux. The general of the army telegraphed a subordinate that he would be “fully justified in the utter extermination” of the Modocs. Friends wrote me that a blow had been struck at all efforts for the Indians which was simply fatal, conclusive; and that it would be folly in me to persist. I pressed on, nevertheless, only lamenting that the treachery of a *handful* of Indians was allowed by an intelligent people to govern opinion, while the good behavior of tens of thousands of Indians was utterly forgotten.

‘From the Indian Territory I made my way to Dakota, like Abraham, who went out not knowing whither he went. I reached Yankton City, April 29, 1873. A military officer, to whom I was there introduced as being the Missionary Bishop to the Indians, somewhat bluntly replied, “Indeed! I don’t envy you your task.” I recalled the words, “Let not him who putteth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off,” and simply replied, “A minister, like a military officer, obeys orders.” Whatever was uncertain, I was at least sure of my commission.

‘My arrival in Yankton occurred just after one of the most memorable storms that Dakota has ever known, and the effects of it were plainly to be seen in the carcasses of cattle which had perished in it, and in huge banks of snow which lay still unmelted. The storm had overtaken Custer’s celebrated cavalry, while they were encamped about a mile or two outside of

Yankton, and brave men, who never quailed before the foe, had fled in complete rout before the tempest and taken refuge in any house where they could find a shelter, leaving all their camp equipment and horses to their fate.

'From Yankton I passed up the Missouri River, along which the main body of the Missionary enterprise of our Church among the Indians was then located. I found that Missionary work had been established on the Santee, Yankton, and Ponca Reserves, and three brave young deacons, fresh from the Berkeley Divinity School, had, the previous fall, pressed up the river and begun the task of opening the way for Missionary effort among the Indians of the Lower Brulé, the Crow Creek and Cheyenne River Reserves. . . .

'It was not long before I saw both sides of Indian life. The better side: said a shrewd Christian Yankton chief, as I was about to leave the rude chapel erected among his people, "Stop, friend, I have a few words to say. I am glad to hear you are going to visit the wild, upper tribes. Companies of them often come down to visit my band, and I always take them to see this chapel. I think a good deal depends upon the impression my chapel makes on them. I think if it was put in better order it would make a better impression than it does. The rain and snow come through the roof. This floor is not even. Now, you are called an Apostle. That is a good name. I believe it means 'one sent.' But there are many people to whom you are sent to whom you cannot go; for they are wild people. But these visitors of mine go everywhere, and tell everywhere what they have seen." The wilder side, too, I saw; for among the Lower Brulés, a fellow rode up by the side of our party, with an airy, reckless, dare-devil manner, and remarked, as he flourished his weapon: "I want my *boy* to go to

school, but *I* am an *old man*. I am wounded all over. I like to fight. I love war. I went off the other day among some strange Indians. They said: 'Go away, or we'll kill you.' 'Kill away,' said I: 'that's what I like.'" He was a type of hundreds and thousands. But is it an unheard-of thing for white men to hate the restraints of religion and morality for themselves, and yet wish them for their children?'

The *Reminiscences* proceed with an account of the plans he made at once for boarding-schools and other undertakings for the good of the Indians. Passing from details to general considerations, he wrote: —

'From the first, therefore, I struggled against the notion that we were missionaries to Indians alone, and not missionaries to all men. I pressed the study of the English language and its conversational use in our schools, and, however imperfect my efforts, the aim of them has been to break down "the middle wall of partition" between whites and Indians, and to seek not the welfare of one class or race, but the *common* good.

'The character of the work to be done appears from the fact that the Indians with whom the Mission has had to deal were some of the most reckless and the wildest of our North American tribes, and scattered over a district some parts of which were twelve days' travel distant from others. So desolate was the country that on one of my trips I remember not seeing a human face or a human habitation, not even an Indian lodge, for eight days. Emissaries of evil had reached the Indians long before the Missionaries of the Cross appeared. "All the white men that came before you," replied a chief, "said that they had come to do us good, but they stole our goods and corrupted our women; and how are we to know that you are different?'"

'This,' said Bishop Hare in another account of the incident, 'was carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance; but I replied, "Well, you must watch and see how we live."'

The life which he proceeded to live was a thing which the Indians could see with their own eyes. We can see it chiefly through the pictures which Bishop Hare himself made of it from time to time. A vigorous passage at the end of his first annual report will suggest something of the spirit behind all his activities.

'Discussions of the probable future of the Indians are beside the question and dangerous, because they drown the call of present duty. Suppose these people to be designed by Providence to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Our duty is to fit them for that lot. Suppose that they are to be merged in our more numerous race. Our duty is to fit them for that absorption by inter-marriage, and so arrest the present vicious intermingling. Suppose that they are to die out. Our duty is to prepare them for their departure. Our duty is the plainer, because the treatment which will fit these people for any one of these lots will fit them for either of the others.

'But I have heard it said that practical men have come to the conclusion that Indians should be EXTERMINATED. What if some one should make this reply? If they are to be exterminated, now is the golden opportunity. Nature has laid the Santee Indians low with small-pox. Let the advocates of extermination come to her help. Their task is easy. Whole tribes of Indians have perished from small-pox in the past. Parched with fever, its victims have crawled to the river brink to slake their thirst, and, too weak to make their way back again, have died there, until the river's bank has been lined, for miles, with row upon row of ghastly

corpses. With a little timely help given to nature's work among the Santees, such a scene may be beheld again. There are thirty or forty Santee scouts just on their way back towards their homes, from service with a military expedition sent out to protect a railroad survey from molestation from their savage brethren. Brave, gallant fellows they are, some of them communicants of our Church, who have won commendation of their officers. A telegram has been sent that they ought not to return. Let some advocate of extermination telegraph them just the contrary. They are panting to see their wives and children, and will be glad of an excuse. Indians have children, black-eyed and merry as larks. Let the gentle members of the Sisterhood of Extermination wrap them up and sing them to sleep in infected blankets stripped from their dying mothers. Let them gather together the cast-off clothing and bedding of the sick and send it off among the upper tribes. The winter is coming on. Many are shivering for want of clothing. The advocates of extermination may easily scatter these infected garments and the fatal plague with them wherever they will. Here, then, is work for the advocates of extermination. I call for volunteers.

'Manifestly, the cry for extermination is but a grim joke — perforce, perhaps, resorted to by intensely practical men to startle our too great enthusiasm into common sense. Rightly conducted and presented, Missions to the Indians will commend themselves to all. Real advocates of extermination, there are none.'

These are the words of a man passionately in earnest. The intensity of feeling in them was matched by the intense activity which he brought to his work at the first, and maintained to the end. The Indians in general came

to know him primarily as a traveler, moving from camp to camp, from agency to agency, with a celerity which won him the name of *Zitkana duzahan*, or swift bird. We may well turn, then, to a few passages illustrating the method and scope of his movements about the jurisdiction. In the early days of his work, before the railroads had stretched far into the country, the Missouri River was an important highway. A picture of travel on one of its steamboats is found in an early letter, 'To the Indian Aid Associations and to my many dear friends among the children of the Church':—

On board the Steamer Far West.
MISSOURI RIVER, September 27, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — . . . Having visited our lower Missions, I am now on my way farther up the Missouri River to the Missions among the Yanktonnais Sioux Indians, and to those among the Sans Arc, Blackfeet, Minneconjou, and other bands of Sioux. Far up the River as you think of the Yankton Mission as being, and shallow as the River is here (the Mate, even while I write, stands upon the side of the boat, and, as he plunges his measuring pole into the water, in a drawling tone calls out its depth, 'Five feet scant!' 'Four feet!' 'Three and half feet!'), boats capable of carrying three and four hundred tons of freight navigate its waters for about seventeen hundred miles above our Missions. The Steamer Far West, on which I am traveling, is, like the rest of these up-river boats, about twice the length of the little stern-wheel steamers which ply on the Schuylkill and Connecticut Rivers.

Fortunately, the berths on this boat are cleaner than those one sometimes hits upon, which is a great comfort. It is not over-crowded either, the only passengers besides myself being Mr. Hall and Mr. Ashley, of the Mission,

and an officer and post-surgeon stationed at one of the river Posts. The Captain, Clerk, and Engineer are a pleasant, hearty set of fellows. We are on the best of terms, and out of this state of things issued two very interesting Services yesterday, Sunday.

The boat hands, however, are the lowest of the low. They are taken from the loafers who frequent the river towns, who are called out here 'roustabouts,' I suppose because they have no settled homes, but roost about, now here, now there. They are men who, having ended a trip and got their pay, go off on a wild carouse till their money is all spent, when they re-ship, their eyes bunged up, their bodies stiff and black with bruises, their faces cut and battered, and their minds so stupid from the effect of their excesses, that they know only enough to stumble down to the levee and aboard a boat and to answer automatically with their tongues, 'Aye, aye, Sir,' to the orders of the Mate, while they have such imperfect control of their arms and legs that they can at first hardly do more than fumble pointlessly at, or spread themselves over, the gang-plank and other articles that he bids them lift. They have been two or three days aboard now, however, and are a little straightened out, and I managed to induce even a number of them to attend the Service.

I was down among them on the lower deck a number of times on Saturday, wishing to win their good opinion in the hope of gaining some of them. They looked at me askance at first, as if they felt that a Parson and they had nothing in common. They laughed and half-excused themselves on Sunday, as if they hardly took in what I meant, when I told them that I was going to have Service and wished that they would come. They took the invitation a little more seriously when I added that the Captain said they might come

if they chose. Then several of them went off and shouted down the hold to their companions in a half-serious, half-comic tone, 'Say, Bill, Joe, come along. We're going to Church!' And presently a dozen or twenty of them appeared in the saloon and became very attentive listeners. . . .

But a word more about these miserable men. It is from them and such as they that the Indians get their first notions of what we white men are. The laboring man they first see is not the honest farmer who each year finds the reward of his labor in the increase of his stock and the improvement of his farm buildings, but the half-drunk 'roustabout' who, notwithstanding his hard work, never betters his condition. Shall we wonder if the Indians are slow to adopt the white man's ways? Shall we be impatient if the new Missionary has to spend a year or so in earning for himself a character? And when the world is thus pouring the dregs of civilization into the Indians' cup, already full of barbarism, shall Christian liberality not send them men of love who will offer them in farms and schools and churches the cup of Salvation? . . .

The steamers were not always so good as the Far West, an historic craft of which one may learn more in Mr. J. M. Hanson's *Conquest of the Missouri*. From another steamer Bishop Hare once wrote to his sister, 'It is not very comfortable. They had nothing to offer me but a berth in the clerk's office and the soiled sheets of its previous occupant!' His son recalls the discomforts of other trips, — the tedious waiting for irregular boats, the laborious gaining of forty miles a day against the current, the sharing of state-rooms with utter and none-too-cleanly strangers.

In after years Bishop Hare quoted

with relish a Maori saying apropos of crude conditions, and the different ways in which noble-minded men and vulgar missionaries took them. 'Gentlemen-gentlemen don't mind; pig-gentlemen mighty particular.' There were frequent occasions on river and in camp in these early days to show himself one of the 'gentlemen-gentlemen.' A single passage from a letter to his sister will throw its light upon both the difficulties and the humors of travel in these earliest days: —

(TO MISS MARY H. HARE)

YANKTON CITY,

February 22, 1874.

MY DEAR SISTER, — My dating from this place needs explanation. You may remember that I mentioned in my annual report the enterprise of some Santee Indians who had given up all their tribal privileges and gone off to Flandreau and there entered claims and formed a community as ordinary citizens of the United States. They are about one hundred and five miles northeast of this town. They have sent me many messages asking me to come and see them, and I have wished ever since I came out here to grant their request.

Thursday last I started from the Agency to put my long-deferred hope into execution. A prosperous day's drive brought me a little over sixty miles to this town Thursday evening. Friday early I started for Flandreau, being somewhat alarmed on starting at hearing that there was a good deal of snow a little farther north. We have had so little snow, however, and the country has been so bare for weeks and weeks that I hardly credited the stories which I heard. We had not gone a dozen miles north, however, when we came upon the snow, which increased in depth every mile we drove north, until it became so heavy that it was almost impassable. No one knows the

oppressive sense of helplessness that comes over a traveler on these vast plains when he finds his horses' strength giving out, and the natural warmth of his body departing, and remembers that timber and therefore fuel there is none within ten or twenty miles. To add to my alarm the wind began to rise towards twilight, and the mercury to fall, and when I saw a house in the distance and drove up to it about half past eight o'clock, I could hardly have been more relieved had I pulled up at 1345 Pine.

The wind blew a gale, and was so keen that it seemed that it was hopeless to face it and live. To my dismay I found that a donation party had assembled during the day at the house where I was to find entertainment, which was that of a Baptist Minister. The building was literally *jammed*. They were the best-natured people in the world, but, oh, how I longed for rest and quiet! The party was kept up till about half past ten when the company began to disperse. Hardly a half hour had elapsed, however, before many of them came back again, reporting that it was impossible to face the storm and asking accommodation for the night. Twenty-seven people slept there, a few in beds, more in chairs, and still more on the floor. Fortunately I was treated as a favored guest and had a bed assigned to me and my Indian deacon who was with me. The wind seemed to drive right through the thin boards, and I believe my ears would have frosted while I slept had I not taken the precaution to go to bed with my fur cap drawn down over my ears and most of my face.

I determined that it would be foolhardy to attempt to push on farther, and therefore retraced my steps with the morning light and reached Yankton without mishap about nine o'clock last night. A storm of snow which came on during the night and has prevailed

all day admonishes me that I did not return too soon. . . .

Thus moving about 'in journeyings often,' it was primarily as the minister of the Gospel that he came and went. To the impulses of every messenger who believes with all his heart in the message he is bearing, Bishop Hare in his travels added specifically the duties of a pioneer in Indian Education and of an official or semi-official representative of the 'Great Father' at Washington, and of the whole encroaching manner of life known as 'the white man's way.' In each of these three capacities he needed all the confidence that his course soon won for him with the unfortunate people to whom he ministered. In each capacity he gives an adequate account of himself.

As a minister of the Gospel he found a people with primitive religious instincts, responsive to the spiritual elements of Christian belief. Again and again his thought reverted with satisfaction to one of his first journeys and the meeting with a chief who, receiving him courteously inside a tepee, listened unmoved for some time to the message he brought. 'As I talked on, however,' said Bishop Hare, 'an Indian motioned to another near by to lend him his pipe. Tobacco pouch and pipe were produced and the owner, having filled the bowl with tobacco, handed the stem to his companion and touched a live coal to the tobacco. The latter took a puff or two, and, as the smoke was wafted by the heat of the fire toward the sky, lifted the pipe, pointing it toward heaven, and simply but reverently said, "I smoke to God."'" Bishop Hare liked also to tell of a chief who once illustrated for him the religious courtesy of the Sioux by saying, 'We Indians have no paper from God (no Bible); but we pray to God; and when we think we have something that will please Him,

like a piece of meat, or skin, we lift it up and ask Him to take it and have pity on us.' Their sense of chivalry appealed to him, their vigor of thought and speech. 'You white men come to teach us!' said one of them. 'You white men killed the Son of God. Our people never did anything like that.'

Their mysticism touched him. 'These Indians,' he said in the course of an early speech in New York, 'generally do not pass the age of sixteen or seventeen without getting in some way or other a deep sense, a vivid sense, of some particular spirit who shall be their patron God. It is very common for their boys of that age to go aside and seclude themselves, fast days and nights, until they have got their bodies in such condition that all sorts of strange hallucinations come over them. Then they think they see a musk-rat coming to them, or an elk, and it is singing a song, and they hear the musk-rat say that if in the hour of extremity they will appeal to him and sing that song, his spirit will always come to them and be their guardian spirit. Our boys here of sixteen or seventeen never — at least, I did not — fast day and night for two or three days to get a keener sense of the invisible. I say these people are an intensely religious people. You must not hand them over to mere civilization.'

The singing muskrat and elk are characteristic figures in the folk-lore which provided the Sioux with their religion. The primitiveness of it all may be illustrated by a Dakota tradition, narrated with much earnestness by the old Chief Red Cloud to members of the Black Hills Commission visiting the Red Cloud Agency in September, 1876. It was printed in the June, 1878, number of *Anpao* or *The Daybreak*, a Dakota journal established by Bishop Hare. If the legend seems unduly long, its significance and this opportu-

nity to put it on record may plead in extenuation.

'Red Cloud began by asking Gen. Gaylord, then legal advisor for the Interior Department, whether he, or any of the gentlemen present, had ever heard of a mule's giving birth to a young one. When all had said "no," with some surprise at his curious inquiry, he replied that neither had he or any of the Dakotas heard of such a thing yet, but that after we were all dead it would occur, and with that event the Indian and white races would become one people, and there would be no more wars or trouble between them, for they would then both be alike in appearance, interests, customs, habits, etc. God, he said, had particularly favored you white men in all respects, and given to the Indian that which was of less value, yet we Indians have ever listened to His words and been content with our lot as assigned to us by Him, while you white and highly favored ones have always been disobedient and dissatisfied.

'Again, God sent to the white man his only Son to be his guide and teacher — the best gift possible for Him to bestow; but they despised His teachings and crucified their Saviour. To the Indians God sent His daughter — a woman. She came on earth about the same time His Son came to the whites, and lived and taught among a tribe of the Dakotas on the upper Missouri. They loved, respected, and obeyed her, and have ever treasured her words as the words of God to them, and looked forward to the fulfillment of her prophecies for their people.

'She came in a cloud from Heaven, and was first seen by two young men who were out hunting buffalo. One of these youths was virtuous and desired only what was pure and good, the other was of bad character and evil habits. As they went over

the prairie far from their homes, they saw at a short distance from them a beautiful white maiden with golden hair and perfect form. As they stood filled with admiration for her graceful form, the bad young man suggested that this was an opportunity which they should not lose to obtain for themselves a woman of such rare beauty, and proposed that they should seize and take her captive. The other protested strongly against such a wicked act, but to no purpose. His companion rushed forward, and was about to lay his hand upon her when, suddenly, with a noise like that of a powerful whirlwind, both she and the young man were enveloped in a cloud. This cloud took the form of a cone, beautiful from the top to where it rested on the earth, with colors in order: at the top bright scarlet, then blue, yellow, white and black. The white and black represent the white race, and the others are the colors of the Indians. Scarlet being at the top meant that it was the highest order, and hence the Dakotas prize it above all the rest, and use it and the others for painting themselves, ornamenting their pipes, blankets, etc. The cloud gradually arose and disappeared from sight, but nothing was ever found of the bad young man but his bones lying on the prairie where the cloud had rested.

‘The maiden told the good young man that she would meet him at a certain time in a particular lodge, and vanished from sight. She met him according to this appointment, and as the Dakotas had no books she gave to them a pipe (which they still have) that his people might remember her words and the future of the Indian race, which she revealed to him as follows: It was that the Indian, from the first the less favored race, was to be the first to pass away, or rather to be merged into the more favored one. There were yet ten

generations to come, and at the end of those generations a mule should give birth to a young one, and with that event the Indian race and white race should become one. “Now,” said Red Cloud (somewhat in error as to his chronology), “seven of those generations have passed away, and but three yet remain to the Indian. This is the decree of God, made known to us by his daughter — you have not the power to alter that decree or to hasten the set time — let us live in peace until the appointed season, and then the Indians will cease as a race, and the white man will possess both them and all else.” ’

The element of imagination revealed in this legend, joined with the other Indian qualities already mentioned, made the soil of their nature fertile for the labors of a man with just such a nature as Bishop Hare’s. The chivalric and romantic elements in him responded quickly to corresponding traits in the Indians. This response was always under the control of a strong element of common sense. His own conception of his duty as a missionary was set forth clearly in a letter which he wrote in 1875 to a clergyman who was planning to join his force of workers. ‘You are about to enter a work where a hopeful and kindly heart and a high sense of duty are the first requisites. I pray you to make the possession of them your earnest endeavor. Your duties will be to teach school daily, and to prove yourself a friend of the Indians in every way, however practical and humble, which interested ingenuity can devise.’

Stronger than all the other appeals which the Indians made to Bishop Hare was the appeal of their essential humanity. In June of 1873 he wrote: ‘The sum of the whole matter is this: the Indians are Men. We differ from them in *degree*, not in kind. Exactly

where, or nearly where, they now are, we once were; what we are now, they will (if not absolutely, yet according to their measure) by God's blessing yet become. This is my wish. This is my prayer. This is my belief.' Concerning the unexpectedness of their offenses against good order, he wrote in later years: 'All this is thoroughly Indian, but very thoroughly Indian because completely human.' Because so human they deserved in his eyes the same opportunities for development that make other human beings what they are. So many of the opportunities are those of educational training that the problem of schools immediately presented itself with great force. The Indians were all as children, and all needed what good schools could give them. But there was no possibility of giving it to any but the young. Hence the early concentration upon the conduct of boarding-schools. One good reason to hope for their success was naïvely expressed by a Christian Indian, formerly 'one of the most exultant warriors of the dare-devil sort,' who came to Bishop Hare in the early days and asked to have his grandchildren baptized. 'Are their parents Christians?' asked the bishop. 'No,' said the Indian, 'they are not, but I am.' He continued, 'I have noticed that old antelopes are very wild and scary, and our hunters find it very hard to catch them. So they catch the young ones. The old ones come to seek their young, and then our hunters catch them too. And I thought if you would take and baptize these little grandchildren of mine, you might catch their parents too.'

Though the Indians in general believed that their children would develop better if left wholly to themselves, there were those besides the maker of the antelope similitude who saw the value of the new opportunities offered to

them. One of them was reported by Bishop Hare as saying, —

'My friends, all animals take care of their young. No — I am mistaken. One animal does not. It is the mud-turtle. It comes up out of the water and lays its eggs in the sand, and then goes back to the water and leaves them to take care of themselves. When the young turtles are hatched, they run right down to the water. I think the Great Spirit teaches them. Their parents do not.'

'We Dakotas, my friends, are those mud-turtles. We are unlike other men. We have not taught our children. The Great Spirit has taught them direct, I think. Otherwise they could not have lived at all. And now I think that as the Great Spirit has been so kind to us when we were foolish, we ought to be very thankful to him and try henceforth to teach our children wisdom as well as we can.'

The wisdom offered to them in Bishop Hare's boarding-schools — long before the principles of industrial training had won their present repute — was that which they needed most for everyday living. 'The ideas which governed me,' he wrote, 'in laying out the whole boarding-school work of the Jurisdiction were that the schools should be plain and practical, and not calculated to engender fastidious tastes and habits which would make the pupils unhappy in, and unfitted for, the lowly hard life to which their people are called; that, as the Indians had not been accustomed to labor, the school training should be such as would not only cultivate their intellect but also develop their physical functions, and teach them to do well the common acts of daily humble life.' The carrying of Christian influences back into their uncivilized homes was of course a fundamental part of the plan.

It is possible to reconstruct in some

measure the daily life in St. Paul's School for boys at Yankton Agency where Bishop Hare himself lived in these early years. His son recalls a visit to his father at the school, where he arrived even before the pupils were received.

'The plaster in it had not dried. There was no means of heating it except by sheet-iron stoves placed in each room. The only fuel was cottonwood, which burned like tinder and made the stove red-hot for half an hour, then rapidly died down unless re-fed. On going to bed at night the room was comfortably warm. On rising in the morning its temperature was often below zero, and the dampness in the plaster had turned into frost on the walls. When the cottonwood fire got fairly started, this moisture would trickle down the walls. This went on for many days and nights. As all food had to be hauled by wagon for sixty miles, it was most limited in variety and none too good. The only water obtainable was that of the muddy Missouri River, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour under eighteen inches of ice, and it was customary to send a wagon loaded with barrels to the river, to cut a hole in the ice, fill the barrels with water and drag them about half a mile up the bluff to the School. There was, therefore, no water for ordinary bathing, and very little for any other purpose. The cold was so great, I remember, that even the chickens, which were allowed to roost in the stable where the horses were, all lost their combs through frost-bite. At this time the Indians were still disposing of their dead on scaffolds, and erected one not far from the schoolhouse, upon which they laid a corpse, and then killed a horse underneath in order that the warrior might have something to ride on in the Happy Hunting Grounds. Meat was obtained by killing a steer, quar-

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tering, and then laying it at the foot of the haystack, where it remained frozen for as many days or weeks as passed before it was devoured.'

Writing to the Secretary and General Agent of the Indian Commission in New York, Bishop Hare himself described the effects of a winter storm in his new residence:—

(TO REV. R. C. ROGERS)

YANKTON AGENCY,
January 8, 1875.

. . . We have now a terrific storm upon us; the mercury 23 degrees below zero; wind blowing almost a hurricane. We quail before it in our stone building. God pity the poor Indians in their tepees! The boys while asleep instinctively hugged themselves, heads and all, under the clothes, and I believe slept through it all. The dormitory looked this morning more like a snow-bank than a bed-room.

On the sounding of the 'Rising Bell,' the boys were lifted from their snowy beds and carried to the other end of the room, from which they scampered away, without much regard to appearances, crying out, 'Osnida! It's very cold!' to the warm wash-room on the floor below.

Our water privileges hardly deserve the name. When the water for this large household of fifty people has to be dipped in buckets from the river and hauled in barrels a quarter of a mile, while the temperature is so low, that what is water one moment is (to exaggerate a little) ice the next. The boys who constitute the Water Squad have done their duty nobly throughout this whole cold term of ten days, during which the mercury has each morning ranged from 5 degrees to 23 degrees below zero. The Wood-Chopping Squad deserves equal credit. Our consumption of fuel in this school and in Emmanuel Hall near by is enormous.

The boys have to cut all the wood in the open air, and, even with the violent exercise of wood-chopping, it is a question often whether they can generate as much heat as old Boreas can cold. Of course, we save them all we can, and they are required to do nothing which the head master and other teachers do not join in.

Three years later, Bishop Hare told something of the efforts the Indian boys themselves made to enter St. Paul's School. He had recently met on the prairie two boys trudging from their homes at Santee, thirty-five miles away. A white boy driving with him exclaimed that he would never walk thirty-five miles to go to boarding-school, and Bishop Hare admitted that as a boy no more would he have done it. But another Indian boy made his way on foot to St. Paul's from Flandreau, a hundred and fifty miles away, and two others from Cheyenne Agency, a distance of two hundred miles. With 'all outdoors' as home to run away to, there were some at first who fled from the restraints of a routine life. There were difficulties, too, with parents: some half or wholly hostile; others so friendly that they made themselves a nuisance by sitting about with loaded rifles on their knees to guard the teachers against possible attacks; all ignorant of the rights of privacy, and walking unbidden into any room the teachers might occupy. But, one by one, the difficulties were overcome.

A wise accommodation of means to ends appears in an account of an early commencement at St. Paul's where the 'meritorious,' the 'very meritorious,' the 'most meritorious,' pupils received as prizes respectively a pair of

chickens, a pig, and a heifer apiece, to be held conditionally until the school course was finished, and to become their absolute property when they should graduate with the certificate given to those who had won their teachers' commendation. In manifold ways the basis was laid in the work of the boarding-schools for an ultimate success with the mission at large, which must have seemed in those days of small beginnings hardly more tangible than a dream.

In representing the government to the Indians, in the days when they knew it chiefly through rapacious agents and commissions which generally contrive to get the better of land bargains, Bishop Hare had frequent opportunities to show himself the Indians' friend. The government itself promptly recognized the value of such fair-minded service as he was ready to render. Directly and indirectly, acting himself upon government commissions, meeting and corresponding with the President and the Secretary of the Interior, urging the use of military power where a merely sentimental churchman would have counseled against it, constantly leading the Indians forward on the road to self-helpfulness, he exerted an influence of the highest value. Through thirty-seven years his service in the cause to which he gave himself in early manhood continued unbroken except for the vicissitudes of uncertain health. The fruit of his labors, measured by mere statistics, stands as one of the most extraordinary achievements of civilizing missions. Measured by the truer tests of personal character and of the love and admiration of a community on which so rare a character stamped itself, the work of Bishop Hare becomes a national possession.

THE BIGNESS OF THE WORLD

BY HARRIET MONROE

'Why doesn't Kipling write his masterpiece?' I said to an Observer the other day, and the Observer replied laconically, 'He can't.'

'But why can't he?' I persisted.

'I don't know,' said the Observer, 'unless it's the bigness of the world.'

And so I followed this hint of the bigness of the world, its relative bigness, compared with the dimensions of any earlier world that ever inhabited this planet.

The littleness of the world is a commonplace; we meet our friends by chance at a festa in Assisi, at a snake-dance in Walpi, or a carnival in Caracas, and exclaim platitudinously, 'How small is the world!' Yet the encounter proves not our contention, but its reverse; not the smallness, but the vastness, of this modern world of closely gathering nations, of this hurrying epoch wherein minutes and life-times are gone before the individual has had time to measure his stature against the huge bewildering human mass.

What was the world of Euripides, the world to which he appealed, whose feeling and activity he expressed? A little cityful of people under a templed hill — no, not even a cityful, but the elect thereof, a few hundreds of men and a handful of women, whose applause was the whole round wreath of fame, and from whose yea or nay there was no appeal. Even the other Greek tribes did not exist for Euripides — those unfavored Lacedæmonians and Thebans who gathered together in sordid cities beyond the shadow of the Acropolis;

and for him the other races of the earth were a dim outer fringe of fabulous barbarians, as remote and inaccessible and unreal as are to us those later children of myth and dream, the inhabitants of Mars.

Virgil's world was a little larger; it included not only the intellectuals of Rome, but somewhat, though remotely and condescendingly, those sophisticated Athenians who sat in judgment upon the crude culture of their conquerors, even though their own was no longer creative. Petrarch's world was a neighborly coterie of little Italian courts, all keen for his latest verselet, all exaggerating its importance. Racine's world was France, as Rostand's world essentially remains, in spite of vaporous praises and solid royalties which come to him from over-seas. For France still sets intellectual boundaries which her filial sons escape but little; and France meant to Racine, as it means to Rostand, Paris, though in Racine's time it was a small Paris of the court and the salons, while in Rostand's it is a larger Paris of the boulevards.

Shakespeare's world was little London — an aristocratic and Bohemian little London. France and Spain did not count for him, Italy was a mere treasure-trove of romantic stories, and the immense background which was beginning to appear — America, Africa, and the rest — was still vague on the horizon, a fabulous region of savages and mystery. The world of Pope and Addison was even a lesser London, a

London which had lost its background altogether, and had dwindled intellectually to a little intriguing would-be-cultivated court, and a half-dozen coffee-houses from whose literary dictation there was no appeal. And throughout this provincial eighteenth century, always making much of little things, each one of its separate little worlds, each London or Paris, was quite sufficient unto itself, until revolution bombarded the narrow walls, and Goethe, Shelley, Byron, and the rest, escaped into the vastness of the modern age.

At last the gates were down, at last poets began to discover that the earth was round, and that the neglectful democracy they spoke for knew neither barriers nor boundaries from the slums to the court, from London to Cathay. At first this sudden widening of the world was a vision and a glory rather than a literal fact. Goethe stood off and contemplated it from afar, tried to map the wilderness in *Faust*, to foresee ordered ways in the chaos, and to set them down on pages of light with his eagle's quill. Shelley flew into the uncharted country on those strong white wings of his, sublimated his vision, in *Prometheus Unbound*, and cast out into the drifting winds wild lyrics of his ecstasies of wrath and hope. Byron was sane and solid-minded enough to explore and discover on the ground level; but the immensity of the task in comparison with the pathetic slowness of human personality, aroused in him that stultifying sense of tragic incongruity which is perhaps the most distinctive modern note,—a note which he struck in *Don Juan* and which, throughout the century that has passed since then, was to be sounded through a wide range of humor and protest and mad mockery, and to make the world laugh that it might not weep.

Burns was the first martyr, perhaps,

the first great genius to be crushed between old and new; the first to feel the whole passion and thrill of the modern movement and yet to be tied hand and foot by ancient tangles so that he could not get his message out, and his pitiful refuge was drink and despair and stupefying vices which would dull the vision and silence the voices. But there have been other martyrs during this century or more of an expanding world: martyrs of a fate less obviously tragic than that of poor Burns because they were less entangled in the past, but perhaps no less profoundly bitter since, like him, they could not utter more than a passing strain or two of the truth that was in them.

For minds imaginative enough to have grasped, and creative enough to have moulded into some shapely image, those lesser worlds of long ago, are confronted in our larger world by the whole huge incoherent scheme of things, through which the little old compasses will not guide, against which the little old tools are impotent. It is as if one small pair of hands were set to carve a mountain into some winged image of man's new hope of brotherly love and joy; and were armed for the purpose with strange new engines — turbines and hydraulic dredges and pneumatic drills. How utterly and inconceivably stupendous would be the task of these hands! They would have to convert the huge implements of science to the delicate service of art, and summon wild refractory forces to cope with nature's bleak immensity. Old Egypt, carving the Sphinx at the dawn of time, when the primitive vastness of the world had not yet been obscured by babbling, trafficking, self-worshiping civilizations, achieved a babyish task compared with that which confronts the adequate creative mind to-day.

And so that adequate creative mind,

which is to do for us what Dante did for mediævalism, must be not only greater in sheer bulk and power of intellect and imagination than the mind of the supreme artists of the past, but it must be also more heroic, resourceful, and persistent.

Did Dante believe in his time — did he wear proudly its gorgeous fabric of dogmatic theology and intriguing tyranny, even while he raged against all that stained its splendor and violated its ideal? Even more lovingly must our poet and prophet believe in our vaster modern age; even more proudly must he wear its garment of light; even more triumphantly must he find the order in its seeming chaos, and put down the evil things that obscure and retard.

Thus it is no wonder that great men fall by the wayside, that minds apparently adequate get lost in the wilderness, tangled in vast obscurities. They start out grandly amid the deafening and confounding blare of the whole world's many-tongued applause; and we have Maeterlinck revealing the very inmost soul of brooding and bewildered youth in those marvelous little early plays of his; we have Kipling hinting, in his early stories, at the conflict and coming together of East and West, — suggesting something of the scope and meaning of this modern cosmopolitan movement of nations. But the years pass, and the disappointed world finds its prophets wandering in by-paths: the one confused by evidences of power in militarism and materialism, lost in a mere detail of the immense whole; the other wandering vaguely in obscurities, yielding fitfully to ancient worn-out seductions; both losing creative energy, making no headway, baffling our hopes and dreams, leading us nowhere. The flourish of trumpets came too soon and too loud; its effect was to deafen and deaden,

and not to inspire. These men were not robust enough to endure the strain of that bold acclaim, not grand enough in stature to see over the heads of the crushing, clamorous crowd, not strong enough to put the world ruthlessly behind them, that they might lead the world on to the truth.

Or if the *vates*, the poet-prophet, meets dispraise and neglect, he meets them not in human forms which he can strike at, with human voices which he can answer. He starts out with gifts and weapons, — his message, his love, his wit, his wrath, — but encounters merely a vast immensity, a stultifying silence. He goes on shouting in the wilderness, but his voice sounds hollow and impotent, for no one hears. Or if voices come back to him they are not stout cries from a hardy enemy, but vague, half-articulate whispers, unintelligent, irresolute, unauthoritative, coming from no-whither, out of mere intolerable confusion. He is not Chatterton, superciliously snubbed by Horace Walpole and the other illuminati; or Keats under the bludgeon of the *Quarterly*; but a figure more tragic at last than they — a creature silenced by silence, enfeebled by lack of response from friend or enemy, dispirited by the blasting loneliness of a wilderness without metes and bounds. Power must expend itself on power, love must meet love or at least hate, wit and wrath must cross swords with wit and wrath; or else the work must go undone, the message unuttered, the result must be decay and death.

Francis Thompson, John Davidson — here are two tragic figures to prove the bigness of the modern world. Not that these two were giants; the rôle of *vates* might have been beyond them even if they had met enough, and not too much, of human sympathy and conflict. But they were true poets; no 'idle singers of an empty day,' but men

aware of their time and in love with it. Yet Thompson was destroyed before he began; he never even got the pitifullest hearing until starvation, and unsheltered London lights, and drugs and hideous misery, had ruined him beyond reach of the human sympathy which finally discovered and strove to save him. And John Davidson, trying to find his way through all the modern drift and turmoil, striking out bold discords and a few grand strains, journeyed alone, heard no reply, until the immensity seemed simply emptiness; until his shouting, as if uttered in a vacuum, seemed to make no noise; until he was baffled and defeated by the very grandeur of the continent he was sent to explore.

And so a more adequate man than these, one fully aware of modern life, one devoting to it all his energy of passion and hope, and meeting thus only an immense blankness, — the world's blind preoccupation, its universal turning away, — such an one may credibly feel a corroding sense of inadequacy, a gradual loss of faith and power, ending in some kind of tragic impotence, like that which killed Burns in his youth, or which drove MacDowell to madness, or destroyed Nietzsche.

For great art, the highest art, comes only when profound energy of creation meets profound energy of sympathy. The leader must have his army behind him, the vates must hear an outcry of passion and understanding from all his world. Of old, when the poet spoke for a few, the response of the few was enough. To-day, when he must speak for the many, the many must hear him, must not only hear but understand him in their profoundest secret instincts of sympathy or rebellion; else he cannot utter the truth that is in him, and modern democracy must go uninspired.

Thus we shall hardly have our vates until our huge heterogeneous crowd becomes as aware of the spirit as it is to-day of the flesh, as keen for truth and beauty as it is to-day for comfort. I do not mean to scoff at our striving for ease, at the world's century-long preoccupation with inventions which should lessen human misery and increase opportunities for knowledge and happiness. How otherwise shall democracy rise to spiritual consciousness except through the conquest of soul-destroying hunger and ignorance and pain? How otherwise shall the nations be brought together, and the brotherhood of man be revealed, except through locomotives and reapers and flying-machines, — perhaps even battleships and repeating-rifles, — all the miraculous modern bound-obliterating machinery of peace and war?

The inventors have had their world behind them; modern democracy is still giving them its commands. Science takes no steps forward that the man in the street does not know; he thrills over X-rays and radium, he is eager to test the mono-rail, he jokes about the inhabitants of Mars. In this direction lies increase of comfort and knowledge; here the creative energy of our age meets equal energy of sympathy, and each day records a new miracle. And all these are glorious deeds, necessary to the making of a larger world. We live in a great age, but a greater age must come.

Already there are many signs of an awakening of spiritual consciousness in the crowd — confused and scattered signs of far-blown sympathies, exaltations, ideals. Democracy is becoming awake and aware, is discovering a deeper need than the need of food and raiment. At present this instinct is vague and formless, voiced in dim and clouded questionings, almost world-wide political doubt, spiritual unrest.

The new democracy must grope and wander, lingering among vast uncharted uncertainties. It must search long for its poet-prophet who shall sing the old era away and usher in the new.

And when he comes he must be of spiritual stature great enough to stand fitly on mountain-tops and behold a world more vast than ever man has seen.

ON CARPACCIO'S PICTURE

THE DREAM OF ST. URSULA

BY AMY LOWELL

SWEPT, clean, and still, across the polished floor
From some unshuttered casement, hid from sight,
The level sunshine slants, its greater light
Quenching the little lamp which pallid, poor,
Flickering, unreplenished, at the door
Has striven against darkness the long night.
Dawn fills the room, and penetrating, bright,
The silent sunbeams through the window pour.
And she lies sleeping, ignorant of Fate,
Enmeshed in listless dreams, her soul not yet
Ripened to bear the purport of this day.
The morning breeze scarce stirs the coverlet,
A shadow falls across the sunlight; wait!
A lark is singing as he flies away.

THE FARMER'S PEDIGREE

BY DAVID BUFFUM

As my sons and I were mowing a field of heavy grain, we began, for the sake of coolness, to cut in the face of the wind. This makes bad work, but the mowing was hot and we tried several swaths across the field before we changed and mowed, as we should have done in the first place, with the wind at our backs. And there flashed across my mind the antiquity of the rule, so familiar to every farmer: 'Always mow with the wind at your back.' For it was laid down, centuries ago, by that grand old Greek farmer and military commander, Xenophon. 'For it is annoying, both to the eyes and the hands,' explains this old-time authority, 'to reap in the face of the stalks and ears.'

Present-day farmers do not read Xenophon to any great extent, nor, for that matter, any of the old classical authorities on agriculture: Cato, to whom Pliny refers as 'a man of consummate authority on all practical matters,' and 'deserving of high honor as the first agriculturist of his time'; Varro, who, at the age of eighty, wrote one of the most complete agricultural treatises that was ever written, full of the practical knowledge of a man who had spent a lifetime in the study and practice of agriculture; or Virgil, who, although a man of letters and the greatest poet of his age, was also a farmer, and did not deem agriculture a subject unworthy of the best efforts of his genius. I fear that the 'up-to-date' farmer — especially if he have a smattering of the sciences and can talk with some degree of near-correctness about nitrates

and phosphates and bacteria — has little respect for the classics, and would regard it as the sheerest waste of time to dig into the musty pages of these world-old authorities. And yet he might do so to advantage. Not one farmer in ten thousand knows as much about horses as Xenophon did; and Cato and Varro could give almost any of them points in land-management that are well worth the knowing, and show a greater intimacy with the subject than they themselves possess.

But it is not as text-books or as works of reference that these old authorities are of especial value; few, in these days, even of their admirers, would think of using them thus. It is that they contain a certain charm, hard to define and yet easily perceived, that is lacking in the treatises of modern times — a certain flavor of the fields and woods and honey-bees that runs, an unconscious accompaniment, through all their practical teachings. Then, too, their point of view, as a rule, was essentially right, and the honor that they paid to agriculture seems to have always come from a clear recognition of all that it really stands for. 'When agriculture flourishes,' observes Xenophon, 'all other pursuits are in full vigor; but when the ground is forced to lie barren other occupations are almost stopped, as well by land as by sea.'

Of these old farmers, although all are full of interest, Xenophon appeals to me the most. None of the others, it seems to me, has put into his writings quite so much heart — so much of the

spirit of the man who knew the land and loved his work, and to whom horses and dogs and sheep and cattle were as familiar as his own children.

And then, too, his fine sense, which runs like a thread of gold through all his writings, of agriculture as 'the most fitting employment for men of honorable birth'! No thoughtful man, from his day to ours, could affirm otherwise, however many there may be who are constrained to other callings. For the heritage of good birth unquestionably imposes obligations; and the management of land should not be left to those who do not realize its high mission or the service that is rendered by the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

To me, holding as the first article of my agricultural faith the moral obligation that attaches to the ownership of the soil, and, as one of no less importance, the necessity of physical labor to the permanent well-being of mind and body, Xenophon speaks across the intervening ages with the intimacy, the sympathetic quality, of an old friend. 'It is less creditable,' says he, 'for a man to remain in the house than to attend to things out of doors. The pursuit of agriculture is at once a means of enjoyment and of increasing resources; and it is also an exercise for the body, such as to strengthen it for discharging the duties that become a man of honorable birth. For, though it offers blessings in the greatest plenty, it does not permit us to take them in idleness, but requires us to accustom ourselves to endure the colds of winter and the heats of summer; to those whom it exercises in manual labor it gives an increase of strength, and in such as only oversee the cultivation of it, it produces a manly vigor by requiring them to rise early in the morning and forcing them to move about with activity.'

Then follows an observation that

shows, even if we did not know it from other sources, how dearly this old Greek farmer loved his horses and dogs. 'Again, farming offers the greatest convenience for keeping horses; and it also affords some incitement to exertion in hunting over the land, supplying facilities for the keeping of dogs and supporting beasts of game. The horses and dogs, moreover, which are kept by farming benefit the farm in return, the horse by carrying his master early in the morning to the scene of his labors and furnishing him the means of returning late; the dogs by preventing wild beasts from destroying the fruits of the earth and the cattle and by affording security, even in the most solitary places.' In this readiness to find a reason for keeping animals whose chief excuse is to give pleasure and which, except in limited numbers, are rarely necessary on a farm, Xenophon shows a very human weakness, which at once proclaims him of the same kind as ourselves, and brings him nearer. For my own part, I have almost always had more horses on my farm than I needed, and, if questioned about it, have usually found myself ready with some excellent reason why I should keep them.

But if Xenophon loved horses and dogs, he was none the less a practical farmer, and he gives important suggestions for the selection of good farm land, and for tillage, fertilizing, and the multitude of matters upon which a good farmer should be informed. Almost all of his views are singularly sound and shrewd, and as applicable now as in his day. He also addresses himself to those who are not versed in agriculture but contemplate taking it up, and he makes it very clear that farming, to be successful, must be learned, like any other business, — a truth which should be self-evident but which, strangely enough, is seldom realized outside the farmer's

ranks. It would be to the advantage of all who think that farming can be taken up without any special training to read what Xenophon has to say on the subject. 'Agriculture,' says he, 'is an art that renders those who understand it rich; but leaves those who do not understand it, however much they may labor in it, to live in poverty.' The term 'goods,' he tells us, may be defined as 'something that is serviceable to the owner. The same things, therefore, are goods to him who knows how to make use of them, but not goods to him who does not know. Land certainly cannot be called a part of a man's goods if, instead of supporting him, it brings him nothing but hunger.' It may be doubted if the matter were ever more truthfully presented.

Xenophon does not take up the management of horses in the *Economics*, but devotes a separate book to it; and on this subject he displays a knowledge that leaves all the other classical writers far behind. A great deal of the horse-treatise, if translated literally and printed in a modern magazine or agricultural paper, might easily pass for the work of a present-day writer. There are some few matters in the treatise with which, as a horseman, I could hardly agree; but, in the main, it is sound, and it remains one of the best treatises on horses and horsemanship that was ever written.

Like the *Economics*, the horse-treatise is very little read to-day. But, as to its real value and its adaptability to present-day needs, I may add that horsemanship is an art that is never new and never old. We may breed different types of horses, and we may harness and use them differently; but the points of excellence that combine to form the most perfect horse are the same in one age as in another. Xenophon, it is true, attached some importance to points that we care much

less about now, — as, for instance, a smooth, round back that is 'easy to sit upon,' which was owing to the fact that the Greeks did not use saddles but only a cloth, fastened to the horse's body by a surcingle; but these are minor matters. He knew the points of a good horse, and he knew horse-nature. And he had, too, that delight in horses that is only found in the true horseman, the man who loves as well as knows them. 'It is upon horses,' says he, 'that gods and heroes are painted riding; and men who are able to manage them skillfully are regarded as deserving of admiration. So extremely beautiful and admirable and noble a sight is a horse that bears himself superbly, that he fills the gaze of all who see him, both young and old; no one, indeed, leaves him or is tired of contemplating him so long as he continues to display his magnificent attitudes.'

Xenophon lived long on his farm, and when an old man still rode horseback and personally superintended its details. His personality is of a kind that all lovers of agriculture like to contemplate: an enthusiastic and successful farmer, an expert horseman, a writer who strove to instruct and help others in what he considered the highest of all sciences. It is no wonder that he lived to be old, for he understood and practiced the things that promote longevity. 'Health,' says he, 'is a surer attendant on a man when, after he has taken sufficient to eat, he works it off by proper exercise.' And we also find these sentences in the *Economics*: — 'I take my morning meal eating just so much as to pass the day neither empty nor over-full; and I never dine till I have put myself into a perspiration by some military or agricultural exercise.'

Cato's treatise, *De Re Rustica*, is much less gracefully written than Xenophon's books. Its author devotes little time to observations upon agriculture

as a calling, but lays down rules for its practical conduct, in sharp, incisive paragraphs in which no words are wasted. He was evidently a very different kind of man from Xenophon, and I fancy would have sneered at the latter's horses and dogs, and his fondness for riding horseback and for hunting. It is very easy, after reading his treatise, to imagine him saying that Xenophon might put in his time more profitably. He has none of the humor which appears so often in Varro's works; nor do the more graceful features of the business, which appealed so strongly to Virgil, seem to have interested him. He is nothing if not practical: he is economical to a marked degree, and there is so much about him that reminds one of a shrewd, forehanded old New England country deacon that one might almost suppose the latter had had him for a model. The value that he sets on frugality is shown in scores of places in his treatise. Thus, in stating the amount of clothing that a farmer should allow his farmhands, he says that 'a tunic of certain value' (whatever that may be) 'and a coarse cloak every other year' is enough. This would not seem a very heavy allowance, but, even with this, he proposes to take no chance of loss, for he adds, 'As often as you give a tunic or coarse cloak, first take the old one, as *centones* can be made from it.' The *cento* was a garment of patchwork, worn by slaves. Is there not here a suggestion of the patchwork quilt of New England, by which all stray scraps of cloth were to be saved and turned to account?

Reminders of New England ways and habits of thought are, in fact, constantly recurring in the treatise: the author's exceeding thrift, and his intolerance of what our forefathers called 'vain amusements,' are conspicuous features. His chapter on the duties of a housewife is especially characteristic.

'Take care that the housewife does her duty. Let her live in awe of you. Let her have as little intimacy as may be with the neighboring women, and let her not receive them in the family. Let her not go to entertainments, nor be fond of visiting. Let her not perform religious duties, but let her know that the master does religious offices for all the family.' This last is a masterstroke, showing that even in religious matters there may be economy and thrift, for surely it would be a waste of time for each member to do individually what can be done in a few minutes by one for all. 'Let her take care,' he continues, 'always to have victuals in readiness for you and the family. Let her keep a stock of hens that there may be a supply of eggs. Let her have dried peas, dried grapes and pears and quinces in casks carefully laid up every year.' The picture called up is strongly suggestive of the New England 'preserve closet,' and the attic with its strings of dried apples. How could our forefathers have refrained from reading Cato!

The mention of the attic reminds me that Cato was likewise not behindhand in the matter of herbs and home remedies. He does not mention hardhack, thoroughwort nor catnip, but I am sure he must have had them. 'Brassica' seems to have been his special pet. Concerning this plant, I am unable to speak more definitely than that it is of the botanical family to which cabbage belongs; and, as there are several varieties, it is not always clear (at least, to me) which one he means. 'The brassica,' says he, 'is a general medicine: it is salutary to the bowels, and a decoction of it is salubrious in all cases.' And he shamelessly adds that 'if you wish to drink plentifully at a feast and to sup freely, eat as much as you wish of it, raw, with vinegar, before supper, and when you have supped eat some more of it: it will promote digestion and enable

you to drink as much as you please.' This is hardly what one would expect from so austere a soul as Cato; but it is at least practical — and Cato was practical above all things. Possibly he thought it would be selfish to withhold so valuable a piece of knowledge.

He mentions a number of other things for which brassica is useful, and adds that it can always be used with entire safety — which certainly is a good recommendation. In many of his prescriptions there is a vein of strong sense; for 'an overloaded stomach,' for instance, he prescribes his pet remedy, brassica, but also recommends that the patient go to bed without supper and, on arising in the morning, eat no breakfast but '*walk for four hours*, and then go about his usual occupations.' There is little doubt that this would effect a cure. He also advises that in cases of fever the patient be allowed to drink what water he wants, in which, though an agriculturist and not a physician, he shows more intelligence than the trained doctors of a later period. On the whole, however, I do not think I should care to take his remedies. Few, even of the most nauseous, are prescribed in any stinted quantity: one — which he strongly advises 'when a cathartic is needed' — contains eleven ingredients, 'any one of which' he observes, complacently, 'is of a purgative quality, and the concoction will physic the patient with efficacy.' I should think it might.

But let no one suppose that Cato was a mere writer on household rules and home remedies. Despite his weakness for doctoring, it is in the practical work of farm and garden and stable that he is at his best. He is a master of the art that he essays to teach. No single subject connected with the agriculture of his day escapes him, and he begins at the beginning by telling how to choose a farm. He recommends that

it be within easy distance of good markets, and that it be situated on a river or a good road. There is no guess-work in his talk, and the many present-day farmers who cannot tell, with any degree of accuracy, the cost of raising a crop or keeping a cow or sheep, might learn a valuable lesson from this old Roman, who calculated to a nicety the cost of everything, and tells just how much of fodder and grain and litter is required to carry an ox or sheep through the winter. Next to his thrift, this accuracy is, perhaps, the most noteworthy thing in the treatise. Thoroughness, too, he always insists upon. 'What is good tillage?' he asks. 'First, to plough thoroughly: second, to plough: third, to manure.' In the original this seems still more concise and epigrammatic. '*Primum, bene arare: secundum, arare: tertium, stercorare.*' The other part of tillage, he adds, is 'to have good seed, to sow plentifully,' — which makes one wonder whether the farmers of that time had that strange proneness to scanty seeding that so many have to-day, — 'and to take up all the weeds that may grow during the season.' It would be impossible to express the matter any better or in fewer words.

Cato realized, as fully as Xenophon, that agriculture must be thoroughly learned before it can be made profitable. He characteristically observes that the farmer, to obtain the knowledge he needs, 'must not only *think* about planting, but he must *do* it,' — thus emphasizing the importance of that actual experience in the field without which no man, however much he may study farming in books, can ever succeed. He even expresses the opinion that it is necessary for the farmer to have been familiar with agriculture 'from his earliest infancy' — a flying start, surely. But in this extreme opinion he differs radically from Xenophon, who points out clearly that a man by diligent study

and practice can, at any time of life, become a good farmer, — a statement that I think no intelligent agriculturist would be inclined to dispute. Both books bespeak eloquently the personality of their writers, and the extreme and caustic opinion expressed by Cato is exactly what the reader would expect.

What strikes any reader of these old treatises is the thoroughness, the attention to minute details, with which every agricultural operation was carried out. No one who reads the careful and explicit directions for the planting of crops, the planting, grafting, and pruning of fruit trees, the care of grape-vines, and the breeding and management of live stock, could, by any possibility, suppose that the farming of those days was crude. Indeed, many of the rules tally exactly with our present-day practice. If I take, for instance, Cato's directions for planting an asparagus bed, and compare them with those of Peter Henderson (whose work on gardening is the commonly accepted standard among market-gardeners), I find no difference worth the mentioning. Henderson, indeed, says that the plants should be set nine inches apart in the row, while Cato says six; and Henderson states how far apart the rows should be, while Cato simply says they should be far enough apart to leave room to cultivate the ground between them. But a man could follow either authority and succeed equally well.

In scores of other instances the rules laid down by the classical authorities are strikingly familiar. The agricultural journals, every year, urge upon farmers the desirability of having some green forage to feed to their stock in time of drouth, so as to leave intact the hay that is stored up for winter. Cato also recommends the feeding of 'green leaves' in the same way, and says, 'Keep the dry provender which

you have laid up for winter and think how long a winter it may be.' The best modern authorities recommend the mowing of grass for hay before it has gone to seed. Cato says, 'Mow your hay in the proper season and be cautious that you do not mow it too late. Cut it before the seed is ripe.' Even in the more unusual departments of farming, which in many English and American works on agriculture are wholly omitted, we find the old Roman entirely at home. Take, for instance, the French rule for cramming fowls for fattening (I quote from Tegetmeir's standard work), which is to make *patons*, or pellets, of buckwheat or barley flour and always to dip these pellets in water when fed. 'The dipping in water is essential,' says the writer; and adds that 'the chicken should have two meals in twenty-four hours, twelve hours apart.' Cato, writing on the same subject, says, 'Make pellets of flour or barley meal; dip them in water; administer them. Cram them twice a day.' The French authority says the amount fed is to be 'gradually increased till it reaches twelve or fifteen pellets.' Cato's rule is, 'Add a little gradually every day. Judge of what is sufficient from the chicken's voracity.'

Cato's treatise is worth reading, if only for the closer acquaintance it gives us with the writer. It throws strong light on his character, his way of looking at things, his prejudices, even his superstitions — for he was by no means free from the latter. There was a great deal to admire in this old farmer who was so thorough and painstaking in his work; and if, in many ways, he was the prototype of the New England deacon, there was often much to admire in the deacon, too.

The treatise of Marcus Terentius Varro, who was a friend of Cicero's and reckoned one of the most able and learned men of his time, is, on the whole,

a more complete work than Cato's, taking up the various subjects at greater length and confining itself more closely to strictly agricultural matters. The author states, by way of preface, that he has reached the age of eighty, that he realizes that man's life is but a bubble, and that he is writing down his instructions in farming for the benefit of his wife, Fundania, that she may have less trouble in managing the farm after he is dead.

Varro seems to have had none of Cato's austerity; indeed, he writes in a very cheerful vein, and often indulges in pleasantries; nor had he the great Censor's fondness for household recipes and loathsome remedies for coughs, colds, and bowel troubles. He believes that such things have no place in an agricultural treatise, and indulges in a rather sharp thrust at Cato for including them in his book. Referring to the trivialities and superfluous matter to be found in the works of certain writers on agriculture, whom he evidently considers of little account, he adds, 'As if, indeed, such things are not to be found in other writers! Are there not in the book of the celebrated Cato, which is published concerning agriculture, such things as these: how you are to make cakes, and in what manner you are to salt flitches of bacon? Not to mention that other prescription of his that if one wishes to indulge in over-eating and drinking at an entertainment he must eat some leaves of brassa steeped in vinegar!'

Like both Xenophon and Cato, Varro points out that farming must be learned before it can be profitably engaged in; and the conscientiousness of all these classical authorities who, while praising agriculture as a calling, are very careful not to lure any one into it who has not had sufficient training, cannot be too highly praised. 'The two things most essential in agriculture,' he says,

'are, whether the profit will be adequate to the expense and labor; and whether the situation is healthy or not. If either of these is not attainable and any one wishes to farm, he is insane and is to be put under the custody of his relations. For no one, of sound mind, ought to wish to incur expenses in farming if he sees that there can be no recompense; or, if there be a probability of a recompense, if he sees that destruction is likely to ensue from pestilence.'

He also makes it clear that to make a farm pay, the kind of farming that is carried on must be adapted to its situation. A florist, for instance, he says, is not likely to succeed on a farm that is too remote from the class of people who buy flowers, 'the business of raising violets and roses' being profitable only in the near neighborhood of large cities. He tells us, too, how, even on a good farm, a man may fail through bad judgment and the failure to grasp the true proportion of things, — as for instance, in erecting too large or too small a farmstead. 'For we build great houses at considerable expense, and we keep them up with greater,' says he; 'and when they are less than the farm requires, the produce is usually wasted.'

As in the other treatises, the importance of diligence, close economy, and so managing that every feature of the farm shall be turned to account, is always urged. Indeed, in the latter respect, he sometimes fairly out-Catos Cato — as, for instance, when he is speaking of the love-affairs that are always taking place on a farm between the farm-hands and the maids in the kitchen — a matter that, from his day to ours, has been a source of more or less annoyance to every farmer who employs much help. To provide for the possibility of a serious outcome of any of these amours, he advises that only strong, healthy young women be employed, who would be likely to pro-

duce vigorous offspring. This, from a staid old gentleman of eighty who, as he tells us, realizes that man's life is but a bubble, and who is writing for his wife, because he expects so soon to leave her, is perhaps hardly what we should expect. The old pagan cheerfully adds, however, that 'such a pastoral Venus has usually no higher ambition,' and explains that farm-hands who are born and raised on the farm are generally more satisfactory than those obtained from elsewhere.

Varro lived up to his privileges as an octogenarian by lamenting, in good, orthodox style, the decay of the good old times. 'Our illustrious ancestors,' says he, 'preferred those who lived in the country to the inhabitants of cities, and not without reason. But families have now crept into towns, having taken leave of the scythe and the plough, and choose to be in the theatre and circus, rather than in the field and vineyard.' Has not this a familiar ring? I think it ought to make some of our present-day advocates of 'back to the soil' blush for their lack of originality.

But if Varro thus lamented, he was, on the whole, a cheerful and sociable old gentleman, and his book is full of allusions to calls from neighboring farmers who dropped in to discuss various farm topics with him, and is, in fact, largely made up of these discussions. And there is scarcely a page that has not a touch of his dry humor. In his discussion of the profits of fish-culture, he says, 'When our friend Q. Hortensius had fish-ponds built at great expense I have been frequently with him at his villa and I have always known him to send to Puteoli to buy fish for supper.' And, as if this were not a sufficient commentary, he further observes that Hortensius not only had to buy fish for his table, but often had to lay in a large supply of small fish to feed to those he was raising.

Hortensius was evidently a man who farmed for pleasure rather than profit, and of this kind of farming we already know Varro's opinion. He also recounts characteristically the exploit of Lucullus, another Roman who farmed for pleasure, and was a great bird and poultry fancier. Lucullus, who was an original and inventive soul, had a dining-room constructed in his aviary 'where he might sup in style and see some birds dressed and served up while others were flying about the windows.' Apparently he did not find dining in a hen-house as satisfactory as he expected, 'For the birds flying about the windows,' observed Varro, 'do not please the eye so much as the disagreeable smell of the place overpowers and offends the nose.'

Virgil's agricultural poem — the *Georgics* — takes up the same points as the other treatises. Although, as we would expect in a poet, he sometimes branches off in picturesque descriptions of rural scenes and events, it is nevertheless evident that he was a thorough-going farmer, and one likes to think of him in his villa, looking out at his colts in their pasture as he wrote the famous line in the *Æneid*, —

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum.*

No man could have written that line who did not know something about horses and did not love the soul-stirring music of hoof and wheel. I do not think the *Georgics* as valuable a book on agriculture as Varro's treatise, but it shows its author to have been no less well-versed in agricultural knowledge and skill. It is simply that he was poet first, and farmer afterwards.

Now, what are we to learn from these old agriculturists who wrote so conscientiously and painstakingly of the art they loved? First, perhaps, that agriculture has not advanced as much since their time as the scientific farmer

of to-day likes to think it has. For if we go even further back than the Greek and Roman writers we find that the Arabs understood the science of horse-breeding as fully as does any one to-day; and Jacob, when he tended the flocks of Laban in Padanaram, solved a problem which no one who did not understand the principles of heredity and atavism could possibly work out. They teach us, too, how in any old and advanced civilization agriculture comes to hold a higher place, and to be considered one of the most fitting matters for the attention and efforts of men of intelligence and culture.

But none of these, it seems to me, is the chief lesson — namely, that the immutable principles upon which good agriculture depends were first learned, not by chemistry or soil-analyses or laboratory experiments, but by simple experience and observation in the field itself. It is quite probable, for instance, that Jacob knew nothing of chemistry. But he understood the laws of heredity when he bred his ring-streaked and spotted cattle — just as Moses understood them when he said that the result of the sins of the fathers would show in the children to the third and fourth generation. And it is almost certain that Cato could not have told the proportion of ammonia or phosphorus or potash in a given manure, but he could and did tell the kinds of manure best suited to different soils and crops, and I have not found a single instance in which he was in error.

'The elements of agriculture,' says Varro, 'are the same as those of the world: water, earth, air, the sun. These things are to be understood before you sow your seed, which is the origin of vegetation.' This is in every respect as true to-day as when it was first written. 'These things are to be understood,' and they are to be understood practically: the knowledge must be a

working one. And the man who, by his own experience and observation, has learned the kind of soil and the kind of manure adapted to a certain crop, and the kind of cultivation necessary to bring it to its greatest perfection (even though he have no knowledge of chemistry or of soil- or manure-analyses), has gone a great deal further toward successful agriculture than he who, without this practical training, has all that can be learned in school or laboratory at his tongue's end.

Nor can science do much more, in many instances, than to explain the principles that are thus practically learned. Let us take, for instance, the effect of manure and tillage on young plants. Liebig tells us (*Organic Chemistry*) that a young plant derives its nourishment from carbonic acid, which is supplied by the gradual decay of humus in the soil. This decay (and consequent formation of carbonic acid) is, of course, hastened by the presence of oxygen. 'Humus acts in the same manner in a soil permeable to air as in the air itself,' says Liebig, 'and, by loosening the soil which surrounds young plants, we favor the access of air and the formation of carbonic acid; on the other hand, the quantity of [plant] food is diminished by every difficulty which opposes the renewal of air.'

The explanation has never been quite satisfactory to me, but it has long met with a very general acceptance. But many a man who knows nothing of such matters knows the value of manure and the necessity of frequent and thorough tillage. He knows not only that the loosened earth serves as a mulch, to retain the moisture below, but also that in some other way, not so easy to understand, tillage favors the growth of the plant. Cato knew it when he wrote 'Primum, bene arare; secundum, arare: tertium, stercorare.' In other words, chemistry only explains a pro-

cess that every good farmer already knows is necessary.

But there remain many laws of nature — laws, too, with which all are familiar, and which the trained agriculturist, even more than the ignorant one, is obliged constantly to take into consideration — that science cannot explain. In the breeding of animals, for instance, no one can tell why two animals, of exactly the same blood, and bred under exactly similar conditions, are different. Even twins when, so far as can be discovered the conditions of creation do not vary in the slightest degree, differ both physically and mentally. Darwin points out that this phenomenon has never been made clear; the reason for it seems to be beyond our ken. But the action of the law itself is known and recognized; no horse-breeder expects to raise two horses that are exactly alike, and he knows that, having produced one animal of a marked degree of superiority in any given respect, his ability to produce another is uncertain. The tendency to individual variation seems to be as fixed as the tendency to general similarity. And yet he knows that the tendency to variation is much less in thoroughbred stock than in mongrels; that to breed with any certainty as to result he must confine himself to such stock; and that the older the type — the longer the stream has run in the same channel without contamination or admixture — the greater are his chances of getting the result he desires. And the breeder who, after half a life-time of study and experiment has come to certain conclusions regarding heredity and pre-natal influences and food-values, is confronted by the fact that, after all, he has probably learned nothing that is new; and that Moses

and Jacob and the descendants of Ishmael knew the same things three thousand years ago.

Does all this indicate that such things as biology and chemistry, and soil- and food-analyses are of no value? By no means. They are both useful and desirable to the student of agriculture. But it teaches us that the great laws upon which good agriculture and successful stock-breeding depend are made evident through phenomena which are open to the perception of all; and that they can be learned by any man who will observe and study and practice, — just as Varro and Xenophon learned them, — without experience in the laboratory or having ever heard of Liebig.

I would not wish to be misunderstood, or to appear to underestimate our agricultural schools and colleges and the good and conscientious work that many of them are doing. But I believe that the tendency of many of our agricultural instructors is to attach too much importance to theoretical knowledge, and too little to the knowledge that comes from a close intimacy with the subject in a purely practical way; as, for instance, the raising of a horse that *must* go fast and go far to answer his purpose, or a crop that *must* be large and heavy to have its value exceed the cost of growing it. In other words, that the tendency is to treat agriculture as a science that furnishes an interesting field for study and experiment and research, rather than as a business which must be made to pay a profit.

It was in this latter aspect alone that the classical writers studied agriculture; and therein, I think, lay the reason for the surprising accuracy of many of their conclusions.

ARISTOCRATIC AND DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

PROFESSOR Grant Showerman in a recent essay very cleverly ridicules what he calls our 'national belief in universal education': 'Having therefore settled that knowledge was power, and that power was happiness, and that every one had the inalienable right to it, the American democracy set to in a fine glow to make straight the way for every one to lay hold on that same knowledge which was power, which was happiness. It universalized elementary education by making it the public right. It went further, and made it a public duty — a duty first because education was a necessary ingredient of good citizenship, and again a duty because it was a factor in the happiness of the individual. Whether the individual wanted it or not, he should have the instrument of knowledge and power thrust into his hands. To be sure, it was a free country; but still, if a man didn't know enough to be happy of his own accord, he ought to be compelled to. He should be saved from himself, even if it took a truant officer.'

This, of a democracy. One might suppose that only democracies believe in universal education. Such is, of course, not the case. More than forty years ago Matthew Arnold, investigating continental education for the Schools Enquiry Commissioners wrote: 'It may be broadly said that in all the civilized States of Continental Europe education is compulsory except in France and Holland. . . . Instruction is obligatory for lower, middle, and upper classes alike.'

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The modern world — democratic and aristocratic alike — appears, then, to be of one mind respecting the wisdom or necessity of universal education. Meanwhile the various societies of this modern world work on very different social theories; therefore, though they agree that universal education is necessary, they cannot possibly agree as to the reason. A short distance they travel together. Universal education, they say in concert, is necessary because it is designed to put men into possession of such elements of knowledge as they may need for the purpose of earning a livelihood or of communicating with their fellows. But this is not the whole of it; popular education has long since gone a good way beyond this point. It has become perhaps the main tool by means of which a given society, or the governing part of that society, endeavors to promote the most dearly cherished objects for which the society as a whole believes itself to exist. Universal education, then, must have just as many different reasons for promotion as societies have — or think they have — for existence.

To bring this out clearly let us contrast from this point of view two diverse societies, Prussia and the United States. They are both prosperous, progressive, and highly self-conscious peoples. Both ardently believe in education, and in universal education. They are seeking, however, very different social and national ends. They must therefore believe in education and in universal education for very different

reasons; they must practice it with very different expectations as to what they are going to get out of it.

The presupposition of universal education in Prussia is the existence of a society organized on an aristocratic basis; universal national education must be so construed as to aid in conserving this organization. It has indeed much to do besides: national eminence is, for example, conditioned by economic and social efficiency. Universal education has therefore to promote industrial vigor. But the larger conservative purpose is never forgotten in the nearer aggressive one. Subtly and fundamentally qualifying the method and spirit of the schools is the purpose to maintain the present social organization stable and intact. The schools are a means of social discipline, devoted to the maintenance of the *status quo*. The more thorough they are educationally, the more effectual they are as means of social constraint.

The Germans drill the mind as they drill the body; they have educational, as they have military, conscription, purchasing a specific sort of power — physical and mental alike — at the expense of range and spontaneity. A strong presumption is thus created that the child will not disturb the social structure by breaking away from the station to which he is born. The nineteenth century witnessed an enormous expansion in university attendance; but it barely touched the lower strata of society. It did not disturb social adjustments. Even now the son of an inferior workman very rarely reaches the University; the sons of artisans are less numerous in the University and Gymnasium than they were a few generations ago. A full third of the present university enrollment hails from official and professional circles; a fourth are sons of academically bred fathers. 'Higher education,' says

Eulenberg, 'is obviously a family tradition'; by the same token, other grades of education must be equally traditional. How unusual is marked displacement of an individual, one readily gathers from Paulsen's charming account of the way in which one peasant boy contrived to begin the career that ended in the professorship of philosophy and education at Berlin: —

'The destiny of the only son was a matter of course; I should be the successor of my parents on the little farm. That my inclination and talents were especially adapted to this could hardly be maintained. My parents were not deceived about this. I showed more predilection for books than became a peasant. On the other hand, my interest in oxen and sheep, my ability to tell them apart, and to value them, by no means came up to expectation, so that I had often to listen to the reproach, "You'll never make a decent farmer!"

. . . It happened one day in my fourteenth year, as I was supping with my parents, that I was again chided on the ground that I would never make a capable farmer. Unexpectedly, but not accidentally, I broke in, "Well, I don't want to be a farmer, either." "What on earth do you want to be then?" asked my mother. "I want to study."

And so he finally did.

Such an occasional transfer, however, imperils nothing. It is, in the first place, exceptional: only an unusual individual thus changes his place. In the second place, the Gymnasium, to which he is transferred from the *Volkschule*, is itself a highly conservative institution. Linguistic drill — ancient and modern — plays a considerable part; the instruction in history is designed to impose a distinctively Prussian version of historic development; that in religion is calculated to implant in the child's mind the official interpretation of the

universe. The general demeanor is favorable to the preservation of accepted distinctions.

I find it somewhat difficult to make my meaning clear without overstating the point which I wish to emphasize. German education is serious, substantial, and progressive. How efficient and successful it has been, no competing modern nation needs now to be told. In both productive and applied science and scholarship it has led, and on the whole still leads, the world. In its higher stages it even gives the individual unhampered scope, — but the sanctity of the particular form which society has historically assumed has been previously safeguarded. The German University student enjoys unique and total freedom; but his formative years were spent under a system concerned with the development of power, preconditioned by disciplined community in specific social and intellectual ideals. The Gymnasium trains classes rather than individuals. It trains them admirably indeed, but in the process consciously endeavors to commit them to a distinct and restrictive social ideal. That battle won, the University may safely leave things free; whether in the long run the battle is going to stay won depends on factors that I need not now mention.

Similarly, the German faculty is a thoroughly democratic body. It governs itself so far as it is governed at all; its members do what and as they please. We must not, however, overlook the existence of the initial control by which this freedom at the higher level is effectually preconditioned. It is quite safe to allow a good deal of internal democracy, if the entire organization is in the first place put upon an aristocratic plane. The inner relations of an aristocracy may be very democratic indeed, but the whole remains aristocratic still. Paulsen, a decidedly liberal

thinker, argues strongly for the right and duty of the state to exclude from university chairs of political science teachers whose tenets conflict with the officially approved social order. The professor is, he insists, a state official; he may freely criticize abuse, but as an official he is bound to protect and defend the state he serves. The government has, however, gone much further than this in making the University a bulwark of the *status quo*. For, whatever be the essential character of the professor, the *Privatdocent* is not an official and hence has no official duties. In a critical case, a *Privatdocent* in physics, Dr. Arons, was, despite the opposition of the philosophical faculty of Berlin University, deprived by the government of his docentship because of membership in the Social-Democratic party.

That the University is — whatever else it is — a pawn in the social struggle, we can most clearly perceive in the preliminary fencing now taking place at Frankfurt-am-Main. The founding of a university is in Germany — as it should be everywhere else — a deeply serious business. Need must be conclusively proved; adequate facilities and resources must be clearly demonstrated. There was once in academic affairs a day of small things; in civilized modern communities that day has long since passed by. That an additional Prussian university is now required, the Government concedes; Frankfurt is an appropriate location; and the rich city already possesses a considerable part of the necessary material equipment in the shape of laboratories, hospitals, endowments, etc. Practically only the details of organization and policy remain to be settled: but, alas, they are already settled in advance.

The German University has been in recent years severely criticized even by its friends: Lamprecht at Leipzig, Bern-

heim at Greifswald, have, among others, pointed out serious maladjustments of mediæval origin; these are indeed pretty generally admitted. Correcting them, however, is a difficult matter, for in conservative countries ancient institutions lend themselves but awkwardly to experimental reconstruction. At such a juncture a new establishment would appear to furnish precisely the opportunity needed. Some new departments might be tried; if successful, they could be imitated elsewhere. But the government intends otherwise. The new university at Frankfurt begins by adopting the historical evolution of the existing University. In organization, administration, and policy it departs not a shade from institutions bound by the traditions of centuries. What Strassburg did in the seventies, Frankfurt will do half a century later: like the novice who enters a religious order, it is at once indistinguishable from its sister universities.

The details that remain to be settled are, as I have said, settled in advance. A local committee of fifteen has had the project in charge; it has split on social-political lines. Four Social Democrats have been consistently outvoted by eleven representatives of the official and professional classes. On both sides a political and social issue is felt to be involved in the creation of an institution of higher learning. To us at this moment the merits or demerits of the counter-proposal of the minority do not come into question. Significant of the character of the contest is, however, their declaration: 'We took part in the work of this Commission on the theory that it would be possible so to organize the new university that at least the well-known Prussian grievances due to political interference might be remedied, and a road be opened for progressive university development. Our expectations have been disappointed.

The majority has taken the position that the new Frankfurt University has to comply with all existing regulations, if it hopes to receive the requisite governmental sanction.'

A single-minded educational scheme, be it ever so complex, lends itself readily to extension and systematization, from both the educational and the administrative point of view. Various social classes have each its appropriate form of discipline; immense administrative vigor is possible where definite notions as to what each class requires can be clearly stated in advance. The Prussian schoolmaster is, as a rule, untroubled by theoretic doubts; he has been carefully selected and skillfully trained so as not to have them. Whatever the part played by local authorities, the entire system is regulated by a central keyboard. From the common school, from the Gymnasium, from the University, from the technical school, all roads lead to the *Cultus Ministerium*. When every morning at eleven o'clock the bureau chiefs in the educational ministry in Berlin meet round a table in Wilhelmstrasse, all the school interests and school activities of Prussia have there come together, just as the spokes of a wheel converge upon the hub. From that table radiate outward lines which reach and bind together every Prussian university, every Prussian school.

To this intelligent, centralized guidance, the symmetrical development of higher education in Germany is attributable. Officials of competent intelligence and adequate authority ascertain what science and scholarship demand and make possible: laboratories, libraries, staff organization, what not, they proceed to furnish them. The German University presents therefore an even front. No branch lacks anywhere the internal organization to which it is entitled, or the support it requires

from other branches. Law, medicine, engineering, theology, are homogeneously developed at a high level; inferior alternatives are not tolerated.

Within the Gymnasium likewise progressive readjustment takes place; but with deliberation, and only after the new elements have been more or less subdued to the prevailing objects. A strong and wise government knows not only when to yield, but how to make even its concessions serve its own farsighted purposes. The history of modern Germany is conclusive proof that the government has steered a skillful course between repression and renovation. Indeed, the success which has attended its policy confirms the nation in its habit of trusting the leadership of the state. Professor Harnack, one of the most distinguished of living German scholars, in a recent paper urging that the time has come when private benefactors must supplement governmental funds devoted to educational and scientific ends, deplors the fact that, as he says, 'with us in Germany, one expects everything from the state.' But this is precisely the attitude of mind which German education has both presumed upon and aimed to foster. The government that desires to keep education in its own hands for purposes that it thoroughly approves must perforce expect to be its sole patron. The Prussian government supports its own version of universal education because it can thus, in an enlightened and effective manner, execute a policy calculated to maintain the order upon which it rests.

Very different is the presupposition of universal education in a democratic society. There, in the first place, society, instead of being more or less highly stratified, is regarded as in process of making. The individual, instead of being more or less certainly destined to a particular place, is to be rendered as

free as possible to find his own place, and from it to exercise his powers in helping to determine the precise form the social revolution will next take. The late Professor William James, in this sense a characteristically democratic philosopher, used to insist that the entire universe is an unfinished affair, the course of whose development is bound to be novel and unexpected. In such an environment, whatever else an individual's education must do for him, it must first of all prepare him to participate in activities which it is open to him also to modify by the creative outcome of his own endeavors.

One sees at once how different the implicit presuppositions of the two educational systems actually are; what different purposes universal education may be made to serve. The Prussian system is part of the steel framework which tends to keep society and the distribution of social functions pretty much as they now are. Our own system, based on the assumption that our present imperfections can be remedied only by change, attempts, in theory at least, to promote and to take advantage of social plasticity. The reassignment of the individual is, of course, not impossible in Germany; but the educational system is not designed to facilitate it: not education, but industry, is the social solvent that is disintegrating German society. The reassignment of the individual on his own merits is, on the other hand, the explicit purpose of universal education in America. 'In the last one hundred years,' writes Professor Dewey, 'the right of each individual to spiritual self-development and self-possession, and the interest of society as a whole in seeing that each of its members has an opportunity for education, have been recognized in publicly maintained schools, from kindergarten through the college to the engineering and professional school.'

There is, however, another basis for American belief in education aside from the development of endowment as the ethical right of the individual. The perfectibility of social life on this earth has never been an accepted article of popular belief abroad: there the golden age has always been referred to a pre-historic past or a postmundane future; education had nothing to do with either. Our own social philosophy was in the first place highly optimistic; we began with thinking that, given favorable conditions — and here they were! — things would inevitably go well. The simple faith that all things must eventually go right with us, has strongly tinged American thinking, writing, and doing. We are disillusioned now. We have awakened from our dream to realize that, in new countries as in old, things do not of themselves go well. Mere transplantation across the Atlantic was not of itself enough. People thus change their skies, not themselves. The passions and weaknesses to which the defects of European society were due crossed the Atlantic with the immigrants who have filled our cities and taken up our farms. They hated inequality and oppression, partly at least, as it turns out, because they were the inferior and the oppressed. Too often where they have been able to get possession of the necessary resources and position here, they have been quick to assert a galling and unrighteous superiority. Again, our early political philosophers in expecting a beneficent order spontaneously to assert itself, were ignorant of the facts now embodied in the evolutionary philosophy. They did not realize how incompletely man has as yet outgrown the baser and fiercer traits of animal origin. Nor did they dream of the new powers, the new opportunities, the new temptations, that would accompany and offset the scientific developments of recent years.

In the face of disillusionment we did not abandon our faith. We are still fundamentally optimistic; we still believe that our democratic venture will pay. We even believe that the newly discovered and applied powers, from which gross evils have come, may in the end prove almost wholly beneficent. But we no longer think that things will, or even tend to, go well of themselves: they have got to be made to go well.

Education is what we nowadays rely on to make them go well. Education has therefore in a democracy a positive function in reference to an ideal hoped for, as against a negative function in reference to a status already established. The democratic world wants to be saved, not conserved; it is convinced that if it is to be saved at all, its salvation will come by education. Democratic purpose does not achieve itself spontaneously, however favorable the environment; it does not even get realized when the mere elements of a good education have been communicated to every child in the land. Something much more elaborate is found necessary. What Professor Showerman calls the 'democratic dream of education,' requires, as he very truly says, not only the grammar school, but the high school, the college, and the state university.

The fact is that we have discovered that democracy needs — more so than any other social form — to be both intensively and extensively educated, albeit extensive and intensive organization is not itself native to the genius of democratic society. Here we once more rub against a fundamental contrast. Organization comes relatively easy to monarchical, aristocratic, or other kinds of paternal government. They can go a long way without asking permission; they possess a good deal of initiative; within fairly large limits, they make up their minds as to what is

good for the people or in the interest of the governing classes, and 'jam it through'; they come nearer, then, to covering their field; in point of scope they are more adequately representative of the total national interest, as they conceive it.

Democratic government, on the other hand, tends necessarily to be inadequate to represent the total interest of its own society. And for this reason: what a democratic government can do depends upon consent. The sphere within which a government can act which must first obtain the consent and the support of the public tends always to be restricted to a minimum. Democracy lacks, therefore, driving force; it is deficient in initiative, in the ability to conceive and to execute comprehensive designs. The veto is very easily applied even by a minority. Sanitation and transportation and education and art are, for example, among the vital concerns of the nation. But until there is pretty general agreement about them, democratic governments are apt to be supine. Difference about even minor detail may remove a subject from governmental action for the time, or restrict governmental action to narrow limits. Democratic governments are therefore apt to lag a long way behind really intelligent opinion.

It is, then, on the face of the facts a simpler matter to organize and systematize the educational activities of an aristocracy than those of a democracy. Indeed, what democracy counts as the natural defects of systems as such, namely their resistant power, their inelasticity, are among the qualities which commend systematization to conservative thinkers. They want something that does not yield too easily, that tends to reduce the unit to conformity with the type, and that will even take over to itself the exception. Social stability is so important

to a caste organization that it is on the whole safer not to make miscellaneous individual development too easy. On the other hand, organized educational system being necessary if democracy is to handle its undertaking, a way must be found to overcome, in the first place, its disinclination to comprehensive systematization; in the second, the defects to which systems as such are liable.

The creation of flexible 'wide-open' state systems of education now fairly under way is the response of society to this need, — a development which is assuredly one of the surprises of democracy. President Pritchett has very truly pointed out that 'the fathers would have looked upon a state university which crowned a compulsory public-school system as an autocrat dangerous to liberty.' The ultimate objects of democracy have thus already greatly modified some of its prominent original tendencies.

Still another striking and perhaps equally characteristic contrast may be pointed out, in respect to the origin and control of progressive movements in education. I spoke a moment ago of the tendency in paternal and aristocratic governments to leave everything educational to the state. I meant not only the routine conduct of education: the tendency applies to readjustment and reform as well. Education is in Prussia a thing for experts, the naturally conservative instincts of the expert being in this instance accentuated; for he is either an official or a teacher, both strongly conservative in tendency. Experimentation within the Prussian schools therefore takes place only within relatively narrow limits; nor is it much freer outside the system, for the state holds private educational ventures to the legalized school standards. Unquestionably the nation is thus protected against serious abuses not un-

known elsewhere; but there are disadvantages. Ostwald, in his interesting book on *Great Men*, after pointing out that as a rule the scientific investigator has found the humanistic Gymnasium a hostile discipline, shows how the situation is practically deadlocked so far as decisive improvement is concerned: 'With the well-known tone of conviction, the conservative declares, "One must not experiment with the schools." How then is one to improve education, if one is forbidden to experiment? Usually they expect to improve it by getting an expert or a commission of experts to work out a curriculum, which without further testing is put to work.' Protest and criticism therefore take place almost wholly within the system; the principle of progress is inside the system. It keeps to the point and is guilty of no absurdities; but it lacks volume and breadth of view.

By way of contrast, the principle of educational progress in the United States is largely outside the system. Here educational discussion and suggestion proceed merrily, without excessive attention to expert counsel. The bars are down. Teachers themselves may freely criticize and experiment. So may any one else. Indeed, professional training has hitherto been so feeble that it has hardly drawn a sharp line between teachers and laymen. The fact is that the struggle to construct educational systems which shall not operate restrictively, which shall not be based upon the acceptance of *a priori* conventional values, but which shall respond to the whole range of social and individual need, could not possibly be worked out by trained experts alone.

We shall need the expert at every stage; but even so, not the conventional expert whose point of view is identified with a traditional system. The drawbacks to the 'wide-open' school

situation which results are obvious enough. It is for the moment confused beyond description. Pending the elucidation of the problem of values, no particular values are respected. There is no agreement as to what is more, what less important; as to what is essential, and what incidental or instrumental. Institutional competition has aggravated the confusion. Will the ultimate objects of democracy here again modify its original impulsive tendencies: will coöperation, largely voluntary, bring the necessary degree of control in reference to larger ends, the necessary organization and differentiation, once competing values have been permitted to try themselves out? Meanwhile the interesting characteristic phenomenon with which we are here concerned is the collaboration in criticism, suggestion, and construction of the educator and the interested layman in the United States. We have associations of educators, to be sure, as the Germans have their recent *Bund für Schulreform*: but we have parents' associations, employers' associations, and other non-professional educational associations besides.

A thoroughly characteristic organization of this kind is the Public Education Association of New York, made up of men and women none of whom may in any capacity be connected with the schools, and aiming in all possible ways to improve and to supplement the school system of the city. Its relation to the school system of New York is at once sympathetic, helpful, and critical. It assists the schools in their efforts to procure the larger funds which they imperatively need; it watches with a jealous eye all proposed educational legislation; and it maintains a staff of visiting teachers who ply between the school and the home, searching in individual cases for the causes of school failure and endeavoring to supply the

conditions under which better results may in each instance be obtained. The canny urchins of the East Side shrewdly designate these agents as 'lady cops.' Absolutely without official status, they are welcomed equally by the principal and teachers on the one hand, and by the parents and children on the other. The Public Education Association of New York is a striking example of the fecundity of a democracy in devising ways of *not* leaving everything to the state.

I suspect that we strike rock-bottom here; we touch a contrast that goes far beyond the single phase with which we have been dealing. Democracy marks itself off from aristocracy, not only in governing itself through agents of its own choosing; it goes far outside official lines in self-governance. In this sense we govern ourselves by the Child-Labor Society, the Consumers' League, the Civic Federation, or the Education Association, as truly as by departments of commerce, labor, education, etc. The official type of agency.—governmental departments, for instance — represents what has made its way, has won recognition and formulation; the non-official type of agency represents the vague, the more or less inchoate. But democracy includes both; and the successful, responsive, progressive democracy is that in which official and non-official agencies are found in close sympathy and interaction.

Political philosophers once held that, as democracy is essentially a government in which all citizens freely participate, pure democracy perished when the town meeting went to pieces. In the town meeting, citizens met, discussed their problems, chose their officials, and later scrutinized their acts. Official and citizen coöperated in governing. As towns became bigger, population more numerous, and municipal pro-

blems more complex, the town meeting ceased to be feasible or effective. It remains true, nevertheless, that democratic government involves the participation of the citizen far beyond the point of merely choosing representatives and executives: he must actually coöperate. Is it fanciful to suggest that the spontaneous and supplementary organizations I have mentioned are an effort to provide a substitute for the town meeting? In these organizations the citizen once more participates in the actual conduct of affairs; through these organizations he retains things more or less in his own hands. He keeps in contact with problems, officials, and other citizens; and this contact develops civic sense and civic responsibility, — which was precisely the virtue of the old town meeting. Do we not thus reproduce in essence the town meeting?

Grant that nowadays the area is too wide for frequent assemblies. Well, voluntary association can be city-wide, state-wide, nation-wide, according to the problem at issue. Municipal communities are now unmanageably large. Very well! Voluntary associations devoted to particular objects are easily manageable. Problems have become too knotty for profitable discussion by ill-informed general gatherings. Very well then! By differentiation, by devoting separate bodies with expert guidance and advice to each of the several problems under discussion, we escape random and uninformed discussion. Finally, there are too many issues for any one assembly to handle. Differentiation breaks them up and distributes them feasibly. In this way the people are brought into direct contact with their own problems, just as they were in the old town meeting. And as all these varied activities come together, their unity reproduces the unity of more primitive conditions.

Voluntary association for specific social ends is thus the democratic way of not leaving everything to the state. By the character and spirit and earnestness and number of these bodies, the actual level of democratic life may at any moment be known. They are indeed the most unmistakable indications of the level of our social morality and intelligence. In this sense, a student seeking to gauge American democracy at this moment must give due weight to the Consumers' League, on the one hand, and to Tammany Hall on the other. They are all alike freely formed aggregates for the attainment of definite ends. Which is really representative of that which the American nation actually and permanently wills? Which of them will eventually bend to its purposes and ideal the authority and resources of the state? That issue still hangs undecided. Its decision depends largely upon the seriousness and earnestness which men and women can bring to voluntary organizations aiming to create sound public opinion, and to initiate and sustain measures that seek to give that opinion effect.

What is true elsewhere is true of education. The Prussian government can create and operate an admirable educational system; they can in some measure fashion the people by means of it. No American state government can do likewise. Here state institutions and privately endowed and supported enterprises under only indirect and ineffective state control exist side by side. Nothing but conscience, intelligence, goodwill, can ever bring them into har-

monious relationship. For the time being no such harmony exists: confusion and feebleness everywhere result — in the field of elementary education, in academic education, in professional education. If harmony of ideal can be established through voluntary coöperation based on supreme regard for the public good, we shall gain the necessary vigor without sacrifice of democratic variety.

We have in America no way of achieving rational ends except by voluntary submission to rational ideals. Aristocratic societies are harassed by no such perplexities; nor, on the other hand, do they enjoy any such opportunities. With them, universal education is a closely articulated system worked from a central station, only slowly responsive to direct pressure from without. With us, universal education is loosely jointed, on some accounts repugnant to certain native tendencies, but self-imposed, because not otherwise are the ultimate objects of our experiment attainable. Universal education expresses then the sincerity of democratic endeavor. Whatever organs we create for carrying it on, it remains the responsibility of each individual still. In this, I say, it reflects the essential nature of our democratic enterprise. Though the citizen of a democracy may delegate power, he never absolves himself from responsibility; he never creates an organ so adequate to its total purpose that less formal organizations looking to the achievement of social ends may be altogether dispensed with.

THE LITTLE HOPPING FROG

BY LUCY PRATT

'Of course I should love to stay, but I must be back in Boston to-morrow evening for my paper at the club,' explained pretty, conscientious Miss Hope Hendon to Miss Jane Lane. 'Did n't I tell you about that paper—"Our Better Attention to the Negro"? I simply could n't get out of it.'

'Oh, surely, I remember. Well, this is a good place to come and consider a subject of that sort.' Her eyes wandered to the Institute buildings where faithful numbers daily gave their attention to the Negro, and then to the ever-moving, changing crowd which stretched across the green lawns before them. 'I wonder how many of these persons are considering the same subject. Well, I suppose that is what these visiting days are for.'

'It's picturesque,' murmured the other dreamily, her eyes resting, too, on the shifting crowds and the smooth, green stretches. 'Now, who's this little one coming along all by himself?'

'Why—why, that's Ezekiel!' declared Miss Jane briskly. 'What is *he* doing over here? It's time he went home to supper.'

The other looked up with a quick flash of interest.

'Ezekiel? Ezekiel, did you say? Oh, I know Ezekiel. Do make him come here. Don't you suppose he would?'

'Why, yes, Ezekiel is usually willing,' returned Miss Jane amiably; and she held out a hand significantly, while her friend's face beamed with undisguised delight, and she dropped contentedly on a low bench on the green bank.

'It's so lovely here, just beside the water, and I need a breath before starting.'

She glanced invitingly at Ezekiel as he came trotting on.

Miss Jane sat down on the bench and glanced at him too.

'Well, Ezekiel, what have you accomplished to-day?' she began without parley or preamble, as he hovered uncertainly before them.

'Wha'm? Wha'm yer say, Miss Jane?' questioned Ezekiel, a bit dazed just for the moment.

'I asked what you had accomplished to-day,' repeated Miss Jane. 'Did you have a good time at school? Were you satisfied with your lessons?'

'Yas'm, *I'se* satisfied,' returned Ezekiel politely; and Miss Jane scrutinized him anew.

'You have been at school to-day, I suppose?' she suggested.

Ezekiel looked puzzled.

'Wha'm yer say?' he repeated. 'No'm, *I ain'* been ter school ter-day, Miss Jane.'

'Why, Ezekiel! And what did you just say?'

'Yas'm,' agreed Ezekiel weakly. 'Yas'm. No'm. *I ain'* been ter school ter-day, Miss Jane.'

'Then you surely were not satisfied with your lessons. At least I hope not,' added Miss Jane with fervor.

'Yas'm, cert'nly hope so too,' murmured Ezekiel.

'Are you planning to go to-morrow?' went on Miss Jane, with perhaps justifiable suspicion.

Ezekiel's eyes rested on her soothingly.

'W'y, yas'm,' he assured. 'Co'se I'se 'blige go ter school ter-morrer. Leas'ways ef I gits my edjercation, co'se I'se 'blige go ter school *sometime*, ain't I?'

'Well, it would seem so,' agreed Miss Jane, glancing with some asperity toward the delighted friend at her side, 'but I doubt if your education ever amounts to very much, Ezekiel. Why, I thought you had given up those shiftless, unaccountable habits! What in the world can you expect to amount to if you persist in such irregularities? Going to school one day and staying out the next! Is that any way to do?'

'No'm,' agreed Ezekiel in no uncertain tones. 'Yer could n' git no edjercation dat-a-way, could yer! Gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'! Dat ain't no way ter git yer edjercation, is it, Miss Jane, gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'!' The idea was evidently quite revolting to him. 'Twuz a gen'leman wuk fer Mis' Simons done jes' dat-a-way too. A culled gen'leman he wuz. Yas'm, an' he say 'is edjercation ain' nuver 'mount ter ve'y much, cuz it wuz jes' gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex', twell he 'cides he might's well stay out *all* time. I reckon dat's de way yer feels 'bout it anyway, after yer's been foolin' 'long like that — doan't yer, jes' gwine school one day an' stayin' out de nex'!'

'I think very likely,' agreed Miss Jane. 'What can one expect to accomplish without regularity?'

'Yas'm, Miss No'th, she's axin' me dat, too. Say yer cyan' 'spec' *nuth'n'* 'thout regerlarity. De sun cert'nly look r'al pretty on de water — doan't it, Miss Jane?' he added pensively.

Miss Jane glanced at the sun with doubtful appreciation, and Miss Hope Hendon glanced at it with delight still

on her face, and then they both turned their heads, as steps sounded beside them on the grass and a familiar-looking group moved toward them.

'We are making our final rounds!'

The eager-looking young man in the lead glanced out at the quivering blue bay and drew a deep breath.

'George! This is a lovely country round here,' he breathed. His foot brushed Ezekiel, who had dropped down comfortably on the green bank to regard the sun. 'What's this?' he questioned.

'That's Ezekiel,' replied Miss Hope Hendon.

'Ezekiel? Who's Ezekiel? Well, he fits in with the scene pretty satisfactorily, does n't he, peacefully perched there on his green bank? Look here, Uncle Jo!'

Uncle Jo detached himself from the group and glanced about him briskly. 'What's that? Another one?' he demanded; 'good Lord, what's going to become of them all!'

'Why, that sounds pessimistic, Uncle Jo, after all that you've seen to-day!'

'Oh, I know,' answered Uncle Jo, a bit peevishly, 'I've seen so much that my head *whirls*, but what is it all going to amount to. That's the question. What are they going to make of all these opportunities?'

'Well, well, well! They're going out as *leaders*. Is n't that the talk?'

'Of course it's the *object* to train leaders, Jo,' joined in a soothing voice, 'that's what they're working for, of course.'

'I know, Fanny,' went on Uncle Jo querulously, 'but that's just the point. Now a — a *leader* has to possess certain qualities of mind that will attract attention from other minds! Change the *current* of other minds! Command a following! How many leaders do you suppose they've got here? Look at all the passive, good-natured faces we've

seen to-day. Well, do you suppose there's a mind in the whole company that is really going to attract a following — effect anything — change anything — stir up the natural order — arrest attention? That's what I'm trying to get at!

'Oh, you're talking about brilliant leaders, Jo. Of course there are n't going to be a lot of brilliant leaders. But leaders in small ways, around homes and farms, and — and schools. You're looking for too much, Jo.'

'You did n't get my point at all, Fanny,' retorted Uncle Jo, in mild despair, 'not at all—'

'I suppose your point is,' interrupted a judicial voice, 'that the mind of the colored man is at present more passive than active, more receptive than productive, more — more calculated to follow than to lead.'

'That's just my point, Mr. Knowlton,' returned Uncle Jo warmly. 'I don't believe that there's a mind here that could successfully turn any *group* of minds from their own natural course. Arrest attention, break up the expected order, you know! That's my point!'

Uncle Jo himself sat down on another bench on the green bank, and critically regarded the low sun as it crept modestly down to meet the water.

'Well, I'm glad of a few minutes to *breathe*,' he declared. 'How soon do we start for that boat?'

'Not yet. We can all breathe first; sit down, sit down everybody!' encouraged the eager-faced young man, dropping contentedly down on the green bank. 'I'm sure you could n't ask for a more soothing spot. Hullo, young feller!' he broke out, as Ezekiel stirred uneasily beside him; 'what's his name, did you say, Hope?'

'His name's Ezekiel,' admonished Miss Hope Hendon gently. 'He's quite worth knowing, I assure you. I only

wish he would tell you one of his nice stories.'

Ezekiel looked up at her and smiled shyly.

'You used to tell stories, did n't you, Ezekiel? About — about Emanuel — the little boy who lived all alone?'

'Yas'm — 'thout no kin,' agreed Ezekiel, with pleased recollection. 'Thout no kin,' he repeated, 'cuz — cuz dey's all daid.'

'So did n't he get a — some sort of a little animal for company?'

Ezekiel looked at her, quite unconscious of anything but her questioning, riveted eyes.

'Yas'm,' he returned slowly, 'he — he gotten 'im — he gotten 'im — a li'l frog.'

'A frog?' repeated Miss Hendon softly, 'what a nice companion!'

'Yas'm, a li'l hoppin' frog,' meditated Ezekiel. 'He's a-settin' on de steps one mawnin', an' de li'l frog come a-hoppin' in de ya'd.'

'What's that?' inquired Uncle Jo briskly, not entirely grasping the situation. 'What's that he's saying about frogs?'

He half closed his eyes and again glanced critically at the sun.

'Yas'm,' went on Ezekiel evenly, still conscious of nothing but Miss Hendon's appreciative eyes, 'he's jes' a-settin' dere on de steps, kine o' studyin' an' thinkin' 'bout bein' ser lonesome, w'en de li'l frog come a-hoppin' up de steps.'

'Go on, tell us about it!'

'Yas'm — an' he's cryin' too, wid 'is haid bu'y in 'is lap.'

'Yes?'

'So fus' he didn' hyeah nuthin', an' de li'l frog keep on hoppin' up de steps. An' she hop right up dere nex' de li'l boy an' se' down 'side 'im.'

'So 'Manuel open 'is eyes r'al slow, an' look down, an' by dat time li'l frog wuz feelin' bad, too.'

“Well, w’at’s yer name, frog?”
 ‘Manuel say.

‘An’ den de li’l’ frog she look up an’ wipe ‘er eye r’al sad ‘n’ gloomy an’ look at de li’l’ boy.

“My name’s Bella,” she say; an’ she jes’ bu’y ‘er haid an’ bus’ right out cryin’.

“Well, ‘t ain’ nuthin’ ter cry ‘bout ef ‘t is,” ‘Manuel answer ‘er; “I reckon we better go out an’ play a li’l’ on de grass, ain’t we?”

‘Well, de frog she wipe ‘er eye agin, an’ den she start hoppin’ right ‘long down de steps siden de li’l’ boy.

“Doan’t yer see de sun-spots on de grass?” ‘Manuel say; “ef we runs ‘roun’ on de sun-spots I reckon we’ll feel better.”

‘So dey run ‘roun’ on de sun-spots twell ‘Manuel stop an’ look at de frog ‘gin. “Ain’t yer no kin, frog?” he ask.

‘An’ li’l’ frog she wipe ‘er eye agin.

“No, I ain’ no kin!” she say.

“Den I reckon yer better live yere wid me, ain’t yer,” ‘Manuel answer ‘er, “cuz my kin’s all daid!”

“My kin’s all daid, too!” li’l’ frog answer, sobbin’ like ez she speak.

“Well, se’ down an’ res’ yerself,” ‘Manuel say. An’ he tukken a li’l’ piece o’ cake outen ‘is pocket, an’ dey bofe se’ down on a sun-spot an’ ‘mence eatin’ dey breakfus’.

‘An’ af’ dat de li’l’ boy an’ de li’l’ frog live dere ‘lone tergedder.

‘An’ fum dat ve’y time seem like de li’l’ frog ‘mence ter feel diffunt. An’ she tole ‘Manuel it cert’nly seem r’al homelike to ‘er. An’ she’s mos’ allays up an’ hoppin’ outen de house ‘bout five erclock in de mawnin’. She say she like ter look roun’ a li’l’ ‘fo’ de sun gits ole or dull, an’ she say she like ter play a li’l’ wid de bugs ‘n’ flowers w’en eve’ything’s r’al clare ‘n’ bright, an’ she say she like ter ketch de fus’ breeze w’en it come runnin’ fru de ya’d an’ pas’ de house.

‘So Bella an’ de li’l’ boy dey keep a-livin’ on so, an’ cert’nly seem like dey ain’ nuver gwine have no trouble ‘tall.

‘An’ ef ‘t ain’ been fer de *night*, dey prob’ly would n’ nurrer. But it all start out in de night. An’ one mornin’ ‘bout five erclock, ez de li’l’ frog’s gwine a-hoppin’ out de do’, she look out in de ya’d, an’ den she look up in de sky, an’ den she jes’ stop right dere in de do’ an’ could n’ go no furrer. Cuz ‘t ain’ no sun an’ ‘t ain’ no ya’d — ‘t ain’ nuthin’ ‘scusin’ jes’ de rain a-drappin’ fum de sky, an’ a gret big kine o’ ribber like, a-flowin’ fru de ya’d.

“Oh, my!” li’l’ frog say.

‘An’ den she went a-hoppin’ down de steps r’al slow an’ studyin’, an’ den she se’ down on de bank by de ribber an’ jes’ set dere an’ set dere, a-studyin’ an’ a-lookin’ off.

‘An’ w’en ‘Manuel come out ‘bout ‘leben erclock, de ribber wuz still a-flowin’ fru de ya’d, an’ de li’l’ frog wuz still a-settin’ on de bank.

“Well, how come de rain ter do like dat, anyway!” ‘Manuel say. “‘T ain’ no call fer no sech a shower’s dat!” An’ he went out an’ se’ down on de bank too, an’ den dey bofe set dere studyin’ ‘bout it an’ a-lookin’ off.

‘Well, ‘twuz jes’ de way de trouble come — in de night. Dey knowed ‘t wuz de way it come, an’ yit w’en de nex’ night come, dey went ter baid same’s ever. But seem like dey ain’ no mo’n went ter sleep ‘fo’ de win’ it blow up awful cole, an’ dey come a bangin’ an’ a slammin’ on de do’.

“W’at’s dat?” de li’l’ boy say, kine o’ stickin’ ‘is haid out fun de baid cloes. “W’at’s dat, Bella? Is it de win’?”

“No, ‘t ain’ no win’,” Bella say, kine o’ shiverin’; an’ de bangin’ an’ de slammin’ come agin.

“I guess yer better go ‘n’ ax w’at ‘t is, Bella,” ‘Manuel say.

‘An’ de li’l’ frog she’s r’al brave any-

way, so she jes' start right off a-hoppin' ter de do', an' den she stop.

"Is dat de win'?" she call.

"No, 't ain' no win'," come back de answer.

"W'at is it den?" she call again.

"It's a hu'ycane!" come back de answer.

"Is dat all?" Bella ask r'al nice — an' p'lite too.

"No, 'tain't," come back de answer, "it's a hu'ycane an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', — an' a bu'glar a-knockin' at de do'!"

"Is dat all?" Bella say, r'al brave, an' jes' ez p'lite's ever.

'An' den, w'y, she ain't even wait fer 'em to answer. She jes' open de do', an' 'fo' she kin say a word, de hu'ycane tukken 'er an' blowed 'er right up in a tree, wid de bu'glar a-blowin' 'long after 'er, twell de tree ketch 'im so he could n' git down. But Bella, co'se she hop righ' down an' went a-hoppin' right up de steps an' in de house agin.

"Yer done r'al well, Bella," li'l' boy say, w'en she tole 'im 'bout it, "an' ter-morrer I reckon we kin run roun' on de sun-spots agin."

'But nex' mawnin', 'bout five er'clock, w'en Bella look outen de do', 't ain' no sun, an' de ribber's flowin' 'long jes' same's befo'. An' w'en de li'l' boy come out 'bout 'leben er'clock, Bella wuz settin' dere on de bank a-lookin' off.

'An' w'en de nex' night come, de win' it blowed up awful cole agin, an' dey come a bargin' an' a slammin' on de do'.

"W'at's dat?" li'l' boy say, a-stickin' 'is haid outen de cloes; "is it de win'?"

'An' jes' soon's he spoke, w'y, Bella she jes' hop righ' down on de flo', an' hop off ter de do'.

"W'at's dat?" she call out. "Is it de win'?"

"No, 't ain' no win'," come back de answer.

"W'at is it den?" she call agin.

"It's a hu'ycane, an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', an' a bu'glar, an' two 'free crim'nals a-knockin' at de do'!"

"Is dat all?" Bella ax 'em; an' co'se she's r'al p'lite, but seem like 'er voice is jes' a li'l' unstiddy too.

"No, 't ain't all," wuz de answer.

'But Bella she ain' wait fer nuthin' mo'. She jes' open de do' an' look out. But 'fo' she r'alley seen much, de hu'ycane it tukken 'er an' blowed 'er right outen de do' an' inter de ribber, wid de bu'glar an' de crim'nals a-blowin' right in after 'er, twell dey wuz drowned daid. But co'se Bella she hop right out an' went a-hoppin' up de steps an' inter de house.

"Yer cert'nly done r'al well, Bella," de li'l' boy say, w'en she tole 'im 'bout it. "An' ter-morrer mawnin' I reckon we kin play roun' on de sun-spots agin fer sho'."

'But w'en Bella went a-hoppin' out agin 'bout five er'clock in de mawnin' 't wuz all jes' same, an' de ribber wuz flowin' 'long sad 'n' slow, same's befo'.

'An' de nex' night, oh, 't wuz tur'ble! It's jes' like dis. Fus' de win' it blowed up awful cole an' rough, an' dey come a tur'ble bargin' an' slammin' on de do'.

"W'at's dat?" li'l' boy say.

'An' Bella she ain' stop fernary thing. She jes' went a-hoppin' ter de do'.

"W'at's dat?" she say; only seem like 'er voice is awful small an' shiverin' dis time too. "Is it de win'?"

"No, 't ain' no win'," come de answer.

"W'at is it den?" Bella ax 'em.

"It's a hu'ycane, an' de moon an' sky a-pitchin', an' a bu'glar, an' two 'free crim'nals, — an' fo' five murd'ers a-knockin' at de do'!"

"Is dat all?" Bella say, kine o' chatterin'.

“No, 't ain't all,” dey say.

‘But Bella wuz ser frighten she jes’ frowed open de do’. “Is dat all?” she holler.

“No, 't ain't all!” dey scream, “it’s fo’ five murd’rers, an’ dey’s gwine shoot yer wid dey gun!”

‘An’ w’at yer s’pose? Same time dey spoke dey jes’ aim de gun right plum at Bella, an’ bline ’er in de eye. But jes’ zackly ez dey’s fixin’ ter aim it agin ter kill ’er, an’ same time bline ’er in de udder eye, w’y, de hu’y cane it tukken ’em an’ blowed ’em right outen de do’, an’ right up a top o’ de house an’ lef’ ’em dere siden de chimley. But co’s e it blowed Bella righ’ down de chimley siden de li’l boy.

“Yer done r’al well, Bella,” li’l boy say, w’en she wipe de udder eye an’ tole ’im ’bout it, “an’ ter-morrer I’s e mos’ sho’ de sun-spots ’s gwine be dere.”

‘But nex’ mawnin’ ’t ain’ no change, an’ w’en ’Manuel come out Bella wuz jes’ a-settin’ dere on de bank a-lookin’ off wid de udder eye.

‘An’ ’Manuel he look up in de sky where de sun useter be, an’ say, —

“Look like de sun’s los’, ain’t she, Bella? Look like we’s ’blige go ’n’ fine ’er, ain’t we, Bella? Cuz ’t ain’ gwine be nuthin’ but trouble twell we does.”

“Ya’as, sir,” li’l frog answer.

‘She’s feelin’ r’al sad ’n’ discou’ged, but she kin see de li’l boy’s right ’bout it, too. So dey bofe look clare ’way down ter de en’ o’ de road, where de sun useter git up in de mawnin’, an’ den ’Manuel spoke ’gin.

“De sun she’s a-hidin’ down yonder,” he say, “down yonder ’hine de road, Bella. We’s ’blige go down de road an’ fine de sun, Bella, cuz ’t ain’ gwine be nuthin’ but trouble twell we does.”

‘So he start off down de road, an’ de li’l frog start hoppin’ ’long beside ’im.

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An’ dey keep a-gwine ’long like dat, ’Manuel and de li’l frog a-hoppin’ ’long beside ’im. An’ de furrer dey went, de longer de road seem ter git.

“Cert’nly’s a long way,” ’Manuel say.

‘An’ praesen’ly night ’mence comin’ on’, an’ de dark wuz drappin’ fum de sky, an’ still dey’s gwine down de road, ’Manuel an’ de li’l frog a-hoppin’ ’long beside ’im.

“It’s gittin’ dark,” li’l frog say, stoppin’ jes’ a minute ter wipe de onlies’ eye she got, “it’s gittin’ dark ’n’ kine o’ lonesome!”

“I knows it,” li’l boy say.

‘An’ still de night wuz drappin’ fum de sky, an’ still dey keep on down de road, ’Manuel an’ de li’l frog a-hoppin’ ’long beside ’im.

‘Praesen’ly dey stop. “Is yer tired, Bella?” ’Manuel ax ’er.

“Ya’as, I’s e kine o’ tired,” li’l frog answer.

“Cuz we’s comin’ ter de en’ o’ de road, an’ de sun’s down yonder behine de aidge, Bella.”

‘An’ Bella she look up awful brave.

“I’s e gwine down yonder an’ fine ’er,” she say.

“Hole on, Bella!” ’Manuel call out.

‘But li’l frog she went a-hoppin’ erlong, an’ den she turn ’er haid jes’ a minute ter look back at de li’l boy wid de onlies’ eye she got, an’ den — an’ den she jes’ hop righ’ down behine de aidge o’ de road ter fine de sun.

‘An’ ’Manuel’s ser s’prise he could n’ say nuthin’, but jes’ keep on standin’ in de road.

“W’y doan’t she come back?” he w’isper praesen’ly, kine o’ skyeered like.

‘An’ jes’ ez he spoken de words he seen a li’l rim o’ red a-pushin’ up over de aidge o’ de road. An’ de rim o’ red keep pushin’ up bigger ’n’ bigger, twell praesen’ly de li’l boy wuz stan’in’ dere in de road a-lookin’ at de sun.

“She done it!” he holler, “she foun’

de sun! Bella foun' de sun! Now come back, Bella! Come — ba—ck!"

'An' de sun wuz shinin' at de li'l' boy as he stood dere in de middle o' de road, but 't ain' no answer.

"Where is yer, Bella?" li'l' boy call.

'An' he stan' dere mos' all de mawn-in', wid de sun a-shinin' on 'im.

'An' den he turn roun' r'al sad 'n' slow, an' went walkin' down de road all 'lone. An' w'en he gotten back home, de ribber wuz all flowed erway, an' de sky wuz bright 'n' shinin', an' de sun-spots wuz on de grass.

'An' af' dat 'twa' 'n' no mo' rain ner clouds, cuz de sun wuz allays up a-shinin' de ve'y fus' thing in de mawn-in'. But co'se de li'l' boy knowed de cause fer it, too. He knowed de cause. An' eve'y time he se' down on a sun-spot, he feel sad 'n' lonesome, cuz he knowed 'twuz Bella erway down yonder, behine de aidge o' de road, where made de sun git up ser bright an' shinin' in de mawnin'.

'So she could n' niver come back. Cuz she's ser busy down yonder wid de sun — she could n' niver git de time. An' dat's de reason de li'l' boy feel sad' n' lonesome. Cuz he knowed he would n' niver see de li'l' hoppin' frog no mo'.

Ezekiel paused.

'He knowed he would n' niver see de li'l' hoppin' frog no mo', he repeated; and there was another pause.

The eager-faced young man on the grass sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'What!' he broke out. 'What!'

He sprang suddenly to his feet — and a distant clock broke softly on the stillness.

'What!' broke out Uncle Jo, bounding from his bench, 'what's that?'

'What — in Jerusalem are we doing!' shouted the eager-faced young man. 'What? We — we've stayed too long! We've — missed our boat! We've missed our —'

'What are you talking about!' challenged Uncle Jo furiously, 'We have n't either! We can't! I can't! *What are you talking about!*'

Ezekiel, sitting on the grass, was gazing peacefully, uncomprehendingly, at a hitherto silent, well-behaved group of people, scattering confusedly in many directions, shouting to each other excitedly, beckoning for carriages despairingly, and then by a common impulse, falling back into a confused group again.

'You little good-for-nothing!' broke out Uncle Jo suddenly, turning helplessly on Ezekiel, 'it's all your fault! Here you've been keeping us listening to your — your delirious chatter till — till —'

Uncle Jo clenched his fist weakly, and then he broke away again, while the others trailed after him in scattered confusion. There was only one young man, with an eager face, who half turned and shot back an inscrutable look at Ezekiel. There was such an odd light in his eye!

'What was that about — about "arresting attention"? What was that about — "commanding a following — breaking up the expected order, you know"? What was that, Uncle Jo?'

There were queer, explosive sounds behind his words, and the odd light in his eye danced wickedly.

'Say, young feller,' he ventured cautiously, 'are n't you — are n't you about even with Uncle Jo this time?' And he turned and fled after the dispersed and routed company.

Only Miss Jane was left, still sitting on the bench. Only Ezekiel on the bank.

'Well —' she finally declared lifelessly, 'you have done strange things before, Ezekiel. *Now* — look — at — what — you — have — done!'

'Yas'm,' conceded Ezekiel cheerlessly.

'I don't *pretend to say* — what you

will do next!' she concluded with abject and final hopelessness.

'Yas'm,' agreed Ezekiel faintly. And still perched on his bank, he gazed sadly, humbly, away at the peaceful, flowing water.

At 'the club' in Boston, it was announced that Miss Hope Hendon, who was to have read a paper, entitled 'Our Better Attention to the Negro,' had been unavoidably detained in the South.

WILD MUSIC

BY HERBERT RAVENAL SASS

When noon draws on at Otranto the wise man rests from walking. There are some in the brotherhood of ramblers who cry shame upon you if you call a halt. The day is so short, they proclaim, and there is so much to be seen; and there was one that brought Hazlitt into the argument, as though he were a battery of horse-artillery, and discharged forthwith a volley of quotation:— 'Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner. . . . I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.' The wise man scoffs at such; his legs cry out for mercy; and as for Hazlitt, he never tramped beneath the midday sun in Carolina, else had he refrained from all such rash excesses as running and leaping on his way. He would have marched along slowly and soberly enough, — with no unnecessary frisking, — mopping his brow from time to time, and resting now and then in the shade of the trees; and if the scene of his ramblings lay in that green country round about the Otranto lagoon, he would have turned aside in the heat of the day and gone down to the place where a slim-bodied, square-

nosed punt was moored at the water's edge.

For the lagoon is the heart and soul of Otranto; and paddling, properly practiced, is a mild and easy form of exercise; and though there is much to be seen in those opulent forest lands of pine and oak and sweetgum and magnolia, through which the lover of nature and the student of her wild creatures might wander wellnigh forever and remain unsated, yet there is still more to be seen upon the quiet wine-colored waters that have stolen part of the forest for their own. The lagoon is beyond description, take it when and where you will; and so my picture of it shall be that of a mechanical draughtsman, not that of a painter.

It is about eight miles in length, and here and there as much as a mile in breadth. It is only about seven years old; for it did not exist until the historic city of Charleston, slowly awakening from the lethargy that followed the great and disastrous war, realized that she must have a new source of water-supply. Seven years ago deer ranged over all this area and wild turkeys 'kept' in the thickets. It was then a long curved basin drained by

a deep sluggish creek. Part of it was heavily wooded, part was abandoned rice-field and meadowland grown up in bushes and weeds, part was sufficiently moist for cypresses to subsist in it. All in all, there were more than two thousand acres supporting a luxuriant plant-life that perished almost *en bloc* when a dam was thrown across the creek and the whole basin was inundated. The cypresses and willows and other water-loving trees survived; but millions of bushes and saplings and smaller plant-organisms were killed outright by the flood, while the pine forest that covered a large part of the submerged area died in a season.

At once nature began the making of new life out of the débris of the old — by no unwonted process, mind you, but as she makes it every year in many laboratories for the benefit of thousands of college freshmen who are taking courses in elementary biology. The professor, wishing to obtain for study by his class some of the lowly microscopic forms known as protozoa, does not trouble to go out to the ponds and pools where these tiny creatures, no larger than a pin-point, are to be found. Instead, he simply places some dead grass in a jar, half-fills it with water from the nearest faucet, and after waiting a few days, finds his 'culture' fairly swarming with life. Not that this life originates directly from the dead grass and water and air; it most assuredly does not, unless the majority of our savants be at fault: but in the grass or in the water or in the air there is pre-existent life, if only in the form of a single germ; and from this preëxistent animalcule or plant or germ, developing and reproducing with almost incredible rapidity, there will have sprung in a comparatively short time thousands of others of the same species. *Omne vivum ex vivo* is a dogma that bids fair to stand the test of all experiment,

and though the first of all organisms must have been produced spontaneously by a combination of lifeless constituents, spontaneous generation at the present day is a thing unknown to science.

Yet all around us, and every minute, lifeless substance is being made alive; for both animals and plants use dead organic matter as food, and convert it into the living fabric of their bodies; and where, therefore, there is a quantity of such matter collected together, there is likely to occur a very swift increase of plant and animal life; since the germs from which this life will start are virtually omnipresent unless special precautions are taken to exclude them. So, in the lagoon and in the professor's jar precisely the same thing has taken place.

When the creek basin was flooded and practically all of its flora killed, a huge culture was formed. Here was a vast quantity of dead organic matter, hundreds of tons of it, washed by warm water and steaming in the sun. Out of it, as if by magic but in reality in strict accord with natural laws of reproduction, issued new life in wonderful abundance — one-celled and few-celled plant- and animal-forms, breeding and subdividing, multiplying a hundred-fold each year in this great, new, food-filled, liquid world. Aquatic vegetable growths came into being with the spring, and spread out over the waters with the summer. In the open reaches, where the meadows and rice-fields had been, floating islands of rushes and 'wampee,' barely big enough at first to hide a redwing's nest, waxed larger and larger until now some of them are fifty feet in diameter and almost firm enough to support the weight of a man. The place became a teeming metropolis of the innumerable six-footed tribes; and close on the rapid increase of insects followed a commensurate increase

of birds. For every fish and frog in the creek, when the great change came to pass, there are in all likelihood fifty or a hundred in the lagoon to-day; and now the reptilian masters of the water, long-armed alligators that cruise like living submarines here and there beneath the surface, having a broadened kingdom and far more abundant prey, have probably doubled in numbers within a decade.

And to-day, at the end of seven years, nature has not yet finished her work. The lagoon is still a vast culture, ripe for the development of life; a hotbed of production, rich in the stuff of which living things are builded. Crowded as the place is, the limit has not yet been reached; and so this watery wilderness is still one of the busiest portions of the great mill, the food of which is death and the product life — life in an almost infinite variety of patterns and grades, fresh from the hand of the Master Miller, who is also the greatest of Alchemists. Matter is being marvelously transmuted and strangely fashioned anew. You cannot tell how it is being done, for the Miller works in an inner chamber, and science groping for the door has groped in vain, in spite of the efforts of Dr. Bastian and the rest. But you see the raw material and the finished product, the dead and the living; and comprehending the relation of these to each other, you have come into possession of a better understanding of the lagoon. The feeling comes to you that this is not the modern world, stable and complete. Rather you have been translated backward an æon or two to a creation still in the making, to a time not far this side of chaos, to an inlet of those ancient seas where, ages before the birth of man, life on our planet ran riot in strange and monstrous forms. And just as some gigantic saurian of Jurassic days would make a fitting centrepiece for the pic-

ture, so Pan himself, in all the corporeal reality of goat's hoofs and shaggy flanks, might tune his pipes in the tall rushes fringing the lagoon..

And there in truth he lurks and peers out across the waters. I have not seen him, but often I have heard him — and chiefly in the singing of the birds. These, when all is said, are the crowning glory of the lagoon; and so many of them are there that the coolest of ornithologists, unused to such tropical luxuriance of feathered life, may well own himself at first discomfited. There is so much to be seen in every part of the lagoon, there are so many songs ringing out at the same time, there is such a ceaseless and kaleidoscopic flashing of color on every side, that in seeking to hear and see it all he is apt to defeat his own purpose and become utterly bewildered. Even afterwards, when he has grown accustomed in some measure to the amazing abundance of birds, he is tempted to neglect minutiae and give himself over to general effects: to view this marvelous feathered population as in itself a unit; to stand back a little way, as it were, and, in defiance of the rules laid down for the specialist's guidance, to look upon nature with an eye more comprehensive than searching. This, indeed, is the only thing to do if he be pressed for time; for to learn half the details of the ornithology of the flooded lands would require years of study.

As for me, if to follow such a course be heretical, I am not ashamed of having erred in this fashion, for I think that, even for the specialist, there are things more desirable than learning. It is better to have wondered at the grand chorus of the birds than to have catalogued impassively the singer of each song; better to have seen in a single hour the flaming gold of a hundred prothonotary warblers than to have filled five pages of a notebook with

dry items about the feeding habits of one of them; better to have been moved by the mysterious process that has brought into being this swarming joyous life to take the place of ruin and decay, than to know the name of every species inhabiting the lagoon.

Yet the rambler who is all impressionist is recreant to his avocation; and aside from the sheer abundance of it, there are points, as the saying is, about this bird-population that lend an added charm to a day spent on these quiet waters — details, minutiae, if you will, that mean much to the happiness of the student of birds, and that cannot escape his attention. No matter how numerous or how beautiful its feathered folk, the place would be far less interesting if all these birds were of common everyday sorts to be found in the bushes by the roadside or in any grove.

I have not rediscovered the lost Cuvier's kinglet on the lagoon, and indeed I have seen there but one species that is very rare in this part of the world, — the blue grosbeak; yet, among the denizens of the flooded woods, there are some that would be notable in any company; and I never visit the spot without meeting birds of certain kinds that for one reason or another are of more than ordinary interest to the student of avian life. For instance, there is *Anhinga anhinga*, a strange creature indeed, and favored with a Latin name that suggests the war-cry of some barbarous tribe. Before I beheld him for the first time, perching on one of the dead pines of the ruined forest, *Anhinga* the snakebird was to me a sort of half-mythical thing, — like the dodo and the great auk and the mighty *dinornis*, — to be read about in books but never to be seen in the flesh. I know him now, and I think he must know me — for he has watched me often enough with those keen little eyes of his; and, al-

though, with more familiar acquaintance, he is no longer wrapped in a veil of mystery, the weirdness of him remains.

'I doubt not,' wrote William Bartram, in that quaint volume where in a century or more ago men read about the wonders of the savage and unexplored South, 'I doubt not but if this bird had been an inhabitant of the Tiber in Ovid's days, it would have furnished him with a subject for some beautiful and entertaining metamorphoses.' Possibly so, for *Anhinga* is sufficiently fantastic-looking to do credit to the wildest flights of fancy; yet, on the whole, things are well enough as they are: Father Tiber with his legends and his great city on her seven hills; the lagoon with its strange swamp-creatures, its teeming waters, and its tumult of song. And if a Roman poet was deprived of one source of inspiration for his muse, nature, nevertheless, knew what she was about.

Here, too, are to be found the least bittern, the uncanniest bird in America, and his bigger kinsman who croaks harshly in answer to the alligators and bullfrogs on clear spring nights; and herons of five kinds, from the little green 'skeow' to the milk-white egret and the stately great blue, whom the darkies, noting his leanness of build, called 'Po' Jo.' Purple and Florida gallinules abound, and weave many nests in the rushes along the shores and on the floating islands; and in the autumn and winter, hundreds of coots cruise in noisy squadrons here and there in the open reaches, or march in regiments back and forth over the plant-carpet that spreads across the water. Some fateful day I shall find a coot's nest hereabouts, for I have seen the bird in summer though it is not supposed to breed in this state; and some day, I am half-persuaded, I shall have the great good fortune to meet the ivory-billed

woodpecker himself. Why not? Improbabilities cannot dismay the hopeful Rambler; nor is it sufficient that some twelve years have passed since this noble bird was last observed in South Carolina. All through this low country, in times gone by, the cypress swamps knew his clarion voice; and honest Alexander Wilson, rising to unwonted heights of eloquence, has recorded that, 'in these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary, savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant.' It may yet happen that the king will come back to his kingdom. There are Welchmen, it is said, who will not be surprised when Arthur and Excalibur return from Avalon.

Meanwhile a successor not altogether unworthy rules in these fastnesses over the feathered hewers of wood. One accustomed only to the commoner species of the race of *Picus* remembers ever afterward the day on which he saw his first pileated woodpecker, and finds it no easy matter to believe that the vanished ivory-bill was even bigger than this scarlet-crested giant whose loud laughter reëchoes among the dead pines. Here in some sapless trunk of the flooded forest, Old Kate, as the darkies, with a fine disregard for trivialities, call both male and female, chisels a great hole in which she lays her eggs. Summer ducks, swimming about on shady waters far below, must look up with approval at the winged carpenters working noisily above them; for the summer duck also lays her eggs in the holes and hollows of trees, and having no tools with which to drill out a home, must find one ready-made. She will not rob Old Kate of her cozy domicile; but next spring, when the latter, who is far too fastidious to use the same hole twice, excavates another

cavity, perhaps in the same dead tree, the demure lady-duck, infringing on no one's rights, will take possession of the vacant dwelling-place, before some sparrow-hawk, also on the lookout for a house, forestalls her.

Perhaps it is partly due to the presence of pileated woodpeckers, who can be relied upon to furnish safe nesting-holes well suited to a summer duck's needs, that the latter species is so abundant on the lagoon; for nature is full of such instances of interdependence among her children. Be that as it may, the high thin note of *Aix sponsa*'s whistling wings is here a familiar sound, though the bird is now very rare over the greater part of its original range, and, if the books are to be relied upon, is already in danger of extinction. Here it is holding its own, beset by many perils. In season and out of season, in spring as in autumn, the Negro gunner is ever on the alert. He will shoot a female duck in May with her little ones swimming behind her, and afterwards his conscience will trouble him no more than does that of the alligator who also knows no law.

I have seen no prettier sight than a brood of tiny ducklings paddling behind their mother in some sun-splashed, willow-bordered opening in the flooded woods; nor met with a more mysterious occurrence than the sudden and complete disappearance of every down-covered infant as my punt shot into view from behind the fringe of bushes. In an instant the waters are empty, save for the mother fifty feet away, crying piteously and splashing half-helpless with a broken wing. The ruse is an old one. Perhaps she learned it from Madam Bobwhite, who also loves her children; but Bobwhite youngsters, though good at the game of vanishing, are mere clumsy bunglers when compared with baby ducks.

Yet, though I know, because I have

seen it demonstrated, the ability of the latter to efface themselves utterly and at a moment's notice, I find it hard to understand how in the long run they survive the ever-imminent dangers of their infancy.

At any moment the yawning jaws of an alligator may rise suddenly from below. *Tropidonotus*, the water-snake, — an extraordinarily voracious fellow, — and *Ancistrodon*, the deadly cottonmouth moccasin, are always eager for juicy duckling flesh; while giant glassy-eyed bullfrogs, whose voices boom deeply like the beating of bass drums, and whose appetites crave everything from a water-bug to a half-grown catfish, wait in ambush amid the green aquatic growths. Yet, in spite of all these and many other ogres, the mother, by craft and love, brings some of her children through. One of them was snapped up yesterday, and two perhaps will go to-morrow; but the little wings of the others are growing stronger hour by hour, and soon a time will come when the two or three or four or five that remain will adventure upward into the air. None of them will live long enough to die at last of old age; but some at least will elude the dusky hunters for a season and hide their buff-colored treasures in the dead hearts of the pines.

I have read, in books of equatorial travel, of wonderful swamps and bayous so filled with birds of brilliant plumage as almost to dazzle the eye, of wild places so populous with living things that the clamor of them never ceased for an instant. At the time, I confess, I took such stories with a grain of salt; but when once I had seen the lagoon in the spring, I was ready to believe. Each April that wonderful avifauna of the tropics overflows northward, spreading across half a continent; and I hope that each April I may be so fortunate as to spend at least one day of that

month of months on the lagoon — to see again the flashing colors of hundreds of fragile warblers, the fantailed snakebirds soaring high, their slender necks outstretched, the wary greaves, the tall deliberate herons, the vultures far up in the sky, the long-winged ospreys poised above the waters; to hear old Kate's bursts of laughter ring out above the varied notes of scores of her smaller kindred, the querulous call of the summer duck to her mate, the cachinnations of the loud-mouthed gallinules, the unending chatter of the garrulous grackle clan, the drowsy songs of gorgeous nonpareils, the glad pæans of martial orchard orioles, the far-off warning of a great horned owl, the screams of kingbirds and the shouts of crested flycatchers, the flute-like tones of graceful martins, the mingled strains of cardinal, mockingbird, wren, and redwing, and the wild love-language of circling red-shouldered hawks. The sum of all these is but a part of such a chorus as is worth any man's time to hear. What a gallant company they are, — how beautiful and how careless! For them there is no thought of the morrow, no fearful peering into the future, no foreboding of final death.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught —

while they (to make free with another's phrases) living i' the sun, seeking the food they eat, and pleased with what they get, neither mourn what has been nor dread what is to be.

Out of their mouths Pan speaks a joyful message — Pan, the great god of nature, immortal as nature's self. To the music of their voices he preaches in lyric numbers a great and moving sermon for mankind. These, he tells us, are in love with life. These, with no heaven before them, are yet the happy ones of the earth.

THE LATER PHILOSOPHY OF MAETERLINCK

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

It has often occurred to me, as one of those innumerable Shakespeare meanings that Shakespeare undoubtedly did not mean, that Hamlet, if he had survived his sharp youthful bewilderment about the issues of life and death, might have grown into another Polonius, as all-wise, as glib in explaining the universe. One can almost hear him as, with the added sonorousness of voice that means greater girth, he expounds the reasons why there is no question at all about to be or not to be, showing convincing reasons why to be a bit elderly, to be perfectly comfortable, and all but omniscient, — because the vision of one's eyes has narrowed from the far horizon to the safe section bounded by drawing-room and kitchen, where one can really see what is going on, — is a vastly fine thing. Polonius we have always with us. He makes up a great company of elderly successful folk, who do God the honor to see through the universe, and to give, what He has never as yet chosen to do, a really intelligible account of it.

It is perhaps because I am half way between the Hamlet and the Polonius stage, and have begun to feel twinges of senile omniscience, evincing a readiness to explain to the young what it is all about, and to pity them because they have not had my experience, that I resent a little, in my better moments, the later philosophy of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. The author of those youthful symbolic dramas, — whose wistful questionings take us to the dim confines of things, —

Where birth and death and all great names that
be
Like doors and windows bared to some loud
sea —

challenge the depths within us, — has grown strangely reassured of late. The sensitive young thinker, who seemed at times an instrument whereon all the mystery and pain and sorrow of the world were playing, has narrowed his utterance to a triumphant expression of his own good time. It is almost as if one of the groping characters in that appealing drama, *The Blind*, had grown suddenly content over a pot of honey, stumbled upon in his groping, and had ceased his quest, settling down with the expression of one whose wanderings are over.

It is not that one would deride optimism; surely the strong win to it, but the strong win through struggle. In this case the optimism is too sudden, too passive; the author hits upon it as if by lucky accident. In a flash, the later thought reveals the weakness of the dramas even more fully than they reveal it themselves, and we realize anew how undramatic they are, how free from that struggle of the human will which is the essence of drama. In them the soul is but a helpless toy in the hands of sad fate; in the essays, the soul has ceased to trouble, and the human being is a toy in the hands of physical powers which are in some way beneficent because indifferent. A passive mood of physical content has succeeded the old mood of longing. Here is none of the fighting power of

Maeterlinck's early master, Carlyle, grim teacher of the reality of things unseen, who left his body by the rough stone wall of that green kirkyard in the north, when the last blow had been given and taken. I distrust M. Maeterlinck's sudden content with things as they are. We should achieve optimism if we can, but we should come honestly by it, should earn it by the travail of our souls. One sits upon the threshold and howls while Stepdame Life thwacks one soundly over head and ears; one sits inside upon the easy chair, and smiles between the bites, as Mother Life, grown kind, drops plums into one's mouth. But is it philosophy?

If M. Maeterlinck had traced for us the successive stages of his development in optimism we should find it, perhaps, more convincing; as it is, the basis is too alien from the basis of the earlier doubt and pain to let one think that it rests on a strong foundation. Mystery has dropped out of his consciousness; he has suddenly discovered, not only that the tangible things of life are very real, but that there is nothing beyond them. He derives strange comfort from the fact that there is no God; to us he would seem a wiser teacher if, instead of repeating so often that this is fact, he told us how he found it out. We want to share, if share we must, the stages that lead to this conclusion; but of the stages our philosopher says nothing. In taking the great leap, in deciding, for instance, that the earthquake is the result only of forces dumb and blind, it is well not to leap too far. That it is the action of the earth's crust, we recognize; but what may lie back of the earth's crust is, for all of science, as deep and real a mystery as it ever was. It is perhaps because in

reading the symbolic dramas, we used to feel that, to such poignant questioning, some answer must be vouchsafed, that we are saddened by M. Maeterlinck's smiling assurance that he has been behind the veil of things, and that there really is nothing there. I do not believe him! It is he that seeks who finds, and this gifted author has dropped out of the ranks of the seekers. He deplores his early work, because of its sadness, but I would give all his later bland insistence that the honey-pot is enough, for the sense which the symbolic dramas give that great doors may suddenly open wide.

One's mind instinctively wanders back again to the earlier and greater questioner. What would have been the dramatic effect if Hamlet had lighted upon something among the funeral baked meats,—or even in Ophelia's presence,—that gave him sudden, absolute content with the world as it is, with all its problems unsolved? One is glad that he did not live to explain to the young the ultimate meanings of the world and of life. Surely, in reading *Hamlet*, we feel anew that mere death is not tragedy. To pass while our sense of the greatness of the issue, the depth of the mystery, is unabated is a boon to be desired. There is a fine and subtle meaning in Shakespeare's words that, over the body of this thinker and doubter shall sound

The soldier's music and the rites of war.

Happy he, to die while still 'a fighter in the noblest fight.' Reading the later essays of the young Belgian questioner, whose philosophy has grown so stout and prosperous, one realizes that there are worse things wherewith to make one's quietus than the bare bodkin.

THE PIPES OF COMMERCE

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THIS morning Daphnis was on the ferry-boat. He strode up to me sitting in the cabin. With his folded newspaper he clapped me on the shoulder. I looked up at him.

'You have a new hat,' I remarked. 'It is not becoming.'

Daphnis lifted the new black derby from his curly head. He jammed it firmly on again. 'Come on outside,' he urged. He slipped his young arm through my old one, pushed the door open, and we stood on the forward deck.

The breeze from the harbor laid a hand like a child's on our faces. We stood gazing at the sweep and wash of color and line. The freshness of the city morning held for me, as it so often does, amazement. I saw golden fire burning on turret, tower, and bridge, light budding on walls of brick and steel. Daphnis stood by me, but his gaze wandered, his head was thrown a little to one side. It struck me that he not so much looked as listened.

I used not to know Daphnis. I am an odd, cobwebby old man, walking now not so much with my stick as after it, still going to and from the city, because it takes more strength than I have to break the habit. I used to see Daphnis, with the other young bank clerks and brokers, hurrying by to take tube and ferry. I used to note the wonderful 'Must get there' expression of youth on his dark young face. Somehow, because I had plenty of time, and could follow at my own snail's leisure, I used to fall to wondering about this

young fellow. He seemed to me different from the other youths, keener, more alive, more like a wild thing. Often, under his trim sack coat I thought I caught lines of woodland liteness, something like a young shepherd's grace.

I asked other people about Daphnis. Whence his birth? What his station? Why he, hurrying with the other men and women into the Trap of the city, was seeking the old, coarse, common bait? For it seemed to me that others must see what I saw, must recognize the young shepherd hidden in the bank clerk's disguise. Others must have known what I know: how, of his own choice Daphnis would only have asked for a loin-cloth of fur, bedding of fern, wild nuts and wild fruits, and a resting-place by a woodland pool.

For that was what I came to know about this young fellow. I came to know that all he wanted in the world was leisure; leisure for fantastic reveries, sitting by streams winnowed with shadows of leaves, having dryads for friends, young merry fauns for playmates. And, if he ever tired of these, such smiling, luring secrecy of sky and trees as would keep him mystically unsated, forever questing.

Now, then, I am accustomed to being 'pooh-poohed'; all old people are; therefore was I the more astonished when those to whom I stated my beliefs did not coldly stare me down.

I was, said those in whom I had confided, to a certain extent right about Daphnis. He would have liked leisure,

and reverie, and the brooks winnowed with green leaf-shadows. Yes, Daphnis would have liked those things. But the leisure for them had never come. When, in his earliest manhood, Daphnis might have gone to find them, Something Else came. Something Else had put its hand ever so gently on his shoulder, turned his young face in one terrible direction, and asked quietly, 'Do you dare?' Daphnis, so these people who knew told me, had dared. I could picture the rest. I could understand what had caused Daphnis to put off the dear shepherd guise, lay down the woodland pipe, and make ready to spring into the Trap.

How I first came to know Daphnis I very clearly recall. I remember having thought, with the curious helplessness of old age, 'He will, like all the rest, think that I am too long-winded, he will interrupt what I have to say with a careless, "That's right," and pass me by.' Therefore was I the more pleased when these things did not happen. When at last we did meet, the young shepherd looked long and intently into my eyes. He said quite simply, 'I have seen you before.' He meant, of course, on the ferry-boats and cars, but it did not please me to take it in just that way.

At the time I was speaking quite learnedly, I remember, of a certain swamp-flower, which in my younger days I had had good times searching for. I saw that, while the other young men to whom I described it looked bored or amused, Daphnis cared to know. I must have described the violet sac of that marvelous swamp-flower very well indeed, I must have made visible its silvery-fleshed petals, I must, somehow, have given body to its surroundings: smell of black muck, tangle of roots, stillness and breathing and mystery of the swampy woods; for suddenly Daphnis bent upon me the

shepherd's eyes. He looked as if he, long thirsting, had found a spring. After that he invariably left his companions on the ferry-boat and joined me. Every morning we two hung over the rails and talked or were silent.

That was months ago. It was not until this morning that I learned Daphnis's secret and heard about the 'Pipes of Commerce.'

It all began at some mention of Neptune, called forth by the water. We had fallen to talking of the difference between men and gods. 'After all,' — Daphnis flung out his arms, he stretched his young body, clicking his boot-heels together, — 'after all, a man is a god until he forgets it himself. It is the feeling of one's godhead that counts, only we don't feel it. Now I look like a plain, everyday sort of a chap, don't I? Anyway, a practical man?'

My eye ran over him. I saw every inch of him, in spite of that wilding shepherd grace, set with peculiar masculinity to meet his world.

'It's odd,' went on Daphnis slowly. 'I hope I act like one, but I *feel* in these clothes, this collar, these shoes, like an old granny, a cow, a duffer, a saphead.' The boy went slowly over the list of incapables. He bent over the rail, staring down into the harbor-water, saying as if speaking to himself, 'If we only acted more like men!'

I smiled to myself; I felt that I was going to get at Daphnis's secret now. 'Well —?' I said encouragingly.

'If we could only be what, out of our conventionality, we have grown to call "savage." Think,' urged Daphnis eagerly, 'think of watching the first spring sprouting of the maize, to know whether you're going to have bread or not! Think of plunging your body into cold forest lakes, feeling your blood rising with the morning sun; think of tearing boughs from good-smelling trees, because you needed fire

and a bed; think of following bees over the mountain for the sake of the taste of wild honey; think of tying your own little dream-string to every star, inventing your own whistle to answer the silver pipe of morning.'

'Think of forever hanging up the stiff derby hat, and the stiff shirt-collar on the sour-apple tree!' I concluded with my old man's flippancy. Then I dropped my voice quickly. 'I understand, oh *Lord*, how I understand! It all convinces me of what I have always believed: you, Daphnis, my young bank clerk, have known some other life, some other clime; you have been taught by Pan.'

At my teasing mention of the name, my young shepherd's head went up with a surprised lift. Very curious indeed were the eyes under the stiff derby hat. For an instant Daphnis might have been a mountain brook instead of a city youth. He looked full of the ripple of forked courses of clear spirit, a very whimsical vagrom human.

'Pan!' the youth whistled softly. 'Pan? ssssh! don't mention that name aloud! Pan's the one thing the Elect should keep to themselves. *Pan*, — well' — Daphnis looked at me and deliberately grinned. 'Pan, you might say, is my uncle.'

'Not your father?' I asked. I wondered what Daphnis's real father had been like.

The boy considered; for the moment his cheek hardened, but he smiled and went on with the game.

'No,' looking bravely into my face. 'A father is, I suppose, a sacred thing; the ideal, even if — if, humanly, it fails. But your uncle is the old fellow that gave you your first skates, and your gold pieces, and the cabinet for your birds'-egg collection.' Daphnis paused; then, 'Pan,' he repeated, 'is my uncle.'

'Indeed?' I murmured respectfully.

'*Uncle Pan*, — that is a very interesting family connection. I may, since it is you, admit that Caliban has for a long time been my cousin.'

We leaned on the ferry-boat rail. Daphnis pressed a sharp young banker's grin close to my white-bearded face.

'Does your cousin Caliban wear a derby hat?' he inquired softly; then hesitated: it was clear that my young shepherd wanted to confess something. He looked to see how I would take it.

'You didn't know about Uncle Pan?' doubtfully: 'that he has come to live in the city?'

'Come to live in the city? your Uncle Pan?' I was astounded! 'How very injudicious; at his age, too! Why, may I ask?'

'Because every one else lives there; because the people to whom he is uncle have to be there; because some day there's going to be nothing but city to live in.'

The harbor tide was unusually tricky that morning. Our progress was slow. Our ferry-boat gave the curious slabsided lurch peculiar to ferry-boats, then halted. Something as lofty and long as a Gothic cathedral darkened our light, swept across our path. Our ferry-boat seemed for the moment like a floating chapel; we working people thronged on her decks, in the early morning light, might have been a body of the Priests of work, waiting, as the proud steamship swept by us, to break out into some strange matin song.

The powerful mass rested on the water berg-like, the strange pure pathos of the morning sun investing it. A few faces were strung irregularly like questioning masks along the rail as the steamer, gripped by clinging tugs, sank away on the tide.

I took off my hat, gravely saluting her.

'“To the Dream!”'

'What Dream?' asked Daphnis.

But I make it my habit not always to play into the hands of this impatient young shepherd. He knew, as well as I, what dreams go on out-bound steamers; besides, just then something happened that made Daphnis's eyes shine. There came from the haughty throat of the steamer one long note, purple black, ragged with cindery overtones; insolently, under a proud guidon of smoke, it floated over the harbor.

Though it was proud and pompous, this long grave note, it was blown with something of an experimental deliberation. I saw my young shepherd put his head on one side and listen to it. He looked at me, drawing a deep breath.

'That,' said Daphnis mysteriously, 'was Uncle Pan. You heard him? He's practicing polyphonic composition. That, you know, is the study of how to juggle notes.'

And then and there, because he could no longer withhold it, the shepherd boy told me his whole secret. It was a secret, he said, that had made things easier for him. 'You see,' said Daphnis simply, 'I always cared about music. I care for it in the way that a bird cares for the air it flies in, or a flower cares for the soil it grows from. I studied it up to the time I was fourteen. I was going to college and then I was going abroad to study more. Then, you know, everything went to smash. I—well—I went into Business instead.'

To go into Business instead of Music was to me a whimsical sort of idea. I listened attentively to Daphnis.

It was the very old story of the buried talent. Daphnis, as a young shepherd would be likely to do, hurried over the painful details of it. But he told me how that his one dream was, when the overwhelming debts should be paid, his father's name saved, and the responsibilities not of his making

adjusted, to buy a piano and study evenings, after work-hours. Already, he confessed, he knew a little harmony and counterpoint. The composers, both ancient and modern, were to him more real than I.

Bach, Daphnis confided to me, was his favorite. 'Bach did away with "Willyism" in music. Unlike the Puccinis and Debussys, Bach fitted one to take up any sort of life. The garbage-man, for instance; that was a sad, painful sort of existence, once you considered it. Much Chopin, like much Shelley, would unfit all garbage-men for their uncongenial tasks; but give a garbage-man plenty of lusty, husky Bach, and all he would care about would be to handle the garbage-cans cleanly, deftly, with a technical sincerity of whirl that only Bach could teach.'

There was, I firmly believe, a tear in one of my old eyes, a twinkle in the other. Else, why should Daphnis, just here, stop and look at me so steadily? I saw the pained doubt of me in his young face. Did he, then, think I would fail him? 'Lord,' prayed I, 'Lord, I positively *must not* fail him.'

When I realized how thoroughly I was getting at the real shepherd in this young city bank clerk, I was as shy and blushing as a girl about to receive a proposal. To give myself pause, I hailed a passing bootblack. Having got him to begin at my grim, square-toed boots, I hemmed and hawed, and after the manner of an old man, asked a few apparently trivial questions. At last, I could see, I made the young shepherd trust me. He drew a long breath, he confided to me, how with his enforced giving up of the dreamy country life, of all beauty, contemplation, and leisure, he had decided that Uncle Pan might help him find them elsewhere. He looked at me eagerly, avid of sympathy in this idea.

At first, I may as well confess, I was not sympathetic. In my dry old throat, I scoffed a little. I could see, I said, how it would comfort a young musician to toy with an idea like that, but I thought it was a little too fantastic. Pan? in the city? I drew myself up a little pompously, 'Why, to my personal knowledge, Pan never plays unless he is sitting under a tree, or on a hill, or in a glade beside a woodland river. And, heaven knows, there are no trees here in the city!' I summed up crossly. 'Anyway, nothing that *Pan* would call a tree! And where do you get the least suggestion of music?'

Our ferry-boat made a slight turn, the wind came from another quarter, a whirl of harbor gulls flickered near us. These gulls swung in poised circles, round and round one another, darting as between two clefs of vibration, to the blue of the sky and the amber of the water. Round and round the air they wrapped themselves in repeated flights, in airy spirals. Sometimes in strings like cadenzas or arpeggios they dipped, sometimes the white bodies soared in chromatic lapping of wings. At times, they swept by like notes in a written scale, but for the most part they kept in a whirl, three by three, or two against three, with the regularity of irregular beat, that gave to the eye curious suggestion of syncopated script.

I was not surprised at the way Daphnis looked at this gull flight. I was not much surprised that he even whistled a fragment of music that seemed curiously to fit the beating of the gulls' wings. With a strange little air of triumph he turned to me. 'They are the Harbor Fugue,' he said quite simply. Then he took up my complaint that there were not enough trees in the city to help carry out the idea of the presence of Uncle Pan.

I remained quite sullen about the

thing. I looked down at the bootblack and requested him to please to bear a little less heavily upon my gouty foot. '*There are practically no trees!*' I repeated obstinately.

The derby-hatted shepherd looked patient. His strong eyebrows thatched the brook-color of his eyes as he asked,

'Do you never come this way at night? Over the ferry, I mean?'

'Yes,' sulkily, 'instead of taking the Tube with the other rats.'

I wondered what he was beating about the bush for.

My young friend stopped to reprimand me.

'Not so fast, man. Not rats. It's the pick of the army that uses the Tube. That's the strange thing; the sad thing. The Best are the people who get there, are n't they? Well — the fittest of to-day's humanity goes underground. You and I, the old grannies, the duffers, the sapheads and the dreamers, take the ferry-boats.'

I hung my head. I bent over to the bootblack and told him to be very careful to get plenty of polish on my boot heels.

'Well, what about your old trees?' I went back to the subject obstinately.

It was at night, my young shepherd explained, that one got the illusion best. At night one saw the city harbor shores loom up like the shores of a forest stream, thronged with trees hung with lights like the golden apples of the Hesperides. 'What,' he demanded of my quizzical face, 'what were trees anyway but pyramids, obelisks, towers of shimmering light? Were n't trees huge dense shapes of shadow, bulks of myriad dartles, things that gleamed and glanced and twinkled? Well then,' he demanded, 'can't you see how these great buildings, hung with girandoles, with fretted branchlets of sparkle, were like trees, myriads of golden windows sparkling, shaking their illumination,

as a tree in autumn shakes its countless little patches of color?

'They fringe the water, don't they, this new kind of trees? They stand in clumps and groves, one group taller than the other, they make shadow, they strike the stars, they blot the night. In the daytime, like all good green trees, they are nothing but fairy castles astir with life, with song, with nesting. In the night, their countless little golden foliations seem to flutter. Why!' Daphnis's brook-eyes rippled at me, 'Why, the whole city is not only full of groves of golden trees, but of pergolas, trellises, vines!'

The wind freshened while my young shepherd was speaking. A string of tows went by. The cumbrous square masses of barge took the cross chop from passing craft. On the opaque wizardry of the water, the coarse black segments of the line were tossed like a floating Egyptian necklace, with huge mummy-like heads. The two tugs at the head of it sounded each a staccato whistle.

'*Stretto!*' Daphnis soliloquized. '*Stretto!* Uncle Pan, I have observed, often uses that closed form of fugue. Uncle Pan is a great old experimenter.'

Suddenly I found myself being immensely tickled with my young shepherd's attitude toward his Uncle Pan. My two shoes being polished, and all being well with me, I turned to help him play his game. Need I say that I began to feel a sort of challenge in this game, for I, also, had need of Uncle Pan in the city. Ah, I had long had need of him.

Now the ferry-boat turned. From where we stood, close to the gates, the straight slab of flooring moved, curiously uncouth, as Argo might have moved, over the slapping water. Our advance became to me suddenly a thing mysterious, adventurous. It was as if we did, indeed, sail down some new

and strange woodland river. Objects fell behind us, or to either side. They drifted away wrapped in mists, muffled in smoky mirage, that made them well-nigh impalpable, unreal; until I, like Daphnis, saw craft as vague, as shapeless as twilight highway bushes, countless masts like reeds or cat-tails, elevator and derrick and tower as ethereal and feathery as pampas or milkweed.

Slowly, surely, I too began to get the illusion, this strange dream, with which Daphnis, all his poor young years, had been playing. Surely the harbor was no longer that hard-sounding name by which I had known it. It was instead a broad woodland river, along the banks of which were concealed the gods, fauns, nymphs, and satyrs of commerce. Invisible it is true, as those of the forest, but no whit less merry, magic, and potent. All at once I knew that strange ship-birds laid golden eggs in the floating wharf-nests. I saw lofty growing shapes, not trees indeed, yet filled with spirits as mystical as dryads, fringing the broad waterway. — Truly, Uncle Pan had had a wondrous vision! No wonder he sat in his secret nook, still trying fugitive bits of melody; no wonder he could not as yet fully interpret the Harbor Song, or perfectly play the 'Pipes of Commerce.'

For that was the noticeable thing about the piping of the harbor, it was catchy, snatchy, vague. At last I found courage to mention this.

'Your Uncle Pan,' I critically remarked, 'needs the Telharmonium to play on. Evidently his *Syrinx* is too delicate an instrument for these harbor melodies. I'd as soon expect to play Wagnerian strains on the "seven-stringed mountain-shell." Also,' I teased on, 'he's too spasmodic. I've been told that rhythm was the deciding element in music. Well, you get no rhythm in this Harbor Music!'

Daphnis turned his head away from the wind. He took off his hat, that unconsciously lying and mocking derby hat of which I have spoken; he stood there letting the breeze blow through his hair, just as it would have blown had he lain among the soft green hills, watching the slowly moving flocks and piping up the morning.

'I have n't yet decided just what kind of music Uncle Pan is trying to make out of this harbor,' the youth slowly admitted. 'It's got to be different from all music that has hitherto been made. So far, of course, you realize that it has been called just "Noise"?'

I nodded.

Daphnis had his explanation ready.

'It has been called "Noise" because it has never been absorbed into the perceptions with some mental picture, some heroic or lyric vision. Just as would Wagner's music, without the libretto, have been considered by many people mere "noise." Music has to have its controlling idea. You wouldn't care for a bird's song if it did n't mean blue sky, green leaves, wings, flowers, and dew. Even songs without words convey their idea in their titles.' My young shepherd turned; he looked dreamily out over the moving harbor. 'Now, so far,' he slowly said, 'so far this city music has no rhythmic power. It is Eastern in its development. Like some of the Modern French School it has two supreme qualities, Suspense and Mysticism. You get those?'

'After all,' I jeered, 'after all, your Uncle Pan will simply line up with Debussy and Vincent d'Indy — a sort of pagan Modern.'

But, as if in answer to his nephew's belief in him, from far down the broad waterway, out of that blue murkiness where rose the black, swamplike hummocks of city roofs, came a full chord. It was the dominant chord of the

seventh. This chord was as clear, as defined, with its four voices, as if it had been firmly struck by a giant hand on a giant organ; but it was a blown chord — one could almost imagine the purse of the great lips that produced it. It was followed by a succession of smaller, more reedy pipings, which, one voice after another, gave what seemed to be the fragment of some plaintive melody. For a moment my dried old heart bounded like a cement ball.

'Why, it was like, yes, it was very like some one playing a set of pipes!'

I looked at young Daphnis; he, head still turned a little to one side, was smiling.

'Anticipation,' he murmured. '*Anticipation rises when one or more voices sing in a tone foreign to the present chord.*' Daphnis hummed the snatch meditatively. 'That is a very familiar little bit,' he said, 'it is one of the principal motifs of the Harbor Song.'

The Harbor Song. I drew a long breath. His putting it that way struck me very strangely. For after all, this idea of Daphnis's was not new, not unusual. I realized that I had always been hearing, always been listening for, the Harbor Song. I remembered that I had heard it many nights and many mornings, in many times of loneliness and defeat, of doubt and despair. The Harbor Song! How many thousands listened to it every day, all uncomprehending that the world's 'Uncle Pan,' hiding along the banks of the harbor, was trying to unify it, to make of it some clear harmony that all the world could catch.

I started to speak again to Daphnis, but he put up his hand, murmuring something about 'drone bass,' which was a thing, he said, used in pastoral music and in the music of the Middle Ages. 'One got,' he said, 'perfect examples of drone bass in the harbor'; he had just now half heard one.

For a long time we were silent, he listening, I staring down at the harbor-water flinging its tawdry foam-fringes.

At last, 'Daphnis,' I cried out, 'Daphnis, I believe it's the harbor-water that holds the introductory *motif*, the meaning of the Harbor Music.'

My shepherd lad did not at first appear to hear me, seeming to try to catch again that little far-off misty thematic bit. But at last he gave it up, and turned to give my remark his young shepherd's consideration.

'I suppose you mean in its movement,' he agreed, 'in the signs and hints of flotsam and jetsam? Or along the wharf, the floating casks and bales, the gums and oils and cottons and fruits; or on the docks the dark, wild, fierce foreign faces?'

'Yes,' said I dubiously. 'Yes, except that all those things, done into music, would make a spicy piece, a rigadoun, a gaillard, a bold rondo. I hear nothing in this harbor but minor melodies, groping futile chords, intoning of portent, sad questioning notes that seem to haunt the misty waters. I say, Daphnis, people speak of the "*Tonic Chord*." That means the original basis, the beginning of the musical sentence, does n't it? Well, then, what is the Tonic Chord of this harbor?'

Ah! — that was where I made my mistake. That was where I proved myself to be an old man. In Daphnis's startled eyes I read what, in a general way, I had always known, that these young shepherd lads hate to be held down to facts. They see life as one follows a brook; as they, lying on their backs, see clouds, watching them pass, wind-blown, white and soft, expanded, dwarfed, to a hundred fantastic shapes. Daphnis looked unwilling, almost uncomfortable; for the moment I was nonplussed as to how to get the truth out of him. But in my old man's way I was determined to have it.

'If you are any true nephew of Uncle Pan,' I challenged, 'you will tell me; think it over a little. Now — What is the Tonic of this harbor?'

A smoky, one-masted lugger, laden with lumber, got in our ferry-boat's way. She slid to starboard, passing so close that her sooty patched sail, all its little reef-points trembling, shook in our very faces. As she flopped into stays and fell impotently in the trough of our wake, Daphnis muttered, under his breath, —

'I suppose the blamed old Tonic Chord might be called the chord of Pity.'

'Pity?' I glanced around at the proud progress of the harbor shores, at the superb castle-like business houses, the brilliant bird-like shipping. 'Pity?' — My eyes tried to laugh into those of Daphnis.

But now that he had spoken this thing my young shepherd had become suddenly very grave. He had taken out his watch. His face had fallen into stern lines. He stood, clear eyes on the approaching wharf-clock, ready to jump into the steely Trap lying there with its bait ready for him and for millions of others.

'Yes,' he repeated sombrely, '*pity*.'

'Pity?' — Stupidly I repeated the word. Then, as I heard far behind us a long melancholy chord broodingly blown on the strange unseen harbor pipes, I tried to look as if I understood. 'Oh, yes,' I airily said. 'Oh, yes,' in my jaunty old man's way. 'Pity. Quite so. As you say — er — Pity?'

'Why not?' asked Daphnis gravely. He was very much a modern young man now. He stood very straight, his keen eyes set square ahead, his firm lips shooting out curt words. 'Why not pity for the wild dreams of power that come to us and enslave us? Why not pity for temples where only foul gods reign? Why not pity for the dream of

ideal love that makes men hurry and scurry to win the mere right of existence? Pity for treachery, weakness, disease, incapacity. Pity—'

He stopped short, looking at me. One more low musing chord came from far down the harbor. The Pipes of Commerce played one more strange detached little melody, and I saw a whole nature, like one note in some unalterable law of harmony, vibrate to it.

Daphnis, the brook-boy, the shepherd lad, suddenly shivered and grew pale.

Like a flash it came to me that I had a duty to 'Uncle Pan,' hiding there among the strange stone boscaje that fringed the shores of the harbor. Uncle Pan, who had taken up his residence in the city in order to do what he could for young shepherds, would very likely depend upon me in this matter. Clearly the time had come for me to be a sort of Uncle Pan myself, in my strange, old man's way; yet I feared there was little I could say.

'Pity?' I asked once more; and then, very stoutly, very firmly, considering my age, '*No, not pity.* It is something better than that, Daphnis. Those few bits of melody we hear, those strange snatches of harbor song, are rather the Tonics of dream and desire. They mean Progress, Quest, Eternity. Yes, my impatient young man, don't you lift one eyebrow at me! You see, I know. Give your Uncle Pan time, can't you? a few million years or so! Boy, your Uncle Pan has got the right idea. He is sitting on the shores of this harbor, trying over all sorts of little phrases, little phrases of music that are some day going to form a wonderful sym-

phony, some great shimmering fabric of balanced harmonies. He plays the thing that makes men brave for life, that holds their bodies alert to discipline, their hearts fixed in narrow sentry boxes of duty. True, he plays other strains: sorrow, of blank yellow-fogged morning, sin, of black reeking rainy nights. But, more than all, he plays the Tonic Chord of the old Human Dream, To See the Thing Through.' I stopped right there. 'Uncle Pan,' I added very quietly, 'plays for me only one meaning.'

'And what is that?' inquired Daphnis lightly.

He had got that derby hat jammed down very securely by now. As our ferry-boat blundered into the pier, he carelessly nodded to one or two acquaintances amongst the throng. As the huge unwieldy craft bumped first into one side of the yielding piles, then into the other, I staggered a little. In a familiar way, as if he had been my son, Daphnis caught at my old arm. For a moment he steadied me.

'What is that one meaning?' he whispered.

'Go along, young man,' said I crossly. 'I take an up-town car. Go along, you'll be late.'

For I could not tell Daphnis. I knew that some day he would find out for himself, and that then nothing would matter. Meanwhile, there was his Uncle Pan. So I, old and rheumatic, crawled contentedly along, not so much with my stick as after it, while my shepherd lad, dashing off the ferry-boat, sprang, far ahead of the other working men and women, into the Trap.

THE AVIAN SUPERSTITION

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is the thankless duty of middle age to bear witness to pricked bubbles. I was, all through my youth, conventionally sentimental about birds. I never had a canary in a cage, but that was because I was so sorry for caged canaries. I was ever melancholy in an aviary. I am so still; but now, I confess, for different reasons. I can no longer romance even about the lark at Heaven's gate. The fact is simply, I suppose, that birds have, since those days, entered into my actual experience. I was silent about my first disillusion, but I have been enough agreed with, now, to feel justified in speaking. All my intimate friends, I find, except the few who still write sonnets, are ready to admit that birds are for the most part detestable. They do very well in allegories; but they are best left there. I quite agree with the Audubon Society that birds should be kept off of hats. Yet if one has ever looked into the evil face of an ostrich, one is, forever after, at a loss to know what he is good for except millinery. My own idea is that most birds would be comparatively unobjectionable if they could be seen and not heard. But I must begin to explain myself, or I shall have all conventional metaphor arrayed against me. And I really need that on my own side.

It would be a platitude, at the moment, to say that the human imagination is immensely taken by the notion of flying; for at the moment the human imagination seems to be taken by nothing else. To be sure, the notion has

usually been considered, hitherto, material for the imagination alone. Saint Paul to the contrary notwithstanding, I doubt if any Athenian would have consented to attend an aviation meet — unless, perhaps, Aristophanes. The people who invented Icarus would obviously have been shocked by a Wright biplane. It has taken the present generation to materialize that symbolic disaster. We have been taken in by the possibility of living in another element than the one proper to us. We fancy that there will be something supra-terrestrial, ever after, in our point of view. We rejoice in the fact that we have 'bird-men.' But this, I am persuaded, is an over-poetic attitude. The only new impressions that successful aviators have reported to us, so far as I know, are that the earth looks hollow, and that it is extraordinary to lose all sense of direction. And those impressions, I feel sure, the birds themselves do not share.

I think that my first suspicion of bird-nature was gained, humbly, from the 'tame villatic fowl' of my country neighbor. A lover of larks may protest that a hen is not, in the finest sense of the word, a bird at all. Anything is a bird that has wings and feathers and can fly. That definition I insist on. There are, of course, people who like hens. Yet hens are awkward; their beauty is not even wing-deep; they have dreadful voices; they are utterly without reticence; and their personal habits are those of the traditional slum. I am quite sure that most people who

defend them merely do so to try to pay a debt of gratitude. No one could be fonder of eggs than I. I am willing to give any price that is asked for them, even in midwinter. I am not sure that, if hard-pushed, I would not barter a first edition for a really perfect egg. But I cannot believe that it is my duty to associate with the hen that laid it. Heaven often chooses strange ministers. It may even be (one recalls the threat of Kim's lama, attacked on the high Himalayan spur) that a hen is expiating in this vile incarnation her previous existence as a daughter of the Borgias. I am not fitted to discuss these spiritual economics. But whatever past misdemeanors the hen may be expiating, it is certain that the rooster is even now committing his sins. I have not seen M. Rostand's *Chantecler*. I share Charlotte Brontë's hatred of the *basse cour*, and my most pedantic friend would not expect me even to read it. It is bad enough to see women one likes wearing hats shaped, and veils woven, after the likeness of the hero. I said, I think, that birds were not amiss in allegories. But in real life, a lusty cock positively lessens one's respect for the sun.

Yet, after all, there is no poetic convention in favor of the barnyard. It is the melting song or the brilliant plumage that has, in most cases, made the bird's reputation. There is no species, to be sure, that a catholic person ought utterly to condemn. And, as for the nightingale, I must confess that, at home and abroad, Philomela shuns me. I have never heard a nightingale. Apparently no lyric poet has ever shared my deprivation. Indeed, I have always liked to realize that it was the author of 'Dream-Pedlary' and 'Dial-Thoughts' who cried: —

I'll not be a fool, like the nightingale,
Who sits up all midnight without any ale,
Making a noise with his nose.

There is testimony from an English garden! How much that is raucous, on the other hand, I have heard! I have lain through convalescent weeks in late spring, listening in vain for the note of a thrush, but waked every morning — and kept awake — by a woodpecker's maddening simulation of an electric bell. One of my friends told me that she gave up the attempt to sleep on her *loggia*, not so much because she minded waking early as because, in the early morning hours, she got such a painful revelation of the real temper of birds. I have verified her comments, since then. To sleep outdoors in the country is rather like seeing Kalich act *Thérèse Raquin*. There are scenes at which, even across footlights, one does not like to assist; and there are vituperations which, even though they are inarticulate, it is positively embarrassing to hear. Better catbirds than cats — but is this praise? And the same unsatisfactoriness exists, to my mind, in the matter of plumage. For one glimpse of the oriole or the indigo-bird, one has a thousand of the English sparrow or the robin — who looks (I beg to say it) like a successful grocer turned into a 'sporting gent.' You cannot count even on the peacock's vanity. I nearly missed a train, a year or two since, at Chinon, because I stopped in my descent from the château to beg a dingy peacock to spread his tail for me. The peacock, however, on his historic rampart, would do nothing but sing. And he had the impudence to face me, as he did it, with the solemnity of a *basso profundo*.

One's disillusion, however, has its source, as it should have, in the discovery of moral baseness. No one, I fancy, has ever credited birds with much intelligence. You can see trained seals, trained mice, trained fleas. In what exhibition, pray, do you see trained birds? But, believe me, the ostrich,

hiding his head, is more knave than fool. He knows perfectly well that his countenance gives him away. There are degrees of viciousness in the feathered kind, as in others. It ranges from the mere bad manners of the mocking-bird, the sordid gluttony of the sea-gull (who does not remember him, fluttering in the wake of one's incoming ship, for scraps from the galley?), to the ghoulishness of the carrion crow and the frank brutality of the vulture.

Let us face the truth about birds; nor be duped by the beauty of their flight's incalculable curves. They are greedy, they are impertinent, they are untrustworthy, they are brainless, they are hopelessly unclean. They have not even the qualities of their defects. The least, for example, that one could expect of such matinal creatures would be punctuality. Myself, I have never depended on my woodpecker to wake me at a given time; but I once had a friend who counted on a cardinal-bird. Six mornings he waked her regularly just three hours before breakfast. This, she considered, constituted a precedent. On the seventh morning, she had an early engagement. The cardinal-bird had, by that time, sought other case-ments, and my trusting friend missed her appointment. This is the real meaning of 'flightiness.'

And I insist, too, that even the least objectionable birds have been over-rated. I remember the welcome words of another friend when I confessed that during a week-end visit to a common acquaintance I had not slept well. 'Was it those damned doves?' he inquired eagerly. It *had* been those damned doves. I would almost rather keep a pet alligator in my bathtub (I know some one who does) than two doves in a cage outside my bedroom door. A French Jesuit, preaching recently to an audience of women, adjured them not to repeat themselves in the confes-

sional. He assured them that they did not know how it racked the nerves of the priest. It must be very like listening, for a few hours, to moaning doves. They seem to be confessing the same sin over and over again. Where, among birds, is one to go for virtue, if doves have it not? As for parrots, they belong in Malebolge.

It was the late Professor Child, I believe, who suggested that an aviary would be of assistance to him in elucidating his lectures on the English poets. 'When we come to Wordsworth, for example,' he is credited with explaining, 'I need only say, "Johnny, poke up the lark."' Back of his plaintive irony we need not go. It is quite true that the English poets talked constantly about birds that American undergraduates have never heard. But we need not live with birds to appreciate poetry written about them. We can read our Shelley and our Keats joyfully without any such terrible intimacies. I shall antagonize the Nature-study classes by saying it, but take an example. The bittern, I believe, is nearly extinct: not only we, but our parents and grandparents in all probability, never heard it. The dragon, moreover, is a fabulous creature. Will any member of a Nature-study class agree that he misses, for this reason, the sublimity of the major prophecies? 'I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water . . . an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls . . . both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows.' On the other hand, does the universal prejudice against the sparrow destroy for any one the Anglo-Saxon parable? 'Such do I see this present life of man on earth, oh, king, in comparison with the time which is unknown to us; even as if thou sattest in wintertide at a banquet among

thy chiefs and thanes, and the fire were kindled and thy hall were warmed, and it rained and snowed and stormed without; and a sparrow should come and should fly quickly through the hall, coming in by one door and going out at the other. Lo, while he is within, he is not touched by the storm of winter; but it is only for the twinkling of an eye and the briefest space, for he soon comes out of the winter into the winter again.' No: birds are not amiss in liter-

ature. It is in life that they are intolerable.

There is one bird that I have loved. He was lent me, for a time, to beautify a temporary lodgment in a foreign country. *Pavo Tibetanus* was the legend he bore; and underneath, in parenthesis, *Pavone del Regno di Tibet*. He was sky-blue, like the poppies that — they tell us — bloom along the road to Lhasa. Him I loved. But he was the arch-symbol of the inaccessible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NEW BURDEN

It is a weary world for this generation. The various modern time-saving and labor-saving inventions, instead of making life easier and giving us more leisure, have only increased our power of accomplishment. We are busy more hours in the day than our grandfathers worked, and go through them on the fourth speed instead of at a foot-pace. I use the word busy because I am not sure that the whirl of activities in which much of our time is consumed is altogether entitled to be called work, although it is often more wearing than the eight or nine hours' toil of the day laborer.

It is not usually the brick-layers and the carpenters who break down from overdoing. Most of us wear the better for steady work at any wholesome occupation. It is the hurrying from one thing to another; the fatigue and mental confusion from trying to do half a dozen things at once, while worrying over another half-dozen left undone, that are said to be filling the sanita-

riums. But the multifarious activities, the work, worry, and tumultuous unrest of modern life, are as nothing in their wear on human beings compared with the strenuous life we are leading with our own selves in this uncomfortable day. We have become our own greatest burden.

Prior to, let us say, the last fifteen years, by the time people had attained their first quarter of a century, they considered themselves pretty much formed as to physical and mental characteristics: If they were ambitious and energetic, they perhaps carried on some kind of exercise for their physical well-being, and guarded against mental deterioration as they advanced in years by occasionally taking up new studies or reviewing old ones; as a dear old lady of my acquaintance, at the age of eighty-nine, began to review her algebra to keep her mind active.

Now everything is changed. We cannot settle down comfortably in the thought of anything in the regular routine of life which we may not be called upon to alter at a moment's notice.

Most of us have found that few of our established habits are right, and that unless we are willing to be left hopelessly behind our associates we must learn over again all that we acquired in infancy, and that has since become a matter of automatic action.

Breathing would seem to be one of the processes for which the normal human being should not have to acquire the technique after maturity. But most people have been convicted of breathing improperly, and there is nothing for it but to begin over and learn to breathe with a much greater expenditure of thought and effort than would enable one to ride a bicycle.

In the high-school days of some of us there were only two known ways of breathing. One you did with your lungs; the other with your abdomen. The latter was considered the proper thing, so that many of us were at great pains to form the habit of abdominal breathing. Now a third kind has come in, and the abdominal method is held to ruin the figure and be the cause of all manner of evils. You must now imagine a string attached to a button on your diaphragm, and at each inspiration you must jerk the cord, drawing the chest out at that point. When you have been accustomed to breathing just naturally without any thought about it, having to keep your mind on your diaphragm with every breath you draw is enough to make you in need of a rest-cure at the end of two days. No wonder that so many middle-aged women have the muscles of the mouth and jaw rigid in a tension which, rightly interpreted, means, 'I am holding in my abdomen and raising my chest with all my strength.'

This conscious effort is noticeable in every gathering of women. When they sit they are evidently remembering the injunction to place the hips firmly against the back of the chair. In this

position the back of the sitter and that of the chair of course make no connection, and the poor women, who in their youth were accustomed to lean back comfortably in their chairs, look weary and most unhappy trying to perch in the fashion of their greatgrandmothers. The man could make a fortune who would design a new chair which would fit the perpendicular back of the sitter.

It is the same with standing and walking. Many people do both of these things with the self-conscious stiffness which belongs to a new accomplishment rather than with the ease which accompanies an habitual action. Trying to mind the law laid down by one of our latest authorities in physical culture, to keep the back of the neck pressed firmly against the collar, and the directions of another as to the manner in which the leg should swing from the hip, the adult learner finds himself in much the state of mind of the unhappy centipede, to whom —

the frog in fun,
Said, 'pray, which leg comes after which?'
This worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

As if it were not enough that the physical culturists supervise our ways, from our rising in the morning to our going to bed at night, they must even regulate our sleep. It is a little hard on middle-aged people, who have slept all their lives in the old-fashioned way of lying on the side with the head on a pillow, to change their method. But there is no help for it. If we wish to do the proper thing, we must discard the pillow and turn over on our stomachs to sleep. Then, after two or three nights of aching muscles, vain attempts to dispose of the arms, and general discomfort, the unhappy victims of progress usually find that they have lost the art of sleeping in any fashion. Truly, there were advantages

in living at a time when women put on caps at thirty and new ideas were left to younger people.

But though the physical culturists are leading us a hard life, their worst 'stunts' are nothing compared with the nagging we are getting from the psychologists, the mental scientists, and the new-thought leaders. They have devised more ways of making us miserable than were ever dreamed of by our ancestors.

Professor William James is responsible for not a little of our present trouble. Before his time, psychology was not a branch of knowledge which any one expected to apply to ordinary living; but he has drawn from it such a clarion call to be up and doing that there is little peace for the shirker. Could there have been promulgated with malicious intent anything fraught with more discomfort to an already over-burdened generation than his injunction to do each day some unnecessary thing that you don't like to do? Think what it involves. On a stormy night when you particularly wish to stay by your fire, you must take off your slippers, put on your shoes, and go out, simply for the discipline. If you dislike early rising, on a cold winter morning you must get up in the dark and take an early train when a later one would answer your purpose as well. Few of us have the heroism to persist in daily self-discipline of this sort, but the thought that we ought to persist is a constant reproach to us.

The mental healers of various descriptions have become more numerous than the beauty doctors, and claim an even greater share of our time. We must give ourselves treatments for our memories, our nerves; treatments to promote our general health, prosperity, and happiness. Are we low-spirited, impatient, cross with our grandmothers, timid, lacking in business

ability, not fond of dish-washing, or whatever work we have to do, we must each day give ourselves mental treatments for one or all of these things. Does any one wish to write a poem, play a musical instrument, be popular with his acquaintances, double his income, or own an automobile, he must create the proper mental impression.

An old lady who disapproved of her granddaughter's studying physiology, said she did n't think it was nice to know so much about your insides. We are all now too much occupied with our mental insides. The little book which your friend has for a constant companion is probably neither Shakespeare nor the Bible. You will be safe in surmising it to be *How to Win*, *Success Is for You*, *Betterment*, *Self Help for Nervous People*, *As a Man Thinketh*, *The Great Within*, *Right and Wrong Thinking*, *Why Worry*, *Mental Health*, or something of the sort.

The subconscious self has become the bane of our modern existence. It is only within a few years that most of us have known that there is such a thing as a subconscious self, and a happy thing it would be if we had been left in ignorance of its existence. The substance of our present knowledge concerning it seems to be that it is highly important to our welfare that this inner self should receive right impressions and that it has a fatal propensity for rejecting the right and absorbing the wrong.

Some time since, a friend, following the instructions in her manual for the training of this mysterious second self, wrote on slips of paper the particular ideas she wished to instill, such as: 'I will not be lazy'; 'I will not waste time'; 'I will not be discontented.' Every day she read them over several times, often repeating each admonition with her eyes fixed on a small red ball which was supposed to exercise an hypnotic influence. After two or three months

of diligent effort to inculcate ideas which should produce the desired result, she discovered to her utter consternation that she had been proceeding by a totally wrong method.

According to the mental scientists the subconscious self is an irrational thing which takes any suggestion presented without regard to the intention of the mind which offers it. So when my friend had day after day repeated with emphasis, 'I will not be discontented,' she had really been impressing the idea of discontent instead of its opposite upon this indiscriminating secondary mind. Could anything well be more disheartening than to have the responsibility of training a subconsciousness powerful enough to determine one's conduct and so stupid that one can never be sure that it understands its lessons! Oh, the happy days of our grandmothers, who never meddled with their mental insides!

The worst turn of the screw, however, comes from the generally accepted theory that 'sleep is the time for mental growth; the time when new resolutions become rooted and new ideas settled.' This is especially true we are told of the impressions and impulses that come to us on the verge of sleep. Hence, it follows as a practical corollary of this theorem that we must keep a strict watch over the ideas that drift through our minds as we become comfortably drowsy. There can be no more relaxation of the mind as we lapse blissfully into unconsciousness. We must be alert to marshal the proper thoughts and ward off all the useless, incoherent notions that float through our brains.

People used to say their prayers and then go to sleep peacefully, leaving everything in the hands of the Lord. Now they must labor with might and main to gain for themselves the results for which they formerly looked to Providence. And a weary task it is.

Having one night worked hard according to the instructions in *The Efficient Life*, putting my mind in order, giving myself 'thoughts of joy, of success, of accomplishment,' I was on the verge of sleep with the happy consciousness of duty done, when unluckily a bird twittered outside my window. That caused me to wonder sleepily if the grackles were going to wake me with their clatter early in the morning. In an instant I was wide-awake, realizing that by that unfortunate thought I had undone all my work and created a whole atmosphere of mistrust and apprehension which it would be most pernicious to go to sleep with. There was nothing for it, but to begin afresh and go through the whole process again.

Truly, the teachers, guides, and philosophers of this generation are leading us by no primrose paths, and some of us who find the pace a little hard long for an occasional brief vacation. But how can there be a vacation with the subconscious self for a companion?

DAYS OUT

I HAD followed up her advertisement, and she stood before me in the dim hallway to which she had given me entrance. As she fingered the front door-knob she told me her qualities. 'Yes, mum,' she concluded, 'I does my work, mum. I don't never have company, and I don't never want days out.'

I protested. 'I always give my cook one day a week, afternoon and evening.'

'Yes, mum, I know. But when I gets my work done, I likes to set right down in the kitchen. I don't want to go nowhere. If there's somethin' I need, — a spool o' cotton, or some stockin's, — why, I most gen'ally tells the lady, two-three days ahead, and then I runs out of a Saturday evenin', mebbe, fer an hour or two.'

'And Sundays?' I asked faintly, — 'I let my cook and waitress both go out on Sunday afternoon.'

'No, I don't never go out on Sundays at all. Ye' see, I likes to do my work, and when I gets through I likes to rest. That's the kind I am.'

I sighed. Undoubtedly hers was a good kind, but undoubtedly I did n't want her. I had had one experience of that kind. She stayed with me two years, and in all that time was never away over a meal-hour. She was as good a creature as ever lived, but when she left, I said to myself, 'Henceforth I shall *insist* on days out.'

The fact is, I have an unconquerable love for my own kitchen and pantries. When I was a child they were to me realms of bliss, where I was often tolerated, often even welcomed. They still seem this to me, and — not to be tolerated at all — it is too much!

Perhaps that is an exaggeration. My cooks have usually tolerated me. They have even been polite to me. When I slink half-apologetically into the kitchen, to have a finger, so to speak, in the pie, they bring me dishes, and materials, and clear tables for me, and try to make believe I am not in the way — at least the nice ones do. But they watch me furtively. If they are self-righteous, their attitude is slightly critical, if they are self-distrustful, it is apprehensive: — what am I going to find out about their pantry? And as I am idiotically sensitive to my cook's attitude, I am conscious of this, and it spoils the fun. I slip out of my kitchen — their kitchen — and hie me to other parts of the house, that seem more truly mine.

But, on the days out, — ah, those delicious days out! For the cook's outings are my innings. She is happy, too. How she works! The luncheon dishes are whisked out of the way, the kitchen is 'red up,' and she flies to her room to

dress. I slip out, glance up the backstairs, go to the range and poke the fire, change the draughts, shift the kettle a little, then hastily retreat to the parlor, and play the piano, with the soft pedal down, until I hear the back door shut. Then! No more piano for me! I can play the piano any time.

I walk swiftly and boldly out into the kitchen — my kitchen — *MY* kitchen. I perch on a table and swing my feet, in a glory of possession. What shall I make? I go over to the range again. Good fire, — good oven. I can make anything, anything! A feeling of power comes over me. I go to the pantry and scan its contents. I am always careful to have it well stocked on these days, that my creative impulses, no matter how freakish, may suffer no thwarting by reason of a lack of materials. I pick up the cook-book and resume my perch. I am in no special hurry. It is not yet four, and one can do almost anything between four and half-past six.

The telephone rings. I go, with my thumb in the cooky recipes. I lay the book open on the table beside me, and my eye runs down the page as I take down the receiver.

'Yes? Yes, this is Mrs. — Oh, Mrs. Grundy, good afternoon. — What? Another bridge? Are n't you a gay lady! — Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't play well, of course you know, but I suppose I *would* come to fill up, only you see I can't. It's my cook's day out. (I'm so glad I ordered molasses this morning!) — No, I can't change, she's gone already. (Would sugar-cookies be better, I wonder.) — Yes, of course, it *is* inconvenient sometimes, but they do want their days out, don't they? — Thank you, I'm sorry too. I hope you'll find somebody, I'm sure you will. — Yes, good-bye.' I hang up the receiver with a sigh of relief. — Yes, I think, — ginger cookies. Hester and Tom will be in soon, — and they're so

good when they're just out of the oven.

I go back, get into my big apron, give another look to my fire and my oven, and plunge in. There arises a delicious odor of spices and molasses and butter — an aroma of cooking, in short.

The front door opens and shuts, there is a stampede of feet up and down-stairs. Then the kitchen door bursts open. 'Oh, good! It's Sarah's day out! Hester! Come on. It's Sarah's day out!'

Hester arrives. 'May we make the toast?' 'May I set the table?' 'What do I smell?' 'May I stir?' 'May we scrape the bowl?' 'May we make griddle-cakes?'

It is like a frog-chorus in spring.

Perhaps I try to be severe.

'Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who ever heard of griddle-cakes at night? Ginger cookies are queer enough. Besides, they don't go well together.'

'No matter! Who cares! We always do nice, queer things when Sarah is out. And we can eat up all the cookies as soon as they're done, and then they won't interfere with the cakes.'

It makes really very little difference how it turns out, what things finally get cooked. The important thing is, that the cooking goes merrily on, and joy reigns.

It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice in. I am heartily sorry for people who never do their own cooking. Cooking is an art, not only creative but social. It takes the raw materials and converts them into a product that is every way pleasing, and that brings the people who enjoy it into social harmony. The immediate products do not abide: the better they are, the more quickly they vanish; but they leave behind something spiritual and permanent. A busy mother, who was a wonderful cook, once said to me, 'Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to cook things when

they go so fast; but then, I think, after all they leave behind them a memory of a jolly home-table that does last, so perhaps it pays.'

I am sure she was right. The memory of that home-table has lasted forty years and more, and does not yet seem to be fading.

There are other things to remember about that home, there are other things that are worth while in any home, but I think that in our modern conditions we lose too much of the pleasure that comes through doing practical things together. Almost all the physical work of our daily lives is delegated. Life is being systematized on that basis, and though there are great gains, there are also losses. The change is deeply affecting the character and quality of our hospitality. This is a big subject, and I am not going to be drawn into it too deeply. All I want to say is, that I believe we are letting ourselves be so involved in the machinery of our hospitality that we are cheated of some of its pleasures. We have submitted to certain conventions of 'entertaining,' and if we cannot satisfy these, we do not 'entertain.' What a pity! And yet, while I say this, I am aware that I too am enslaved. There are many people whom I have not the courage to invite to my house—*except* on my cook's day out. Then I am emancipated. There is no one whom I dare not invite, if I want her, when I am my own cook. Mrs. Grundy herself may come and welcome. And I believe Mrs. Grundy would have a good time. She might not ask to scrape the bowl, but I fancy she would be delighted to turn the griddle-cakes, or run out for the hot toast.

It is irresistible, this charm of doing things one's self, of doing things together. People have talked about the simple life until we are sick of the name. But we are not sick of the thing, the real thing. And our present conditions

are not satisfying us. They need to be shaken up and recombined. We cannot go backward, but we can, perhaps, while accepting what is good in the new order, try to hold fast to what was good in the old. Probably it is best for me not to do all my own housework, but it would, I am convinced, be little short of a calamity if I never did any. To feel that my cook is doing her work contentedly, that she needs her wages and I need my time — this is all very well. But, like Antæus, I must touch earth often. I yearn for the poker, I hanker for the mixing bowl, I sigh for the frying-pan. Man does not live by bread alone, but neither does he live by taking thought alone. I love to think, and talk, and feel, but I cannot forget that I have hands which clamor to be put to use, arms which will not hang idle. It does not satisfy me to do make-believe work that does not need to be done: picture-puzzles and burnt-wood and neckties. I want real work, primitive work. Hurrah for the coal-hod! Hurrah for the tea-kettle! Hurrah for the Day Out!

THE TRAIL OF THE FASHION MAGAZINE

WE are, for the first time, subscribing to one of those domestic journals wherein literature and discussion of the styles are neatly sandwiched together, and where only the utmost correctness in human conduct, as well as in human costume, is admitted. Perhaps it is intellectual snobbishness which makes me add hastily that we are doing it for our maid, who is the only fashionable one in the family.

As this paper happens to fall, now and then, side by side with other illustrated magazines, our best and worst literary periodicals, taken regularly, or incidentally purchased, it throws a flood of light upon our vaunted art

of illustration, which, we are often assured, whether done in delicate colors or in black and white, surpasses the art of illustration in all other lands. I had long wondered what could be the vague influence looming behind the varied show, dominating the *motifs*, determining the drawing, setting its seal upon the work, and producing an unpleasant sameness, a tendency toward type and toward commonplaceness in type. Slowly, but with unmistakable certainty, the answer comes, as the pages lie open side by side: it is the fashion magazine. In these superior weeklies and monthlies, full of tales and verse dealing with human souls and human emotions, the emphasis on clothes, as of paramount importance in life, is quite as obvious as in Butterick's fashion magazine, dealing with spring styles.

Observe, in this choice publication, the crucial moment when he — in the pergola studied from directions in *The Ladies' Own* for manufacturing Italian gardens — stands, with elbows correctly bent, a perfect facsimile of 'Gentleman's Afternoon Wear,' on page 2 of the fashion circular. She, in Empire style without folds, is gazing at him with that facial expressionlessness that means a perfect fit. It is most effective, after its kind; but should a man, at this great crisis in life, be thinking quite so hard about the lines of his shoulders? Should she, at this time, which *The Ladies' Own* would pronounce the supreme moment of a woman's life, be quite so careful to tilt her head in just the way that shows off the under side of her hat?

Again, in another equally superior journal, I encounter another heroine and see her waiting, all suspense, to know whether it is joy or doom; but the only idea that comes to me is, — 'Ladies' seven-gored skirt.' You see, I am paying for my recent sophistica-

tion at the hands of the fashion magazine, and cannot help seeing influences which so clearly present themselves. Is this despair? No, it is only old-blue chiffon-taffeta with Venetian point. Is this, bending over the cradle, the rapture of motherhood? Not a bit of it! It is an old-rose tea-gown, with pipings of a darker shade, and insertions of Irish lace. So it runs through the whole range of human feeling and experience. We have love, *directoire*; hate, princess; compassion, early Victorian, with capes. Into the subtlest moment of passion bursts the spring style in hats; into the deepest grief, when the mother bends over her dead child, intrudes the thought, that, if her house-dress of cashmere and silk is so correct, her mourning will be equally effective.

It is evident, after prolonged study of many magazines, first, that the various *motifs* of love, passion, grief, fear, are carefully rendered with a view to displaying late styles to best advantage; second, that no emotion must be carried to the point where it will wrinkle, injure or destroy the fit of a costume. Must our range of feeling, then, be determined by our clothes? You will see at once how this is going to limit our expression of passion. Must we confine ourselves to those phases of achievement that will not injure ruffle or waistcoat? How could yonder hero rescue, in boots so palpably tight, the heroine from a watery grave? Through his pictured self he will go down in memory as less than he really was, in the story at least, because of limitations set, not by his inner self, but by his costume. Prophetically I glance into the future, and I see represented in our art only correct moments of experience, met with unruffled composure, — unless ruffles should happen to be in vogue, — wherein *The Ladies' Own* shall dominate our ideals.

As I think of the faces and forms that

have come before me in these illustrations, my mind dwells perhaps longest on the children, so like the simpering youngsters of the fashion magazines, thinking about their frocks, marching by the side of cat or dog with an eye to pose, looking out from under their lace hats with unnatural smiles. If I had a child that looked up at me this way I should be tempted to follow the example of the mother of a little girl who was with me long ago in boarding-school. My young comrade had been reading a story about an 'Elsie-book' kind of heroine, and tried to follow her example, looking up with a 'bright, engaging smile.' Her mother, mistaking it for impertinence, spanked her. As I look at the many faces representing our youngest I cannot help realizing that I, too, should consider such an intentional look of intelligence a breach of the Fifth Commandment.

Jesting aside, there seems to me in all this work, a fatal tendency away from close study of individual characteristics toward types, and rather foolish types, like the wax figures of show windows. Is this our nearest approach to the presentation of ideal beauty? A host of inferior illustrations, even a long line of our choicest and best, the Gibson pictures, answer 'Yes'!

But I am tired of the subject, and I throw aside literary magazines and fashion magazines together. What will be the new style in love, this spring, I wonder, and how will jealousy be draped? Will anger have an overskirt? And human anguish tight sleeves?

THE SOCIETY FOR THE P. OF N. O. OF T.

BACK in the literal Dark Ages of the early nineties, before sputtering arc lights and ghastly Hewitt tubes had 'made Darkness itself appear a thing of comfort,' I was driving through a

mountain valley on a golden day in June. All the fences were blazing with flame-colored posters, vociferating an announcement of a cheap-rate excursion to the neighboring city, the chief attraction of which was 'a grand night-celebration, with thousands of the new electric lights burning in reckless profusion'; and the catch-word ran:— 'Come! Come! See Night turned to Day!'

I pulled my hat over my eyes to shade them from the prodigal rays of the sun, and fell into a reverie over the trait of human nature appealed to by those unsightly posters. I thought it a very harmless and somnolent little meditation. I had not learned then how fatally any form of thought disturbs one's peace of mind, but it sowed a seed which has grown mightily in the involuntarily fertile soil of my New England temperament.

I remarked conversationally to myself: 'What a saving of energy for better purposes would ensue if people did not want night turned to day, and consequently (for the most energetic of us must sleep) day turned to night, but would accept the natural order of things.'

The hugely outspreading nature of the growth which sprang from this seed is now direly apparent. It overshadows the most unexpected parts of life for me. I cannot sit down to the well-furnished table of a friend without lamenting over the waste involved in eating strawberries in January and watermelons in June. 'Why?' I asked myself with passion, 'why not eat strawberries in June and watermelons in August when both are at their best, and use all the money, brains, efforts, and persistence now employed in turning nature topsy-turvy, to produce more cheaply some part of the world's necessary food? Talk about the waste of water-power!!'

Once I burst out with my question to a shrewd business-friend.

He answered, 'Why, there are millions of dollars invested in greenhouses!' 'That's exactly what I complain of!'

He was transfixed by the business man's horror of a possible depreciation of vested interests. 'Think of the loss to the investors if the custom should stop.'

I made answer, reasonably I thought, 'There was a flourishing trade once in chain-armor, and later in hoop-skirts, and later in ping-pong balls. I never heard that the people who gave up those industries starved to —'

But my friend was already moving towards the door.

'Oh, if you're going to talk metaphors —!' he said, and went away, leaving me to contemplate in solitary anguish the tragically extravagant waste of energy in a world where every minim is needed to solve real problems.

It was the fashion that winter to decorate ladies' evening dresses with bands of fur. My obsession was already so overmastering that I scarcely restrained myself from accosting the fair savages with: 'Why do you put on your décolleté chiffon gowns, material needed only by a missionary to the Esquimaux? Don't you realize that you are squandering the time and effort of thousands of men to procure you this unsuitable ornamentation?'

I never did so far forget myself as thus simple-mindedly to appeal to the reason of a woman of fashion, but if I had, I know what she would have answered: 'Sir! I pay for my furs!'

And then, so mercilessly has this conception transformed me into a stark moralizer, I should have hurled at her a bigoted, 'If you have money to spare, pay it out for something either useful or really beautiful — not merely expensive — and don't spend it for nose-rings!'

How could I have guessed that the effect of that little half-hour of meditation under the cheerful June sun could be so baleful!

On two other occasions I have broken my silence. Once to a lawyer, who heard me with a disillusioned, tolerant smile and said, 'That's inherent in men!' He spoke as though to bring to my notice an overlooked and conclusive argument: 'They have always desired what is difficult to procure, irrespective of its real value.'

'They've always desired to cut each other's throats!' I said, 'but some effort is made to keep them from doing it.'

'Oh, you can't make over human nature,' he said comfortably.

I cast an outraged mental glance back over the progress of the race. 'You *can't*, can't you!' I cried with more vigor than elegance. 'At what else is every effort of civilization aimed! There *are* things hard to get that are worthy. Why not concentrate on those and forbid by law carving the Lord's prayer on a cherry-stone?'

'Well, you can try if you want to,' he said. 'I'm busy trying to keep them from stealing each other's money.'

I directed my next remarks to a political economist. He swelled Delphically with the afflatus of his answer and evidently expected me to fall prostrate before the dread word. 'That is PROGRESS,' he pronounced, 'the subjugation of nature by man.'

But he reckoned without my years of thought on the subject. 'Poppy-cock!' I said; 'keeping one's house warm in winter is subjugation of nature by man if you will, and so is the telephone and the telegraph and antitoxin; but can you maintain that it is not a miserable waste of blood and brains and effort to obtain those sickly cut roses, perishing in the December air — the costume of that woman yonder — this white stone in your ring which, if it

were common, would be recognized as ugly and colorless?'

He admitted lightly: 'Those are not quite wise manifestations of the spirit I spoke of.'

I raged. 'Not quite wise! A trifling folly that — which costs millions of money, oceans of blood, and more brain-power than can be hinted at in units of power. You admit it! Let us therefore ride forth upon a crusade against this inordinate and shameful abuse.'

He shrank from before my eloquence, — alas, he shrank out of the room in full retreat, murmuring, 'But — my great monograph on the Influence of the Physiocratic School upon the Policies of the Constituent Assembly.'

I turned from him. I turn from all his Pharisaical class. I address myself to the Sound Heart of the People. Here I sit me down on the street-corner calling upon all who pass to join a new reformatory society.

Yes, I do not even shrink from that name. Upon a world already haggard by Sunshine Clubs, by Village Improvement Societies, by S.-P.-C.-A.-ites, by Associations for the Relief of the Color-Blind and the Knock-Kneed, I propose to launch another reform. Why not? To wait until all the others are settled would be to wait at a Broadway crossing for the traffic to finish passing. Besides, there is this fundamental, vital difference between *my* society and all the others. Mine is really important, is really needed!

If you smile at the familiar ring of this, let me entreat you to pull your hat over your eyes and give the matter a half-hour's thought, going over, item by item, the different expenditures of effort in your life. You will emerge — any sane human being will emerge — from such a meditation, an enthusiastic Charter member of the Society for the Preservation of the Natural Order of Things.